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SURELY there is nobody who does not love fairy tales, whether they will admit the weakness or not. Any personage so unfortunate would seem to us to have very dubious claims to humanity. He may be made of iron, glass, silver, gold—a composition of them all—anything but flesh and blood. To one so afflicted it may be a mystery impenetrable, that human beings can make such fools of themselves as to go writing stories about things no reasonable mortal ever saw or heard. It cannot possibly occur to him, that in all the wonders of enchanted forests and talking streams, of elves, mannikins, and kelpies, there is a truth as real as—for lack of a comparison—the hopeless sterility of his own nature. If one part of the matter seem more ridiculous to him than another, it is the rhodomontade about “voices in nature,” and “spirits in streams,” &c.—“Trash; who ever heard anything of the sort? I know I should not like to hear such talkings wherever I may go.” The gentleman need scarcely be anxious on this score. When he strolls into the country, seldom enough, all he sees is, that the crops are flourishing, and bearing a

distant harvest of golden guineas, the jingling of which is the only sound which in any way affects him, save, perhaps, the whistle from a successful railway the other side the hill, in which he is a share-holder. His aversion to anything poetical or abstract is unbounded, and most respectable. Wherefore, to any such iron or golden reader who may by some strange chance have accompanied us thus far, we would give conscientious warning,—to the end of this paper, it is our solemn purpose to hold commerce with some of the most unheard-of German elves and kobolds; and, moreover, to defend the same against all human assailants. Furthermore, we have no intention of talking anything but nonsense throughout, and if a glimmering of common sense should appear occasionally, we beg that it may be attributed solely to the printer. Thus the knights of the iron heart, knowing what they have to expect, may please themselves about shutting us up in disgust, and taking a beneficial nap, or accompanying us with invincible gravity and superb contempt.

Wilhelm Hauff ranks honorably among the writers of the Romantic School in Germany. The names of most of those writers, and many of their works, are now somewhat

\* *Wilhelm Hauff's Sammtlichen Werken.* Stuttgart: 1846. Complete Works of WILHELM HAUFF. VOL XXIV. NO. II

familiar to English readers; there still remains much to be said and written respecting their rise and influence as a school. If we could but lay our hands on Achim von Arnim's philosopher, we might, with his assistance, be able to set forth a learned disquisition on its rise and progress. This model German was deputed, together with a Frenchman and an Englishman, to write an essay on the camel: the Frenchman paid a few visits to the Jardin des Plantes, and soon accomplished his task; the Englishman started off direct for every known haunt of the animal, and carefully studied its nature and habits; the German, closeted in his study, retired within himself, in order, from the depths of his moral consciousness, to create the *idea* of a camel. Now, to possess a moral consciousness, which, upon receiving due attention, would reveal to us the whole idea of the Romantic School, with its many bearings and its complex origin, we should doubtless find to be very convenient, but for that, one must needs be a German; and we, being of the race called English, are of course only able to give the result of our investigations respecting its name, place of abode, external characteristics, and general mode of life.

The writings of the Romantic School of Germany exerted an influence on the literature of that country, which is felt down to the present time, although the reactionary enthusiasm by which it was called forth and sustained has long since died away. The boasted infidelity and fierce republicanism of the French revolution occasioned a strong reaction in Germany, and was one of the many causes to which the school owed its rise. When, however, the political element became unduly prominent, the writers lost ground and popularity. Romanticism fell into disrepute, as a synonym for all that was ultra in religion, politics, poetry—everything in fact. Then came a second Anglo-mania; Byron and Walter Scott were in all hands, as Ossian, Sterne, and Smollet, had been a generation before. To the influence of the Romantic and English Schools combined, we owe the writings of Alexis, Scherer, Lewald, and Wilhelm Hauff.

The word romantic, like many others in all modern languages, has outlived its original signification, and made to itself a new one, from the associations that have gathered round it in process of time. But as to what its present meaning is, we are as fairly in the dark as an accomplished writer of our day, who says respecting it:—"I have tried in

vain amongst German, French, and English writers, to discover one who seemed to have any definite idea attached to the word, and have never been able to get at anything nearer than this,—viz. that Classic Art is Pagan Art, and Romantic Art is Christian Art." Such a definition we would not lay down as infallible. For our present purpose, suffice it to say that Amadis, the first *Romant* so called, took its name, in the sixteenth century, from the romance-language in which it was written. The word then came into use in reference to all wild tales of the same sort, especially those of the middle age, and from thence to designate anything unnatural, visionary, and fantastic. In the present day, we are accustomed to employ it in senses remote enough from its first meaning. The revival, therefore, of the poetry of the middle age very naturally caused the authors of it to be stigmatized with the epithet romantic; and party spirit afterwards gave it a wider signification, as a term of reproach against every variety of pietism, hypocrisy, priestcraft, and political despotism. It will be no matter of wonder that this revival should partake of even more than the usual amount of enthusiasm and extravagance characterizing such reactions, when we remember the total stagnation of poetic life at that time. We hear on all sides of our own age as being one of unmitigated common-place—that the voice of the muse is lost in the whirl of the steam-engine, that nobody reads poetry, and few write any worthy the labor of perusal. It is true we now travel in railway carriages, with portmanteaus and band-boxes, instead of riding on "steeds gayly caparisoned," with solitary state, through forests undescended by the axe of civilization; ladies are to be seen on foot with umbrellas, or riding in cabs, instead of being invariably upon "white palfreys," accompanied by pages, and in constant danger of being eaten by dragons. Nevertheless, we would not give up all hope. Take courage, oh ye croakers! respect the age in which you live, and learn the lessons of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Mrs. Browning. Be thankful, indeed, that you are not given up to the tender mercies of such as Haller and Brocke, with their unspeakable dryness and verbosity; to the sugar-and-water poetry of Hofmannswaldau, Christian Weise, and Lohenstein; or to that war of criticism between Gottsched and Bodmer, like the dispute of polar bears for the sovereignty of an iceberg, but which, from the slippery nature of the ground, results only in a general sharpening of the



claws. It is not reasonable to suppose Poetry could survive such an accumulation of horrors. She fled in dismay, and only again made her appearance at the birth of Goethe.

The great aim of Goethe was to raise the mind of that period from the dead level of prose and bad taste, into which such leaders had been the means of bringing it; to restore Poetry, after her long exile, to her ancient place in the hearts of the people. This also was the sole object of the Romanticists, and was, we think, more immediately attained by them than by Goethe. The popular tales and old national traditions revived by the Romantic School, awakened more general interest than those classic subjects to which Goethe was so anxious to raise the public taste. Comparatively few of the uneducated would appreciate the beauties of his *Torquato Tasso* and *Iphigenie*, while no amount of the unintelligible in *Faust* would suffice to scare away the sympathy of a German reader. A national subject is a fine centre, round which may be drawn, by a skillful hand, all the highest and kindest sympathies of a people. Goethe, however, too soon turned away to the classic idealism of the ancients, and left an open field, from which the Romanticists, good husbandmen in the main, toiled long and earnestly to produce even a scanty harvest. Goethe and Schiller sought, by the revival of the antique, to fill up the widening gulf between the ideal and the actual; to bring poetry back into its proper home—into every-day life; while the Romanticists endeavored to accomplish the same end by means of the poetry of the middle ages. This tendency toward the antique, though in direct opposition to that of the Romantic School, was nevertheless not without its influence on many of their writers, as we see in Holderlin and the Schlegels. They failed, however, to learn from it any lessons as to the clothing of their ideas in more definite and artistic forms. That was a matter which troubled them but little. Their "fantastic phantasy" led them frequently beyond the bounds of all æsthetics. To them, imagination was all and everything. So far, indeed, from uniting the ideal and the real, they trampled on the visible, the actual, with scorn and disgust, while offering devout homage to everything abstract and subjective. There was a prosiness and tangibility about every-day society as it then existed, with which they felt genius could have no sympathy. To them it was lifeless, vapid, unproductive. They drew their lessons and their ideas less from it than from

within their own minds. In all their works the main points are purely subjective. Just here and there they condescend to make use of the life beyond them, as an accessory—a mere filling up of the picture. They found a life worthy the name only in the poetic region of their own imaginations. And, truly, most wondrous storehouses are these. Nature can lose but little in such descriptions as we have given us by Tieck, Fouque, Jean Paul, and Novalis. There is the early freshness of the summer morning over every picture; a life which seems visible and audible to us as we follow them through the forests, over the mountains, and down into the mines. Everything they touch seems to have a sort of magical radiance, which dazzles as one reads. And then we all know so well those mountain spirits, singing gently among the feathery larches, and laughing along with the merry stream down below. We read on, and seem to hear the voices of old companions, bringing back happy days; our hearts are full of images long forgotten, of yearnings after a something distant and unknown; the present fades away, the past becomes dim, and we only seem to feel—

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward  
stream,  
With eyes half shut, ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half dream!  
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,  
That will not leave the myrrh bush on the height;

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To muse and brood, and live again in memory  
With those old fancies of our infancy  
Heaped over with a mound of grass—  
Two handfuls of white dust within an urn of  
brass."

We close the book, and behold, it was a dream! It is for the critic in green spectacles to look through this magic veil and show us the many incongruities, the inartistic forms which it conceals. As a principle, the Romanticists will sacrifice everything to the poetry of feeling and of nature; it is their life. They are full of what has been called "inarticulate poetry."

This region of beauty is, however, often disturbed by an element of restlessness and discontent, an undisguised irritability at the follies of human nature, especially as manifested in those days at *Æsthetical tea parties*, and other similar entertainments. Another jarring element, also, is the infusion of the terrible in their writings; it destroys all harmony and repose, and ends almost invariably in fatalism or mysticism: fatalism, such as

we afterwards find so repulsive in the dramas of Werner, Grillparzer, and others, or the inconceivable mysticism in which Novalis loses his Heinrich von Ofterdingen—a chariot of fire, in which author and hero ascend, or at least disappear beyond all mortal ken.

The Germans are well known to excel us in the weakness of story writing. But in those more elaborate fictions which require a skillful plot, and vigorous well-sustained characters, we must plead guilty to the pre-eminence. Though we have not the exuberance of childlike fancy, half dream and half grave truth, which so delight us in Tieck, Hoffmann, Andersen, and Hauff, we are able to develop the different characters, and harmonize the varied events of a long history, cementing them into a continuous and attractive whole, with a power and elegance to which Germans never attain. Their stronghold in the province of fiction is in the Märchen or Novelle, shorter tales, which go in only a small space, detached events of a history, which require a more vivid imagination to give them coloring, and become attractive by rapid changes, and by the skillful introduction of the main point of the story. The success, indeed, of a Novelle, may be said to be in proportion to the manner in which the turn of the story is introduced, and whether it be in due accordance with the previous events and with the characters concerned in them. Their novels, from Goethe downwards, are, with very rare exceptions, the same mass of feelings, incidents, and descriptions, often forced into unnatural companionship, and often scarcely held together by any ostensible links save the bookbinder's twine. Jean Paul sins beyond any other in this respect. His exhaustless imagination supplies him with ideal characters, which he endeavors to bring into some sort of harmony by a marvelous and rather wearisome apparatus of ventriloquists, wax figures, extraordinary resemblances, and other awkward and inartistic contrivances. Over the whole are scattered broad-cast his fine descriptions, with their unrivaled imagery: his deep truths of the heart, and the sudden flashes of satire, unsparing, but soon forgiven. His keen shafts are directed by a loving eye, and not the darkest pictures of humanity can lessen his warm feeling of brotherhood for the whole race. He fails, however, most signally, in his attempts to blend the ideal with the real, or to place his fictions among works of art. The writings of the romanticists are to be found in every conceivable form—poems, romances, dramas,

ballads—anything. But the Märchen is the great favorite with them, and by far the best suited to their marvelous flights of fancy. That nothing is too wild, too mad for a Märchen, we have abundant proof.

Wilhelm Hauff's first work was a Märchen-Almanach for 1826. And he appears to have been especially in his element among the wonders of these tales, as he came back to them every year, bestowing on them the exuberance of wit and fancy which had not found a place elsewhere. Of this first series the principal story is "The Caravan," during the progress of which, many others are introduced: "The Severed Hand" is, we believe, the only one of these which has been translated. The second series, called the "Sheik of Alexandria," is written on the same plan, and contains the incomparable fairy tale of "Nose the Dwarf." This is certainly one of the most charming and luxurious pieces of nonsense ever written—perfectly refreshing after a day's toil among stern realities. One half the world, doubtless, might not agree with us in the opinion, but nevertheless, we think the translator of it conferred a benefit on society among us. "The Inn of the Spessart" occupies the third and fourth series, and in no way lessened the reputation which the author had already gained by his easy and humorous style of narration. In fact, his tales are rather told than written; there is a fireside ease about them which is very delightful. You feel instinctively that Jean Paul's advice to writers who have nothing to say was lost on him; he never could have been reduced to the expedient of sitting a few hours under a hot sun.

The influence of the romantic school upon Hauff appears to have been rather negative than positive. It preserved him from many of the faults into which those writers had fallen, but did not lead him to select any of their works as models for imitation. He had the same exuberance of imagination, the same eye for the failings of humanity, and the same earnest desire to raise it to an appreciation of the noble and the beautiful. Beyond this there is little similarity.

The first contrast which occurs to us, though very obvious, should nevertheless be spoken with due veneration—namely, that he certainly has more sound common sense than we are disposed to attribute generally to that school, and his turn of mind is as practical as one can reasonably expect from a poet. His emotion is deep and sincere, but rarely verges on the sentimental. Nei-

ther are we annoyed by that besetting weakness among the Germans, of driving feeling into bathos. We find this even in Jean Paul, who frequently makes the reader laugh when he ought to cry, or else leaves him in doubt as to which demonstration of feeling may be most reasonably expected of him. Though natural and agreeable in his style, he has not the grace and elasticity of Von Arnim, yet he is decidedly superior to him in the arrangement of his plots. With Hauff, these are generally well laid, and naturally developed. He does not trust for his *dénouements* to some extravagant agency which may chance to occur to him at the moment, and be forthwith appended in defiance of all æsthetic canons. The faults of his compositions in an artistic point of view we are disposed to attribute rather to his extreme youth than to any incapacity for a clear and harmonious arrangement of his ideas. He has none of the terrible conceptions of Hoffmann, who would write at midnight till his blood grew cold and his head dizzy with the fearful phantoms of his own imagination; but on the contrary, his natural amiability and cheerfulness seemed to have a magic power in preserving him from that morbid restlessness which tormented the whole school, driving Hoffmann to madness, and hurrying Novalis and Holderlin to an early death. A moderate exercise of control saved Hauff from the vagaries of an imagination run wild, after the manner of Brentano. In descriptions of character and active scenes he displays great graphic power and considerable humor, but from descriptions of nature he wisely abstains. There are few landscape painters like the Romanticists. Hauff has no power to lead us, like Fouque, through soft golden evenings and fearful spirit-haunted tempests, or, like Tieck, to force us to believe in the spirits of the flower and the rock, still less to impress us with the grandeur and mysteries of nature, as Novalis alone can do. Before Novalis even the profound and striking allusions of Jean Paul must yield; they will ever fail to affect our hearts so lastingly as do the grave, fervent teachings of this great worshiper of nature.

Hauff's reputation was first permanently established by his "Memoirs of Satan." Though the existence of that remarkable person is doubted, and even denied, by so large a portion of the Teutonic race, we nevertheless find him figuring very largely in their literature. And our author will, perhaps, suffer considerably in the estimation of some of our readers, when we make a state-

ment which it were vain to conceal, to the effect that he deliberately undertook to edit the Autobiography of the existence whose qualities are supposed to find their fitting emblem in darkness. The work consists of a series of papers scarcely connected, and branching off at the close of the second volume into a wild Italian tale, in which we entirely lose sight of his hero. We have many most amusing pictures of society, though certainly somewhat overdrawn. Hauff's views of life were far more healthy and rational than those held by the Romanticists. The faults and follies of humanity, though he saw them plainly enough, could not embitter his kindly disposition and make him turn away, after the manner of that school, with contempt and aversion, to a hermit life in a world of his own creation. With unparalleled boldness he hung up startling pictures of real life, and sent his satire, shaft after shaft, unerringly into the weakest points, while none escaped. This was a daring thing for a student at two-and-twenty, but his talent could not be denied, and the critics behaved very well on the whole. The Autobiography commences thus:—

"All the world, now-a-days, reads or writes Memoirs; in the drawing-rooms of small and great cities, in the restaurants and casinos of middle-class towns, in the smoking-rooms and taverns of the little ones, every one speaks only of Memoirs, judges only according to Memoirs, and, in fact, talks like Memoirs. Yes, it really seems as though for the last twelve years nothing remarkable had been achieved except Memoirs. Men and women seize the pen in order to record to mankind that they also lived at a remarkable period—that they also once moved near a sun, which lends a halo of consequence to their otherwise probably unimportant persons. Crowned heads, not content to have risen above their former grandeur, when, as in the picture-bibles, they went to bed with their crowns on their heads—not content with flying from one end of Europe to the other, for the assurance of mutual friendship—write Memoirs for their people, telling them their history and their journeys. The present world has become the past; it has received a new standard by which all things are judged—the standard of Memoirs."

Any one at all acquainted with university life, will perhaps not be surprised that the subject of these memoirs commenced his career by studying at the renowned university of —. Rejoicing in abundant means, a handsome wardrobe, and the name of Von Barbe, it was no wonder that on the first evening he should be politely received, in the morning become a confidential friend,

and the second evening embrace, "brothers till death." The remarkable gift which the Germans have of making friendships is well-known, but still it does not surprise us the less. Imagine a man leaving the university with about a hundred and fifty portraits of his most intimate friends in his portmanteau! These touching souvenirs are generally little detestable silhouettes, bound round with gold paper to connect the glass and papered back, on which may be inscribed the special characteristics of the hundred and forty-ninth bosom friend. The friends are generally taken in costume under every possible variety of hair and cap. Among the ladies, also, this amiable weakness is equally prevalent. As an example of the promptitude with which these ties are formed, we once heard the following. Two young ladies meet for the first time at an inn; one of them exclaims "A sudden thought strikes me! Let us swear eternal friendship." The friends embrace affectionately, murmuring, "Auf Ewig." But to return. Here is a description of Herr Von Barbe's companion into the town—a medical student.

"He was a tall, well-made man of five-and-twenty; his hair was dark, and might formerly have been cut according to the present fashion, but now, to save the expense of a barber, hung untidily round his head; he often took the trouble, however, to dress it back off his forehead with all his fingers. His face was handsome; the nose and mouth especially well and delicately formed. The eye had much meaning; but what a strange impression his face made;—it was burnt reddened by the sun, a great beard grew from the cheek-bones down to his chin, and round the finely-cut lips was a reddish Henriquette. The play of his features was at once fearful and ridiculous. The eyebrows were drawn together in gloomy wrinkles; the eye looked out sternly and proudly, and measured every thought with a loftiness and a dignity worthy of a prince. Respecting the lower part of the face, that is, the chin, I could come to no proper conclusion, for it was down in the cravat. To this article of dress the young man appeared to have directed far more care than to the rest of his attire. It consisted in about half-a-foot of black silk, which extended from the chin *inclusive*, to the breast-bone *exclusive*, and thus formed an elegant fortification upon which the head rested. The head was surmounted by a small piece of red cloth, in the form of an inverted flower-pot, which he balanced against the wind with considerable dexterity; it looked absurd, almost, like turning a small wine-glass over an extensive cabbage. I had studied Zacharia's 'Renomist' too well not to know that as soon as I exposed myself in the least, his respect was lost to me for ever. I therefore studied his wrinkled brows, his grave, pondering eye, as

much as possible; and after the first hour, had the pleasure of discovering that he decidedly preferred my company to that of the 'Philister und dem Florbesen,' in German, an old professor and his daughter, who completed our party. In another hour, I had already confessed having studied at Kiel with some success, and before we reached —, he had promised me a 'fixe Kneipe'—that is, to get me a respectable lodging, and bring me into society."

Our incognito gets a good deal puzzled with the extraordinary manners of the students, and their language, so different to all rational German. He says, also, that "Over their glass of beer they often fell into singularly transcendental investigations, of which I understood little or nothing. However, I observed the principal words, and when drawn into conversation, replied with a grave air—Freedom, Fatherland, Nationality."

He attends the lectures of a celebrated philosopher, whose profundity of thought and terseness of style are so astonishing, that the German world set him down as possessed; the critical student, however, differs somewhat from that conclusion, observing—

"I have borne a great deal in the world—I have even entered into swine (Matt. viii. 31, 32,) but into such a philosopher? No, indeed! I had rather be excused! What the 'good man brought forward in his unpleasant voice, was to his hearers as good as French to an Esquimaux. Everything must be properly translated into German before it became clear that he was not more capable of flying than other people. But he looked very large, because out of his inferences he had concocted a Jacob's ladder, and adorned it with a mystical varnish. Upon this he clambered up into the blue ether, promising to call out, from his luminous elevation, what he saw; he ascended and ascended, pushed his head through the clouds, looked into the clear blue of the sky, which is greatly prettier as seen from the green ground than up there, and saw—like Sancho Panza, when he rode to the sun on a wooden horse—beneath him the earth as large as a mustard-seed, and the men like flies, above him—nothing."

The professor of theology, as might be expected, does not escape without an infliction of satire, even more stinging than this. A few chapters further, we have a humorous account of a rencontre with the Wandering Jew, "Unter den Linden;" and of how they go to an æsthetical tea-party (those marvels of Berlin), how the venerable Israelite, becoming oblivious of the customs of the age and country, drives his companion into an abyss of ingenious excuses, in order to palliate the ruffled dignity of the Frau Wirthin. One or two stories are then introduced, half



tragic, half satirical, and we hear no more of the autobiographer.

Hauff's next production was the satirical work, called "The Man in the Moon." It was commenced in sober earnest; but at the advice of many of his friends, he turned it into a skillful persiflage on the style of Claren. The vapid sentimentality and licentious taste which had grown up under such writers as Kotzebue, Meissen, and Claren, roused the indignation of our author, and other thinking men. They saw the works of Goethe, Schiller, and the Romanticists, thrown aside as requiring "thought;" while plays and novels of the very worst tendency, both morally and intellectually, were in the hands of all—from the courts of the petty princes down to the poor apprentice and the half-starved needlewoman, who could ill spare the price of the dim candle by which they read. Throughout the "Man in the Moon" the satire is admirably sustained; and yet the whole is not made so perfectly ridiculous as to preclude the possibility of our taking an interest in the story. The hero is one Graf Emil Von Martinez; and the heroine generally goes by the name of "Idchen," "lockenköpfchen," "täubchen," or some equally endearing appellation.

Were the "chens" and "lens" to be taken out of the German language, Claren's stories would inevitably fall to pieces, for almost every noun is thus "abbreviated," as the Germans call it. This magnificent hero of six foot seven contrives to shoot an innocent man in a duel, which deed he afterwards has cause to regret, inasmuch as the ghost of the departed Antonio visits him every night at twelve o'clock. A church is the only place he can not enter. This terrible history, of course, gives to the hero an interestingly pale face, with "a shade of profound melancholy," and as the fatal hour approaches, the "gloom deepens on his noble brow," his eyes assume an unwonted ferocity, and sparkle "like wheels of fire," &c. Everybody is at their wit's end to find the mystery which hangs over the "charming, well-dressed, melancholy, fascinating stranger." The heroine is especially untiring in her exertions to fathom the same. She is not unsuccessful; and towards the close of the first volume we have the following scene:—

"The sexton soon appeared; he silently opened the large creaking door of the church, and motioned to both figures to enter. The lesser one appeared to hesitate, as though afraid to enter the raven darkness of the cathedral; but as the sexton went before with his lantern, she became more

courageous and followed; yet she looked out from under her shawl at every step, as though fearing to see something horrible peep from behind the great pillars.

"At the altar they stopped. The sexton pointed to a broad projecting pillar, from which one could overlook the altar and great part of the church, and there the two muffled figures took their place. Moreover, the lantern gave so little light, that without approaching any nearer, one could scarcely distinguish the sitting figures at the pillar from the surrounding darkness. Meanwhile the hammer in the tower was heard to whirr, taking breath for the stroke; the first stroke of midnight rolled with hollow voice through the church, and immediately rapid footsteps were heard approaching the altar from the middle aisle. It was Martinez and his servant.

"Pale and disturbed, as he always looked at night, the former seated himself upon the steps of the altar.

"At first he looked silently before him; he wept and sighed, as in that night when the sexton had first seen him, and cried in a sad and bitter voice: 'Art thou still unreconciled? Canst thou not yet forgive, Antonio?' His voice sounded loud and full through the vaulted roof of the church; but scarcely had the last echo died away, when a voice pure as silver, clear as a bell, like that of an angel from heaven, cried, 'He has forgiven!'

"Joyful terror penetrated the count, his cheeks reddened, his eyes sparkled, he stretched his right hand to heaven, and said, 'Who art thou, that bringest me pardon from the dead?' A rustling was heard at the projecting pillar, a dark figure stepped forward, the count retreated a step, trembling; his hair appeared to stand on end; his gaze was riveted upon the movements of the approaching figure; it came nearer and nearer; the soft light of the lantern fell upon it: a few steps and—the dark mantle dropped, a seraphic being—Idchen, with the dove-like spirit of a celestial angel, hovered towards the count; he was sunk in an involuntary abstraction, still believing he saw a being of a higher world, until the sweet well-known voice awoke him out of his amazement.

"'It is I,' she whispered, as she came quite close to him, the courageous, angelically-beautiful maiden; 'it is I who announce to you the forgiveness of the dead. I bring it you in the name of God, who is a God of love and not of torment, who forgives a mortal when he sins out of weakness and precipitation, if with true penitence he seeks to reconcile the judge. This is my faith; it is also yours, and you will not disgrace it. But thou,' she added with a solemn voice, turning to the chancel of the church, 'thou who didst fall by the hand of a friend, if thou hast still claims on this remorseful heart, then appear in this hour, let us see thee, or else give token of thy presence!'

"Deep silence was within the church—deep silence without in the night; not a little breeze stirred; not a leaflet moved. With a transporting smile, with the triumph of conviction in her beaming eyes, Ida turned again to the count. 'He

is silent,' she said; 'his shadow returns no more—he is reconciled!'

"He is reconciled!" shouted the count, till the church echoed again. 'He is reconciled, and returns not again! Oh, angel of heaven—you, you, have banished him; your faithful friendship for me, unfortunate; it is as high, it is as pure, as Antonio's faithfulness and generosity; it has reconciled the bleeding shadow. How can I thank you—'

"Speechless, he again seized the tender little hand, and pressed it to his beating heart: his joyful smile, his transported—"

It really is no use—this scene is too magnificent and too touching for us. We give it up. Of course the "little angelic ringleader-headed Ida" becomes Frau Gräfin, in the second volume; and Antonio returns quietly into his grave.

We have not space to discuss the several "novellen" of Hauff. "The Picture of the Emperor," is generally considered the best, though we would give our reasons for differing from this opinion. It is to the influence of Scott's writings that we owe the historical novel of "Lichtenstein," and as being among the very first—we might almost say the first—of that class in Germany, it may be as well to give a brief account of it.

Uelrich von Wurtemberg fell under the ban of Maximilian in 1519; and through the Suabian League and William of Bavaria, his estates were entirely confiscated. For fifteen years he was an exile, and his son Christoph a close prisoner. The latter at last effected his escape, and Uelrich, after the dissolution of the Suabian League, regained his possessions through the instrumentality of the bold landgrave, Philip of Hesse. The story of "Lichtenstein" commences in 1519, with the entrance of the Suabian League into Ulm. There are some very graphic pictures of the manners of the time, and of the busy scenes and changes brought by each eventful day, but all so mixed up with the different characters of the story that we cannot readily make extracts that would be entertaining. Here is one, however, relating to a wealthy bachelor of the sixteenth century:—

"Herr Dietrich had a large house, not far from the cathedral, a beautiful garden at Michelsberg; the furniture of his house was in the best order, the great oaken chests were full of the most exquisite linen, spun by many generations of grandmothers, and their maids in the long winter evenings; the iron box in his bedroom held a considerable amount of golden guilder. Herr Dietrich himself was a handsome, substantial man, who always walked bedizened and bebugled, with a

sedate, becoming air, into the senate; he had a tolerable understanding for household and municipal duties, and was of very ancient family. \* \* \* As a near relative, Herr Dietrich had early access to the house of Herr von Besserer, especially to-day, as his many duties would excuse a morning visit. He found the young ladies at breakfast. Sadly, indeed, would our ladies of the present day have missed an elegant service of painted china, and the chocolate cups after the fashion of the most beautiful antique vases. But if it be true that grace and dignity cannot be concealed under the lowliest garb, then we may confess, with more courage, that Maria and the laughing Bertha breakfasted that morning on beer-soup. \* \* \* 'I see very well, cousin,' began Bertha, 'you would like only too well to taste some of our soup, as your nurse has only given you children's food this morning; but you may drive that idea out of your head instantly; you deserve punishment, and must fast—'

"Oh, how long we have been expecting you!" interrupted Maria.

"Yes, indeed," added Bertha; 'only don't imagine it was exactly yourself we wished for—no, entirely the news you have.'

"The state secretary was accustomed to be received in this manner by Bertha; therefore, in order to propitiate her for not having satisfied her curiosity the previous evening, he began to retail his news with the greatest exactitude; but Bertha interrupted him. 'We know,' said she, 'your long stories, and, indeed, saw nearly everything that passed ourselves from the window; and of your revels last night, where they say things went on strangely enough, I will hear nothing; so just answer my questions.' She placed herself before him with comic gravity, and continued: 'Dietrich von Kraft, secretary of a noble senate, did you see among the League troops, who entered the town yesterday, a young and exceedingly polite gentleman, with long light-brown hair, a face not so milk-white as your own, but no less handsome; small beard, not so smart as yours, but yet handsome; light blue scarf with silver?'

"Oh, that is no other than my guest!" cried Herr Dietrich. 'He rode a large brown horse, wore a blue doublet, slashed on the shoulders, and lined with light blue?'

"Yes, yes—only go on!" cried Bertha. 'We have our own reasons for asking about him.'

"Well, then, that is George von Sturmfeder, a handsome, agreeable youth. Strange!—he observed you also as he entered the town.' And now he told what had occurred at the dinner; how he had been struck by the fine figure, the commanding and attractive manners of the youth—how accident made them neighbors—how he liked him better and better, and at last led him to his house.

"Now that was very good of you, cousin," said Bertha, when he had finished, and offered him her hand; 'I do believe that is the first time you ever dared to have a visitor. But the face of old Sabine must have been worth seeing, when Junker Dietrich brought home a guest so late.'

"Oh, she was like the dragon at St. George!"

But when I gave her figuratively to understand it might be possible that I should some day lead home my beautiful cousin——

"Oh, get you gone!" replied Bertha, blushing deeply, and endeavoring to withdraw her hand; but Herr Dietrich, to whom his cousin had never seemed so handsome before, held it still tighter. Maria's graver image lost weight every second, and the scale of the merry Bertha, who now sat opposite him in silent confusion, gained visibly in the eyes of the happy secretary.

"Maria had meanwhile silently left the room, and Bertha gladly took this opportunity of turning the conversation.

"There she goes again," said she, looking after Maria; "and I'll be bound she goes into her room and weeps. Oh! yesterday she cried so passionately that it made me quite miserable!"

"What is the matter with her?" asked Dietrich, sympathizingly.

"I know no more of the cause than I did before," continued Bertha. "I have asked and asked again, but she only shakes her head, as though there was nothing to be done. 'The unhappy war!' was all the answer she gave."

"Is her father still resolved to go back with her to Lichtenstein?"

"Yes, indeed," was Bertha's reply. "You should only have heard yesterday how he abused the League as the troops entered! Well, he is heart and soul with his duke, so we will let it pass. But as soon as war is declared, he will set off with her."

"Herr Dietrich appeared to be very thoughtful. He rested his head on his hand, and listened in silence to his cousin.

"And think," she continued, "yesterday, after the troops came in, she wept so incessantly! You know she was always grave and sad, and I have often found her in tears. But she was so inconsolable yesterday—as though the entrance of the troops had decided the whole destiny of the war! I do not think she cares much about Ulm, but I suspect," Bertha added, mysteriously, "she has some secret love affair troubling her."

"Ah! certainly! I have noticed it a long time," sighed Herr Dietrich; "but what can I do about it?"

"You?—what can you do about it?" laughed Bertha, whose face lost all shade of sadness at these words. "No! truly her grief is no fault of yours. She was just the same before you ever set eyes upon her."

"The honest secretary was very much ashamed at this assurance. In his heart, he really believed it was the separation from him which affected Maria, and her melancholy image was beginning again to preponderate in his inconstant heart. But Bertha would not leave off teasing him about his absurd idea, until the object of his visit suddenly occurred to him; and she sprang up with a cry of delight, when her cousin gave her the news of the dance at the Senate House in the evening."

George von Sturmfeder is the hero, and Maria the heroine of this story. They meet

at Tübingen, at which university George was studying. Anxious to obtain his bride in the speediest manner possible, he leaves his literary studies, and enlists on the side of the Suabian League, not knowing that Maria's father, Herr von Lichtenstein, is a staunch adherent of the persecuted Ulrich of Württemberg. On learning more fully the plans of the League, and the unscrupulous manner in which they had already parcelled out among themselves the duke's lands, George begins to have some doubts as to whether he is not going hand in hand with oppression rather than justice. At this time he meets unexpectedly with Maria, in Ulm, and learns, to his dismay, that both she and her father are firm allies of the duke. Maria employs all her influence to convince him of the righteousness of the duke's cause, and to prevail on him to leave the service of the League, as he has not yet taken the oath.

Meanwhile the heads of the League—Jörg von Truchsess, Franz von Sickingen, George von Frondesberg, Von Breitenstein, and others—finding George von Sturmfeder an intrepid youth, and moreover the son of a brave knight, who had fought and fallen by their side, distinguish him with many marks of favor. They summon him to their council. George obeys, resolving to declare the change in his sentiments, and to quit their service. Von Truchsess, the spokesman of the council, is a rough, obstinate man, with a most inflammable temper, kindling at a word of contradiction. He furthermore had entertained a spite against the Baron von Sturmfeder, which he hopes now to wreak on the son. He offered to George the honorable office of spy upon the movements of the duke, stating that his knowledge of the country round Tübingen, and other qualifications, highly fitted him for the post. A momentary hesitation irritates Von Truchsess, and when George firmly declines such an honor, he launches out into a volley of most unknighly abuse; to which George replies by instantly renouncing his connection with the League, on the ground of personal insult. Before his friends in the council have time to arbitrate, our sensitive and impetuous hero has made the best of his way out of the Senate House. In a few hours he finds himself a prisoner. A word, however, from his friend Von Frondesberg procures his release, though bound not to take arms for fourteen days.

After various adventures he gains access to the Stalactyte Cavern, near Lichtenstein Castle, where the duke is concealed. George

supposes him to be only a follower of Uelrich, who has lost all in his cause. They become close friends; and a line from the nameless exile procures for George such a welcome from Herr Lichtenstein as he had never hoped to obtain. Every night the duke is privately admitted into the castle, and regaled with wine and a warm supper, luxuries which his cavern does not afford. In the course of time, it is arranged that when the duke has collected an army, and George enters Stuttgart at his side, he may then claim Maria as his bride. All of which duly happens. Uelrich, not yet wise by experience, suffers himself to be led, as before, by bad counsellors, into severities which alienate the affections of his people, just at a time when he could only hope for security through their hearty co-operation. The League again overrun the land. The slender forces of Uelrich are completely routed; he escapes with one or two followers, but is pursued and closely beset upon a narrow bridge. George von Sturmfeder seizes the green mantle by which the duke was known, puts it on, and urges him to leap the bridge into the river; this he does in safety. George is led a prisoner before the League, who are enraged enough at the mistake made. Uelrich is forced to fly the country, and our hero and other knights are allowed to return to their respective castles on a sort of parole.

Our limited space scarcely admits of our doing justice to the characters and incidents of the story; they are varied and well introduced, and, we are happy to say, not painfully perfect. Among much that reminds us forcibly of Walter Scott, we nevertheless find the *German* authorship very apparent in these volumes. In a German production only should we have found the giant story given at vol. ii. p. 60.

The "Phantasies in the Bremen Wine Cellar," is a curious fragment we must not quite overlook. Most people have been made aware, through the instrumentality of small geography books of blessed(?) memory, that Bremen is one of the Hanse towns, and, moreover, situated upon the River Weser. But from neither Goldsmith nor Pinnoke do they learn that it is a quaint, picturesque-looking place, with several well-grounded ghost stories pertaining to it, and also a fine venerable Senate House. Having been among the earliest towns that embraced protestantism, its ghosts are orthodox theologians not canonized saints with all sorts of perverted doctrines, but, in fact, no other than the very twelve Apostles themselves. To be intelligible; this

same Senate House, a gothic building, richly ornamented and in excellent preservation, covers a long range of vaults and stone corridors, some half furnished, and used by the senators, some divided into small compartments, where parties of the town's-folk often resort in the evenings to taste the Rhine wine, while one large vault, at a distance from all the rest, contains the marvelous company of the twelve Apostles; and another, the huge vat called the Rose, whose wine is valued at a guinea a drop. The senate very rarely grant permission for this wine to be tasted, and it is esteemed the very highest honor for a citizen to receive one or two bottles from them in acknowledgment of some important service. Somehow or other Hauff gained permission to go and taste it straight from the barrel. No man in his right senses would have thought of going to spend the night of the 1st of September in the Bremen Rathskeller, but our author was in a strange mood, and went. What he recounts of that night, when locked in there by the old servant, is too long for us to tell. He does not like to be disbelieved as a mere fabricator of ghost stories, and therefore entitles his interview with the spirits of the Apostles as a "Phantasy;" but, if our readers were to see that underground region at midnight, we think they would feel quite prepared to undergo any amount of supernatural revelation.

We cannot but look upon it as matter for great regret that a youth like that of our author, of so much talent and promise, should have been followed by no maturer manhood, by no fulfillment of the many hopes it had held out. He was attacked by a nervous fever, and died, after a short illness, in November, 1827, at the age of twenty-five. Scarcely a year before his death he married a cousin, to whom he had been attached from his boyhood. During this long courtship he seemed to take a chivalrous pleasure in combating the obstacles which rose to their union, and even conjured up imaginary ones, that he might have the constant gratification of struggling with and overcoming them. His father died while he was very young, and the care of his education devolved principally upon his elder brother, Dr. Hermann Hauff, whose name ranks honorably among German geologists. Hauff's lyrical productions are not numerous. As a specimen, we offer a translation of a very general favorite, which is constantly sung in Germany to one of their beautiful popular melodies:



## THE TROOPER'S MORNING SONG.

Morning-red,  
Dost light me to the early dead?  
Soon the trumpet-call will blow,  
Then must I my life let go,  
I and many a comrade true!

Scarcely thought  
Ere his life's delight was nought,  
Yestern on his snorting grey,  
Through the bosom short-to-day,  
In the grave so cold to-morrow!

Soon, alas!  
Stately form and fairness pass.  
Boastest of thy cheeks of silk,  
Rosy-red, and white as milk?  
Ah, the roses wither all!

Therefore, still,  
Yield I me as God may will;  
Now then I will bravely fight,  
Then if I am cold to-night,  
'Tis a gallant trooper dead.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## A VISIT TO THE "MAID OF ATHENS."

BY MRS. BUXTON WHALLEY.

"*Buon giorno, signora! Vi è veramente una bella città! Ma, dov'è la Fenice?*" Such was the morning salutation of the Venetian captain in command of the Austrian Loyd steamer which had conveyed us up the Gulf of Corinth, as he pointed decisively to a collection of huts about a stone's throw from the shore, and wondered what could induce any one, voluntarily, to abandon his "sea Cybele" for such as these! So few were they in number, and so small in size, that they had hitherto eluded our notice; nevertheless, they constituted, insignificant as they appeared, the town of Lutraki. The captain's interruption, awakening us from a dream of "Gods and god-like men," was as disagreeable as all such interruptions must be, alike indicating ignorance, and that want of sympathy which is its natural result. But to the English traveler, who now scarcely dares to hope to find a spot left in Europe where he may look on Nature, unscared by cockneyfied sights and sounds, it ought not to form a very serious subject for complaint. To such an one, sick of Italian cities, where his countrymen assemble but to parade their *ennui* and their vices, as of German steamboats, on the decks of which they listlessly throng, dividing their glances pretty equally between castles and cutlets—a rock and a *ragout*—how invigorating is the first

sight of Greece, in all its primitive and majestically tranquil simplicity! And what a strangely felicitous epithet does that seem of "voiceless" bestowed by Byron on those shores where nothing is heard, save occasionally the plaintive cry of a sea-gull, and the very gentlest murmur from the waves. There may be observed in perfection the truth of Chateaubriand's remark, that, "*le paysage n'est créé que par le soleil; c'est la lumière qui fait le paysage.*"

However, our present purpose is to narrate a short episode in modern Athenian life, rather than to dwell on scenes with which genius even can but imperfectly familiarize the world, either by pen or pencil.

Near the solitary palm-tree, which grows in the middle of the highway affecting to communicate\* between Athens and the Piræus, a polygonal structure has been built, which is entered through a dark, narrow passage, leading from the road in front to a yard at its rear. A ladder fixed against the wall, forms the usual mode of ingress to a very small room, which on a certain carnival night, not long ago, was crowded by hats, cloaks,

\* At the period of which I write, this road, although the principal approach to the capital, was impassable, and passengers pursued, instead, a devious and uncertain track through corn fields, ditches, and the rocky bed of the Cyphissus.

and Greeks, both male and female; the former busily occupied in smoking, the latter in concocting some indescribable liquid intended as a light refreshment to wearied dancers. For the Maid of Athens—the quondam Mariana Macri—the actual Mrs. Black, was about to give a ball. From the before-mentioned small entrance-room, the guests passed into the principal saloon, exactly coinciding in its strange shape with the exterior of the house. At the upper end an open door revealed a bed, on which shortly afterwards the orchestra, consisting of two fiddlers, took up their position, with knees protruding into the ball-room.

Everything was of the rudest, the most unadorned, and Robinson Crusoe-like, description. At the first glance it became evident that the "geraniums and Grecian balms," which an enthusiastic traveler once endeavored to magnify into "waving aromatic plants," had long ago withered from the hostess's possession, never to be replaced. But she, the fairest flower of all, with her two sisters, still retain no inconsiderable remnants of beauty; which is the more remarkable in a country where good looks vanish, and age arrives so speedily. Indeed, good looks at all are rare among the continental Greek women; the celebrated beauties being usually islanders, and chiefly Hydriotes. Mrs. Black was attired in her coquettish native costume, consisting of a red fez, profusely ornamented with gold embroidery, placed on one side of the head; a long flowing silk petticoat, and a close fitting, dark velvet jacket. A similar dress was worn by her sister, Madame Pittakis, the wife of the celebrated antiquary, and *guardian of the Acropolis*; in virtue of which magnificent title he receives two drachmæ (about 1s. 7d.) per head for admission to the Parthenon. The third Grace, being a widow, was dressed entirely in black. The company comprised a motley assemblage in Frank, and the varying provincial Greek costumes, diversified here and there by personages in

King Otho's uniform. But the dancers of the *beau seze* were extremely few, and, to say the least of them, very indifferent performers. However, what they needed in skill and energy, was amply made up by the vivacity of their graceful and vain-glorious lords; who, despite the clouds of dust from the dirty floor, and equally dirty shoes, continued an almost ceaseless round of their national dance, the *Romaika*, only pausing at intervals to recruit their strength with glasses of burning rakee, the beverage most in demand. Those bowls of Samian wine which figure so charmingly in poetry, form, alas! but sorry items in prosaic matter-of-fact repasts; and one feels, indeed, disposed to dash them anywhere *but* down one's throat.

Among the dancers, one of the most active was Mrs. Black's son, a handsome youth, apparently about eighteen years of age; together with her husband, who, from being a Norfolk farmer, is now elevated to the somewhat anomalous position of English Professor at the Athenian University. The fair Mariana herself is quiet and retiring; and seemingly little anxious to profit by the factitious interest with which Byron's transient admiration continues to invest her; for, in reply, that night, to a blundering Englishman's point-blank queries concerning the poet, she coolly answered,

*"Non mi ricordo più di lui."*

Soon after midnight the guests departed, at the imminent hazard of breaking their necks, either down Mrs. Black's ladder, or in the numerous holes that intervened between her residence and their respective abodes. But we could not help thinking, that, uncouth as had been the entertainment, it was more in accordance with the social position of a people whose Ministers are not always competent to read or write, and whose legislators occasionally enforce their political arguments by flinging their shoes in the faces of the opposition, than the exotic civilization of the gaudy little court, presided over by that loveliest of royal ladies, Queen Amalia.

From the Westminster Review.

## TRAVELS IN CENTRAL ASIA.\*

WHEN the clouds that hide the commencement of human history begin to roll away, and the strange shapes that loom so fantastically through the mists of its early dawn melt into clearer light, we see before us a scene, which in its principal features may still be witnessed almost unchanged, in the vast prairies that occupy so large a portion of Central Asia—the “land of grass,” as it is called by the Tartars. We see no towns, no buildings, no arts, no industry, no cultivation; but majestic rivers, mountains rolling away into immeasurable plains, camels and tents, and flocks and herds, which carry the imagination back to the times when Abraham, “very rich in cattle, and silver, and gold, went on his journeys from the south.”

Thousands of years sweep by, and the Mongolian steppes present the same scenes; but now the name of Tchingis Khan has become a word of fear, at which not only China, India, and Persia, but Poland, Hungary, and Austria, and even the remoter West, have learned to tremble. The teeming population of Asia has burst its boundaries, and rolled like an incoming tide to Central Europe. These tremendous invasions have, from their suddenness, their vast extent, and their devastating force, been compared to the primitive convulsions of nature; but though they appeared in the first instance as entirely destructive in their effects, there is no doubt that the conquests of Tchingis Khan and his successors, by making the nations of Europe acquainted with the most distant countries of the East, opened the way to many important discoveries, (the compass, printing, and the more equivocal benefit of gunpowder,) created new channels for their industry and commercial activity, and made the finest and the most ancient regions of the earth tributary to their rising civilization. The ardor

for geographical discovery, too, began from this time to be, and has ever since remained, a characteristic of the European mind; but this desire was strengthened and deepened by the hope of gaining, in those vast and populous countries, an accession to the dominions of the Church of Rome, by the conversion of their population to Christianity. It was the same motive that carried the author of the volumes before us to the scene of the labors, the sufferings, and, in many instances, the martyrdom of his predecessors. The French Mission at Pekin, formerly in so flourishing a condition (there were at one time no fewer than thirty Catholic churches in one province of China), was towards the end of the last century almost destroyed by severe persecutions. Many of the Christian converts sought a refuge in the deserts of Tartary, and lived here and there in obscure corners, on patches of land which the Mongols allowed them to cultivate. Ten years ago, M. Huc (the author) and a companion, M. Gabet, two French Lazaristes, were sent to collect some of these scattered remnants; but not thinking it prudent to endeavor to establish themselves, as their Jesuit brethren had formerly done, in the capital of the empire, they took up their abode in a little village situated beyond the Great Wall—in a valley called *He-Chuy*, which we are told signifies Valley of the Black Waters, and which is one day's journey from “Suen-Hoa-Tou.” The journey described in the present work was undertaken with a view of studying the character and manners of the Tartars of Mongolia, and of determining, if possible, the limits of the apostolic vicariate of Mongolia, established in 1844. The party consisted only of Messrs. Huc and Gabet, and a Thibetan convert, named Samdadchiemba, who took charge of the loaded camels: but they were escorted for the first stage by a guard of honor of their Chinese disciples, who mingled their adieus with tears, besides giving other less sentimental marks of attachment to their “*pères spirituels*,” in the shape

\* *Souvenir d'un Voyage dans La Tartarie, Le Thibet, et La Chine: pendant les années, 1844, 1845, 1846.* Par M. Huc Pretre, Missionnaire de la Congrégation de Lazaristes. Paris: Adrien Le Clerc and Co. 1850.

of pieces of bacon, and such like contributions to their scanty commissariat.

The first part of their journey lay through Tchakar, a border country, bounded on the south by the Great Wall, and on the west by what is now called Western Toumet. The inhabitants of this country are all soldiers of the Emperor of China, and receive annually a certain amount of pay according to their rank. On this, and the produce of their flocks, they are compelled to live, being prohibited, under severe penalties, from cultivating the ground. Tchakar is divided into eight Banners; the White, Blue, Red, and Yellow; and the Whitish, Blueish, Reddish, and Yellowish. Each Banner has its separate territory, which is inalienable. In the pastures of this country graze the emperor's 360 immense flocks of camels, horses, oxen and sheep. These are visited at certain intervals by inspectors, who, if they find the number deficient, compel the chief shepherd to make it up; but some of the Chinese subjects of his Celestial Majesty, nevertheless, carry on a snug little trade with this officer by exchanging any good-for-nothing beast they may happen to possess, for a healthy, and good one out of the herds of their "Sacred Master."

In this country there are still to be found a few rude and lonely inns, consisting of an immense square enclosure, formed with long poles interlaced with brambles. In the middle of this square is a mud hut, ten feet high, containing one large apartment, which serves for kitchen, banqueting room, and dormitory, and a few little miserable chambers to the right and left. The place of honor for travelers is on a sort of raised platform, called the kang, resembling the dais of the old Saxon rooms, but covered with stone, and capable of being warmed from beneath; the kang being, in fact, an extension of the hearth, as there are in front of it three immense kettles, fixed in clay, and in which the broth or tea of the travelers is boiled.

"Immediately on the arrival of a traveler, the innkeeper, or in Chinese lofty style, the 'Intendant of the Treasury,' invites them to mount on the kang, and they seat themselves there with legs crossed, after the fashion of tailors, round a large table, which is not more than five or six inches high. The lower part of the hall is reserved for the people of the inn, who come and go, keep up the fire under the kettles, boil the tea, or knead barley-flour and buck-wheat, for the solid part of the meal.

"The kang of these Tartar-Chinese hostleries presents one of the most picturesque and animated

scenes possible; it is there that the people eat, drink, smoke, play, brawl, and fight; and when night comes, it is transformed all on a sudden into a dormitory. The travelers unroll their coverings if they have any, or settle themselves side by side under their clothes, if they have not. When the guests are numerous, they place themselves in two opposite rows, feet to feet; but although everybody lies down, it by no means follows that every one goes to sleep. Whilst some snore conscientiously, others smoke, drink tea, or abandon themselves to noisy gossip.

This fantastic picture, half illuminated by the dull pale light of a lamp (simply constructed with a wick swimming in dirty oil, in a broken tea-cup), "fills the soul," says M. Huc, with "*un vil sentiment d'horreur et de crainte*." Why it should do so, or what anything here described has to do with "*horreur et crainte*," is what we can by no means discover.

Before leaving this inn, the missionaries resolved to bring their outward men more into harmony with their inward spiritual graces, by the adoption of a clerical dress; not, however, the lugubrious one which, over the greater part of Europe, associates the idea of religion with that of mourning, but the gay costume which implies sanctity in Thibet, namely, a yellow robe fastened by a red girdle, a red waistcoat with a velvet collar, the whole surmounted by a red cap. This is the secular dress of the Buddhist Lamas. Most of the missionaries resident in China wear the ordinary Chinese costume, and have nothing to distinguish them from the traders; but these worldly garments, M. Huc considered an obstacle to their success, as among the Tartars, a "black man," or one of the laity, is laughed at if he attempts to speak on a religious subject. Besides the outward change, the travelers determined for the future to abstain from wine and tobacco, much to the distress of their Chinese disciples, who now took their leave mournfully, in the persuasion that the *pères spirituels* were about to perish in the deserts of Tartary.

The first bivouac in the wilderness was made in the imperial forest, which extends more than a hundred leagues from north to south, and above eighty from east to west. It is supposed to be sacred to the Emperor's sports; and though since he has ascended the throne he has never set foot in it, the punishment of perpetual exile is decreed against any one who shall be found within its precincts with arms in his hands. This does not, however, at all interfere with the



operations of innumerable poachers, but only leads to an equitable arrangement with the imperial guards, with respect to the respective shares of the game. Besides countless troops of stags, the forest is tenanted by tigers, boars, bears, panthers, and wolves; and the wood-cutter or hunter who should venture alone into the vast labyrinth of the forest, would be very likely never to find his way out again. In the second day's journey, the travelers found themselves in the presence of the great Obo, at the foot of which the Tartars pay worship to the spirit of the mountain. This monument is merely an enormous heap of stones, piled together without any order, with a great granite urn at the base, in which incense is burnt, and ornamented at the summit with a number of dried branches fixed at random among the stones, and bearing scraps of parchment with sacred inscriptions. The devout Tartars who pass by do not always content themselves with prostrations and burning incense, but throw in many offerings of money. The Chinese have an eye to business in their devotions, and after a few genuflections, go round and slyly pick up the pious gifts which their simple Mongol brethren have deposited.

Proceeding in the direction of the Mantchoo Tartar country, the travelers came to a considerable town, called Tolon-Noor (sometimes written in maps, Dolon-Nor), which, with its numerous buildings, and the gilded roofs of two great Lama convents rising conspicuously above them, presents from the outside rather a stately appearance. Inside, however, the streets are narrow and crooked, with gutters in the midst, so deep that goods are often lost, and even animals suffocated in them. It is, however, a place of great trade; the Tartars bringing to it continually great herds of oxen, camels, and horses, and carrying away in exchange tobacco, cloth, and tea. But the great trade of Tolon-Noor is carried on in its foundries, where are cast magnificent statues of iron and brass; and with these, as well as smaller idols, vases, clocks, and various articles used in the services of the Buddhist temples, it supplies all the country round. The environs of the town are barren and sandy, and it is surrounded to a great extent by immense cemeteries.

"Our entrance into the town was fatiguing and full of perplexity, for we had no idea where to alight. We wandered long, as in a labyrinth, through narrow winding streets, where our camels could hardly make their way through the per-

petual encumbrances of men and goods. At length we entered an inn and unloaded our camels, piled up our baggage in the little room that was assigned to us, went to the market, bought grass, and distributed it to the animals—almost without taking breath. The chief of the hostelry then came, according to custom, and presented us with a padlock; and after padlocking the door of our room, we went out to get some dinner, for we were excessively hungry. We were not long in discovering a triangular banner floating before a house, indicating a restaurant; and a long corridor led us into a spacious hall, where were distributed in a symmetrical manner a great number of small tables. We seated ourselves, and immediately there was placed before us the tea-pot, which forms the prelude *obligato* of every repast. You must drink tea, and drink it boiling, before taking the least thing else. While you are thus occupied in swelling yourself out with tea, you will receive the visit of the 'intendant of the table,' who is usually a personage of elegant manners, and endowed with a prodigious volubility of tongue, besides being acquainted with all countries and with everybody's affairs. He concludes his harangue with asking what you will take; and as you name the dishes you desire, he repeats the words in a sort of song, in order to announce your wishes to the 'governor of the kettle.' You are served with admirable promptitude; but before commencing your repast, etiquette requires you to rise and invite all the guests round who may happen to be in the room. 'Come! come all together,' you cry with a gesture of invitation—'come and drink a little glass of wine, and eat a little rice.' 'Thank you, thank you,' responds the assembly; 'come you rather to our table—it is we who invite you.' After this polite ceremonial, you have, as the phrase of the country is, 'shown your honor,' and may take your dinner like a man of quality.

"As soon as you rise to go, the 'steward of the table' appears again; and while you are crossing the room, he sings out the names of the dishes you have ordered, and finishes by proclaiming the total expenses in a high and intelligible voice; and then you pass to the office and pay the sum mentioned." \* \* \* \* \*

"The perpetual going and coming of strangers gives to the population of Tolon-Noor a very lively aspect. The hawkers run through the streets, offering to the passers-by the various little articles they deal in. The tradesmen, from the back of their shops, call and entice purchasers, by courteous and flattering words. The Lamas, with their brilliant dresses of red and yellow, endeavor to excite admiration by the address with which they manage their fiery, unbroken horses. The merchants of the province of Chan-Si are in the greatest number here, but there are few who establish themselves definitively; but, after a few years, when their coffers are sufficiently filled, they return into their own country. The Chinese mostly make fortunes, but the Tartars ruin themselves; indeed, Tolon-Noor is like a monstrous pneumatic pump, which succeeds marvelously in creating a vacuum in Mongol purses."

Shortly after leaving Tolon-Noor, M. Huc fell in with a Tartar, who appeared to have gained great glory among his comrades by having served, or at least intended to serve, in the war against "the rebels of the south," *videlicet*, the English, concerning whom he mentioned, by way of information, that they had the power of living in the water like fish; that, when you least expected it, they would suddenly rise to the surface, and launch at you gourds filled with flames; and then, no sooner had you bent your bow to send an arrow at them, than they were down again beneath the water. The valiant Tartars, however, had no fear of the monsters; for, before the departure of the eight banners, the grand Lamas had opened the "book of celestial secrets," and predicted a happy issue to the affair. The prediction was verified, for the rebels, terrified by the approach of the Tartars, had ultimately sued their holy master, the emperor, for peace, and he, in his immense mercy, had granted it to them. The Frenchmen also learned some other particulars concerning these same rebels, which are perhaps not generally known; for instance, that Queen Victoria has a great garden in which she shuts up her husband, who is allowed to walk in this as much as he pleases, but never to go out.

The great point of interest with the missionaries was the religion of Buddhism, whose overthrow was the secret object of their wishes and their prayers. M. Huc of course expresses great horror of this idolatrous worship, but at the same time congratulates himself, with much *naïveté*, on the numerous points of resemblance between it and the orthodox Catholic faith as taught at Rome. The immense multitudes of Lamas devoted to a monastic life; the extreme asceticism of some, (he found holy personages, devoted to what they called a contemplative life, who lived in holes in the side of a mountain, and drew up their food by a string, emulating the performances of saints in the early ages of the church)—the devotion of the laity, their deference to their spiritual masters, their fondness for pilgrimages and showy ceremonies, their liberality in contributing money for supposed pious objects, cause him sometimes to cast a longing look back toward the "good old times," and seem, speaking profanely, to make his mouth water. The apparent coincidence between the worship of Buddha and that which the "Lamas of Jehovah" were endeavoring to introduce, may perhaps have contributed to procure them respectful attention from the Budd-

hists; but it seems doubtful whether it would have greatly facilitated the object of their mission, as it might be often difficult to make them see what the difference was, or what would be gained by exchanging the old for the new faith. There is a point of resemblance too, besides those mentioned by M. Huc. The fundamental tenets of Buddhism are pure and sublime; but these have been so overlaid by a mass of fantastic ceremonies and forgotten symbols, that their influence has been almost wholly neutralized. The greatest truths, thus lying dormant, are of little practical value; in the words of Coleridge, "they lie bed-ridden in the soul, side by side with the most absurd errors, without having any tendency to disturb them." But this observation will apply, we cannot help thinking, in some degree, to the religious system of the Church of Rome, as well as to that of the Dalai-Lama.

On the "fifteenth day of the eighth month" the missionaries had an opportunity of joining in a great Chinese festival, called the "Feast of the Moon's Loaves," when all labor is suspended, workmen receive from their masters a pecuniary present, every one puts on his best clothes, and all is mirth and rejoicing. It is, according to M. Huc, of high antiquity, but has acquired a political character from an event of the fourteenth century. An extensive conspiracy was formed amongst the Chinese to shake off the yoke of the Tartar dynasty founded by Tchingis Khan, and it effected its object by means of a general massacre, for which the signal was given by notes concealed in the little cakes engraven with the image of the moon, which it is customary to interchange on this occasion. By this catastrophe the Tartar army, which was scattered through all the families of the kingdom, was completely annihilated, and an end put to the Mongol domination. The Tartars of the present day, however, join in the celebration of the festival with great *bonhomie*, and without the least idea of the signification given to it by their neighbors, though the Frenchmen, with more zeal than discretion, undertook it seems to enlighten them upon this point.

"At about a gun-shot from the place where we had encamped, we saw suddenly rising several Mongol tents, whose magnitude and cleanliness testified the easy circumstances of their inhabitants. This opinion was, besides, confirmed by the numerous flocks of sheep and the immense herds of horses and oxen which were grazing in the environs. Whilst we were reciting our breviary in the interior of the tent, Samdachiamba went to pay a visit to these Mongols, and soon

after we saw coming toward us an old man with a long white beard, and who had the air of a person of distinction. He was accompanied by a young Lama, and a child whom he held by the hand. 'My Lord Lamas,' said the old man, addressing us, 'all men are brothers, but those who dwell beneath the tents are united among themselves like flesh and blood. The fifteenth of the moon is a solemn epoch; you are travelers and strangers, you cannot this evening occupy a place at the hearth of your noble family. Come and rest yourselves for some days amongst us; your presence will bring us peace and happiness.' We told the good old man that we could not entirely accept his offer, but that in the evening, after having said our prayers, we would go and take tea with him, and have a little talk about the Mongol nation. \* \* \* On entering the Mongol tent, we were surprised to find there a degree of cleanliness to which one is little accustomed amongst the Tartars. There was no hearth in the centre, and the eye perceived nowhere the presence of those coarse cooking utensils which usually encumber Tartar habitations. It was easy to see that all had been arranged for a fete. We seated ourselves on a red carpet, and were soon served from the neighboring tent, the kitchen *pro tempore*, with tea with milk, and little rolls fried in butter, as well as cheese, dried grapes, and jububes.

"After having made acquaintance with the numerous Mongol company in which we found ourselves, the conversation insensibly fell on the festival of the Moon's Loaves. 'In our country of the West,' said we, 'we do not know of this festival. We worship only Jehovah, the creator of the heavens and the earth, of the sun and the moon, and all that exists.' 'Oh, the holy doctrine!' cried the old man, carrying his joined hands to his forehead. 'But neither do the Tartars worship the moon. They have seen the Chinese celebrate this fete, and they follow the custom, without well knowing why.' 'Yes,' said we, 'you follow this custom without knowing why. That is a wise saying. But this is what we have heard about it in the country of the *Ketats* (Chinese). And thereupon we related all that we knew about the terrible day of the massacre. As our narrative concluded, the faces of the Tartars appeared full of astonishment; the young men spoke together in a low voice, but the elder one kept a mournful silence; he held down his head, to hide the large tears that flowed from his eyes. 'Brother, enriched with years,' said we, 'this tale appears not to surprise you, but it has filled your heart with emotion.' 'Holy personages,' said the old man, after having raised his head and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, 'the terrible event which causes so much astonishment to these young men, was not unknown to me; but I wish I had never known it, and I seek to drive it from my memory, for it makes a blush mount to the face of every Tartar, whose heart is not yet sold to the *Ketats*. One day, the day is known to our great Lamas, the blood of our forefathers, so shamefully spilled, shall be avenged. When the holy man who is to command us shall

have appeared, we shall rise to a man and follow him. Then we will go, and in the face of day, demand of the *Ketats* an account of the Tartar blood which was shed in the darkness of their houses. The Mongols celebrate every year this fete, and the greater number see in it only an indifferent ceremony; but the 'Moon's Loaves' awaken in some hearts the remembrance of the perfidy of which we have been the victims, and the hope of a just vengeance.'

"After a moment's silence, the old man added, 'Holy personages, however this may be, this day is truly a festival, since you have deigned to descend into our poor habitation. It is not well to occupy our hearts with sad thoughts. Child,' he added to a young man who was sitting on the threshold, 'if the mutton has boiled enough take away the milk.' Whilst he cleared the interior of the tent, the eldest son of the family entered, bearing in his hands a little oblong table, upon which rose a sheep cut into four quarters, piled one upon another. Immediately, when the table was placed in the midst of the guests, the head of the family, arming himself with the knife that hung at his girdle, cut the tail off the sheep, divided it into two, and offered a half to each of us. Among the Tartars the tail is considered the most exquisite part of the sheep, and consequently the most honorable. It is, with these Tartar sheep, of a remarkable form and size, a thick broad oval of from six to eight pounds weight.

"As soon as the head of the family had presented us with this delicate morsel, the guests fell to with their knives to cut to pieces these formidable quarters of mutton; of course, in this Tartar festival we found neither plates nor forks; every one was obliged to place on his knees his piece of mutton, and tear it without ceremony with his two hands, wiping from time to time on the front of his waistcoat the fat that dripped from them. As for us, our embarrassment at first was considerable; in offering us this white sheep's tail, our friends had doubtless been influenced by the kindest intentions; but we were not yet sufficiently weaned from our European prejudices to dare to attack, without bread or salt, the lumps of fat that seemed to tremble and pant beneath our fingers. We took counsel together in our mother tongue, as to what was to be done in these difficult circumstances. To put back these dainties by stealth on the table seemed extremely imprudent; to speak frankly to our Amphitryon, and declare our repugnance to the favorite dish, would be shocking to Tartar etiquette. We hit, therefore, on the plan of cutting up the epicurean morsel into little slices, which we handed about to the guests, begging them to partake with us, on this festival day, of this rare and precious regale. At first we had to struggle against polite and disinterested refusals; but at length we got rid of the dreadful tail, and were permitted to attack the leg, the taste of which was more conformable to the recollections of our first education. After this Homeric repast was finished, there remained only in the middle of the tent a monstrous heap of white and polished mutton bones; a child went and untied a violin with three strings, that hung

suspended on a ram's-horn, and presented it to the chief of the family. He passed it to a young man, who held down his head modestly, but whose eyes became animated the moment he took the instrument in his hands. 'Nobles and holy travelers,' said the head of the family to us, 'I have invited a *Toolholos* to embellish the evening with some tales;' and while he spoke the minstrel was already preluding upon the chords. He soon began to sing with a strong voice and marked accent, and occasionally he stopped and mingled his song with animated and fiery recitation, while the Tartars bent towards him and accompanied his words by variations of their features. The *toolholos* sung of national and dramatic subjects, which excited a lively interest amongst the majority of the audience; but for us, little initiated as we were in the history of Tartary, we took a very slender interest in all the unknown personages whom the Mongol rhapsody brought by turns on the stage. When the singing had gone on a considerable time, the old man presented the minstrel with a large cup of the spirit made from milk. He laid down his violin on his knees, and moistened eagerly with the liquor the throat that must have been dry with the marvels he had been relating; and, as he finished drinking, and licked round the edges of the cup, the chief said, '*Toolholos*, in the songs that you have given us everything was fine and beautiful, but you have told us nothing yet of the immortal Tamerlane.' 'Yes! yes! cried many voices at once, 'sing to us the invocation to Timour.' The singer paused a moment, and then having collected his thoughts, sung in a vigorous and martial tone, to the following effect:—

"When the divine Timour dwelt beneath our tents, the Mongol nation was terrible and warlike: his movements made the earth shake; with a single glance of his eye he froze with terror the ten thousand nations whom the sun shines upon. Oh, divine Timour! when will thy great soul be born again? Come back! Come back! We are awaiting thee, O Timour!"

After a few more stanzas, the minstrel departed with a profound salutation, to entertain other families who were waiting for him on this festive occasion; but as the missionaries had appeared to listen to him with interest, the chief politely volunteered to produce a family virtuoso to supply his place. The performance of this personage was, however, of so overpowering a description, that they seized the earliest possible opportunity to make their escape. These "*Toolholos*," or wandering minstrels, are, it seems, often met with in Tartary and Thibet. They are commonly poor; a violin and a flute hung to their girdles comprising their whole possessions; but they are sure of a kind reception in the Mongol families, and remain with each often several days, never failing, on their departure, to be laden with provisions for their journey—cheese, and bladders filled with wine and tea.

The fine countries situated to the north of Peking, beyond the great wall, now bear the name of Eastern Toumet. They were bestowed at the time of the Mantchoo conquest of China on the King of Western Toumet, who had rendered considerable services to the conquerors; the two portions of his dominions are separated by the district called the Tehakar. The Mongols of Western Toumet no longer lead the nomadic life, but cultivate their lands, and practise many useful arts.

After about three days' journey through these countries, the missionaries arrived at a town called Kouk-ou-Khoton, that is "Blue Town." It is entered by a broad road, running between immense kitchen-gardens, which surround the town. The increase of the population has necessitated the breaking through the ramparts, and such extensive quarters have been built beyond them, that this part of the town is now of more importance than that within the walls. Viewed from without, it is rather imposing, but does not improve on a closer acquaintanceship.

"We entered it by a broad street, in which is situated the celebrated Lama Convent of the five Towers; but immediately after passing this, the street comes to an end, and you have on the right and left two miserable narrow lanes. We chose the one that appeared the least dirty, and advanced at first easily enough, but the further we went the more muddy it became, and soon it was little better than a long quagmire filled with black mud, and exhaling a suffocating odor. We were in the Tamers' Street, and we advanced slowly, and stumbling perpetually, for the miry liquid sometimes concealed a great stone, over which we had to climb, and sometimes a deep hollow, into which we suddenly plunged. We had hardly gone fifty paces before our animals were covered with mud, and dripping with sweat. To complete our misfortune, we heard before us loud cries uttered by horsemen and drivers who were approaching through the windings of the lane, and shouting in this manner to deter others from entering it. To draw back or to stand up appeared equally impossible, so we began to shout in our turn, and continued our march, expecting with some anxiety the conclusion of the piece. A turn in the lane brought on the denouement. At the sight of our camels the horses took fright, and making a sudden wheel threw themselves one on the other, and rushed out by all the outlets they could find. In this manner, thanks to our beasts of burden! we continued our route without being obliged to give way, and arrived at last in a tolerably spacious street, bordered with fine shops.

"We looked incessantly from side to side in the hope of discovering an inn, but always in vain. It is customary in the great towns of China and Tartary for every hostelry to lodge exclusively



one sort of travelers. One is for the corn-merchants, another for the horse-dealers, &c.; each has its particular customers, and closes its door to all others. There is only one kind of inn which affords lodging to travelers in general, and these are called the Inns of Passing Guests. That was the kind of one which would suit us; but in vain we traversed the streets in search of such a refuge; we could see no such thing. We stopped for a moment to beg a passer-by to point one out to us, and immediately we saw coming towards us a young man, who rushed in a most zealous manner out of a shop. 'You are looking for an inn?' said he. 'Oh, permit me to conduct you to one myself,' and immediately he began to walk alongside of us. 'You would hardly be able to find the inn that would suit you in this Blue Town. The men are innumerable here; but there are good, and there are bad men. Is it not as I say, my Lord Lamas? Men are not all of the same kind; and who does not know that the wicked are always more numerous than the good? Let me say a word to you that comes from the bottom of my heart. In this Blue Town one can hardly find a man who is guided by his conscience, and yet conscience is a treasure. You Tartars, you know what conscience is. I have long known the Tartars; they are good—they have upright hearts; but we Chinese are not like that—we are wicked, we are knaves; out of ten thousand Chinese you can scarcely find one who follows his conscience. In this Blue Town almost everybody makes a trade of cheating the Tartars, and getting their money out of them.'

"Whilst the young Chinese poured out all these fine words in the most easy and elegant manner, he went from one to the other, sometimes offering a pinch of snuff, sometimes patting us gently on the shoulders, as a sign of good fellowship. Sometimes he took hold of the bridles of our horses, and offered to lead them. But all these polite attentions did not prevent his keeping an eye on the two great bales which our camel carried. The quick glances which he threw towards them from time to time convinced us that he was busy in calculating what they might contain; he imagined they were full of valuable goods of which he would monopolize the profit. We had now been for more than an hour in search of the inn which was so emphatically promised, and still we had not found it. 'We are sorry,' said we to our guide, 'that you should take so much trouble. If we knew exactly where you are taking us to—' 'Trust to me, gentlemen, trust to me. I will take you to a good, an excellent inn. Do not talk of my taking trouble; do not pronounce such a word; it makes me blush. How! are we not all brothers? What signifies the difference of Tartar or Chinese? The language is not the same; the dress is different; but we know that the men have only one heart, one conscience, one invariable rule of justice.'

"Wait for me one moment—in one moment I will be with you again," and he darted, like an arrow, into a neighboring shop. He returned soon, with a thousand excuses for having made us wait. 'You are very tired, are you not? One

can easily suppose that—it is always so when one is traveling—it is not like when one is in one's own family.' Whilst he was speaking thus we were accosted by another Chinese; he had not the same joyous and full-blown countenance as the other, but he was meager, with thin, pinched lips, and little black eyes, sunk deep in their orbits, that gave him a remarkably sinister expression. 'Signor Lamas,' said he, 'you have only just arrived? It is well!—you have traveled in peace? Ah! that is well. Your camels are magnificent; you must have traveled quickly and happily. At length you are arrived. It is well. *Se-Eul*,' said he to the one who had first seized upon us, 'you are conducting these noble Tartars to an inn. It is well! Take care that it is a good one. You must take them to the Hotel of Eternal Equity.' 'It is exactly there we are going.' 'Indeed! the hotel-keeper is one of my best friends. It will not be useless for me to go too. I will recommend these noble Tartars strongly. Really, if I did not go, it would lie heavy on my heart. When one has the happiness to meet with brothers, one must try and be useful to them. We are all brothers: are we not, gentlemen? You see us two,'—and he pointed to his young partner—'we are clerks in the same shop. We are accustomed to manage the affairs of Tartars. Oh, it is a great advantage, in this miserable town, to have some people you can trust to.'

"To see these two personages, with their inexhaustible professions of attachment, it might have been supposed they were old friends of ours. But, unfortunately for them, we were a little *au fait* to Chinese tactics; and we had not in us all the *bonhomie* and simple credulity of the Tartars. We were convinced, therefore, that we had to do with two sharpers, who were preparing to clutch the money with which they believed us laden. By dint of looking on all sides, we at last perceived a sign, on which was written, in large Chinese characters, 'Hotel of the Three Perfections, lodges Temporary Guests with Horse or Camel, and undertakes all sorts of Business, without ever failing.' We immediately directed our steps towards the great gate; in vain our two guides protested that that was not the place we were going to—we entered; and after passing through a long avenue, found ourselves in the great court-yard of the inn: and by the little blue cap worn by the people who were moving about the court, we discovered we were in a Turkish hostelry.

"This movement of ours did not at all suit the two Chinese; but they followed us; and without appearing too much disconcerted, continued to play their part. 'Where are the people of the inn?' they cried, in an affected manner; 'let them open a large room—a handsome room. The Excellencies are arrived—they must have a suitable apartment.' A principal waiter of the inn presented himself, holding a key in his teeth, with a broom in one hand and a watering-pot in the other. Our two protectors seized upon the whole apparatus. 'Let us do that! they exclaimed; 'it is we who must serve our illustrious

friends; you people of the inn only do things by halves—you only work for money.' And immediately they set to work, watering, sweeping, dusting, in the room that had been opened. When all was ready, we went and seated ourselves on the *kang*, while the two Chinese chose, out of respect, to remain crouched on the ground. Just as the tea was about to be served, a young man, well-dressed and of elegant appearance, entered the room; he held in his hand the four corners of a silk handkerchief, of which we could not see the contents. 'My Lord Lamas, said the old rogue, 'this young man is the son of the head of our house of business; our master saw you arrive and has hastened to send his son to ask if you have made your journey in peace.' The young man then placed, on a little table before us, his silk handkerchief. 'Here,' said he, 'are some cakes to eat with the tea; my father at home has given orders to prepare some rice for you. When you have drank your tea, will you be pleased to come and partake of a small and bad repast, in our old and poor habitation?' 'What is the use of taking so much trouble about us?' 'Oh, look at our faces!' they all cried at once: 'your words cover them with blushes;' but the innkeeper, bringing in the tea, cut short all the wearisome formalities of Chinese politeness.

"Poor Tartars!" said one of us to the other, 'how triumphantly you must be fleeced when you fall into such hands!' These words, which were pronounced in French, excited great surprise in the three sharpers. 'What is the illustrious kingdom of Tartary which your excellencies inhabit?' inquired one of them.

"Our poor family is not in Tartary—we are not Tartars."

"Ah! you are not Tartars. We knew it well. The Tartars have not so majestic an air; their persons do not display that grandeur. Might we venture to inquire concerning your noble country?"

"We are from the west—our country is very far from here."

"Ah! that's it," cried the old fellow, 'you are from the west. I knew you were. These young people understand few things, they do not study the physiognomy. You are from the west; I know much of your country, I have made more than one journey in it.'

"We are glad you know our country, then you doubtless know our language also?"

"Your language—I cannot say I know it perfectly, but out of ten words I understand always three or four, but there is some difficulty in speaking with that." 'Never mind, you know Chinese and Tartar?' 'Oh! the people of your country are endowed with a great capacity; I have always been very intimate with your countrymen; I am accustomed to manage all their business. When they come to the Blue Town it is always I who am commissioned to make their purchases.'

"The object our two friends had in view was not at all doubtful. Their great wish to manage our affairs was, for us, a strong reason to decline their offers. As soon as we had finished our tea, they made a profound bow, and invited us to go

and dine with them. 'My lords,' they said, 'the rice is prepared, the chief of our house of business awaits you.'

"Listen," we replied gravely, 'let us speak a few words of reason. You have given yourselves the trouble to conduct us to an inn—that is well; your good hearts have induced you to act thus. You have rendered us many services; your master has sent us pastry;—evidently you are endowed with hearts whose goodness is inexhaustible. If it were not so, why should you have done all this for us who are entire strangers to you? Now you invite us to go and dine with you; that is well on your part, but it is also well on ours not to accept the invitation. To go thus to dine with people with whom one is not connected, is not conformable to the customs of the Chinese nation, and is equally opposed to those of the west.'

"These words, pronounced with gravity, completely destroyed the illusion of our two adventurers. 'If for the present,' we added, 'we decline coming to your shop, be good enough to excuse us to your master; thank him for the attentions he has shown us. Before leaving the town we shall probably have some purchases to make, and we will then take an opportunity of paying you a visit. Now we will go and take our dinner at the Turkish restaurant, which is near here.'

"It is well," said they in a tone of vexation; 'that is an excellent restaurant,' and with these words we all rose and went out together."

The Chinese, it appears, have discovered the art of turning the simplicity of their Mongol neighbors to very profitable account. No sooner does one of them make his appearance in a trading town, than he is surrounded by kind friends, who almost drag him into their houses, unsaddle his horse, make him tea, and keep him eating, drinking, and smoking, while their clerks and assistants undertake to dispose of what he has brought with him, and to buy what he wants, taking care not to lose sight of him for a moment. The poor Tartar takes in good faith all the professions of friendship made to him, and knowing his own ignorance of business, congratulates himself on having found such disinterested people. "If they wished to rob me," he argues, "they would never give me such good dinners for nothing."

It is, however, according to M. Huc, "exactly at these friendly dinners that the Chinese bring into play all the knavery of which they are capable, and entangle the unsuspecting son of the desert in their meshes, as a spider might a fly." A Chinese gentleman whom the travelers encountered on the second day after their departure from the "Blue Town," explained, with

charming frankness, his mode of carrying on business.

"We had just finished unloading our camels, and tying them to a manger, when we saw entering the great court, a prodigiously fat man, who was drawing after him, by the bridle, an extremely lean horse. He had on a large straw hat, of which the flaps hung down quite to his girdle, and he wore by his side a long sabre, which contrasted strongly with his very unwarlike figure. 'Steward of the kettle!' he called out, 'is there room for me in this inn?' 'I have but one room to give to travelers, and three Mongol men who have just arrived are just now occupying it: go and see if they can receive you.' The new comer advanced with a heavy step to the quarter where we were already installed. 'Peace and happiness! Signor Lamas—do you occupy all the room in this apartment?—is there not a little pace for me?'

"'Why should there not be room for you, as well as for us? We are both travelers.'

"'Excellent words! You are Tartars—I am a Chinese; but you understand wonderfully the *rites*; you know that all men are brothers.' After having made this speech, he went to tie up his horse by the side of our animals, then he deposited his little baggage on the *kang*, and stretched himself at full length, like a man tired out. 'Ah ya! ah ya!' he cried; 'here I am at an inn. Ah ya! it's better here than on the road: ah ya! let's rest ourselves a bit.' 'Where are you going?' we asked, 'and why do you wear a sabre?' 'Ah ya! I've already been a long way, and I have a good deal further to go. I'm traversing the Tartar countries, and in these deserts it is good to have a sword by one's side; one is not always sure of meeting with worthy people.' 'Do you, perhaps, belong to some Chinese company, trading in salt or white mushrooms?' 'No: I belong to a great house of business in Peking; I am sent to collect debts among the Tartars—and you—where are you going?' 'We intend to cross the Yellow River, and continue our route towards the west, crossing the country of the Ortoos.' 'You are not Mongols, apparently?' 'No: we are from the sky of the west.' 'Ah ya! we are then much about the same thing; our trade is not very different; you eat the Tartars as we do.' 'Eat the Tartars! What do you mean?' 'Yes, our trade is to eat the Mongols. We eat them in trade; you by prayers. The Mongols are simple, why should we not profit by them to get money?' 'You are mistaken; since we have been in Tartary we have spent a great deal of money, but we have never taken from the Mongols a single sapeck.' 'Ah ya! ah ya!' 'You fancy that our camels, our baggage, and all is got out of the Tartars. You are mistaken; it has been all bought with money from our own country.' 'I thought you had come to Tartary to say prayers.' 'You are right; we did come for that, we do not understand trade.'

M. Huc then entered into some explana-

tions, endeavoring to make this worthy man understand that there was a possibility of being influenced by some other motive than the desire of gain. He expressed great astonishment at this new view of things, and laughed a great deal, but protested that he, at all events, knew better, and, but for the sake of the money he could squeeze out of them, would never set foot among the Tartars.

"At these words he began to laugh immoderately, swallowing, at the same time, great bumpers of tea. 'Don't say that we are of the same trade,' said we—'say merely that you are an eater of Tartars.' 'Ah! I believe you, we do gnaw them to the bones.' 'But we should like to know how you go about it?' 'Why, don't you understand the Tartars?—don't you know that they are like children? When they come into our places of business, they want to have everything they see. They seldom have any money, but we come to their assistance; we give them merchandise on credit, and so they ought of course to pay dearer. When they carry away goods without leaving money, of course there must be a little interest of some thirty or forty per cent. Isn't that fair? And then the interest accumulates, and presently one comes to compound interest. That can only be done with the Tartars—in China the Emperor's laws are against it; but we who are obliged to be running incessantly about this land of grass, we have a right to compound interest; so a Tartar debt is never paid—it goes on from generation to generation. Every year we go and get the interest, which is paid in sheep, camels, oxen, horses, &c. All that is worth much more than the money. We get the animals from the Tartars at a low price, and sell them very dear. Oh! it's a capital thing, let me tell you, is a Tartar debt. It's a real mine of gold.'

It does sometimes happen, however, that the astute Chinese speculator finds the tables turned upon him, and "catches a Tartar" in a different sense. M. Huc relates an instance of a Tartar bringing an ingot of bad silver to a mercantile house in Peking. The baseness of the metal was not perceived; but when it was weighed, that the Tartar might receive the value, he was, as he had foreseen, cheated egregiously in the weight. As soon as the fraud was discovered, the Tartar was seized, but he triumphantly produced the receipt given him for the silver, declaring that the bad ingot could not possibly be his, as it evidently weighed more than the one he had sold. The ingot was then weighed in court, and the weight was found to be as he had stated. The Chinese court then decided that the Tartar was not the maker of the base silver, and that probably the mer-

chants were, and sentenced them to punishment accordingly.

During the early part of their journey the missionaries found that the mournful predictions of their Chinese converts, of the perils and disasters to be encountered in the wilderness, were greatly exaggerated. They were exposed, indeed, to many hardships and serious inconveniences. Sometimes, either from want of fuel or some other cause, their attempts at cookery failed, and they had to trust, in a great measure, to the berries they could gather in the forests. Sometimes they and their baggage were so drenched with violent rains, succeeded by piercingly cold winds, that there appeared some likelihood of their being frozen to death. But they were mostly helped through these difficulties by the kindness and hospitality of the wandering Mongols, whom they describe, notwithstanding their rough and somewhat repulsive exterior, as extremely mild and good-natured, naïve and credulous as children, and of an excitable temperament, passing rapidly from a state of extravagant gaiety to deep melancholy. The general aspect of their country is wild and mournful; the monotony of the steppes is only broken by rocky hills or deep ravines; and the great elevation of the ground, the nitrous substances with which it is impregnated, and the deficiency of cultivation, render the climate excessively severe. M. Huc considers that there are in Mongolia but two seasons, namely, nine months of vigorous winter, and three of summer, during which the heat is suffocating. It is also subject to the most rapid changes of temperature.

The real terrors of the journey, however, were met in crossing the mountains of Tibet. As the missionaries had it greatly at heart to penetrate to Lassa, (or, as they write it, Lha-Ssa,) the grand headquarters of Buddhism, they resolved, after three months' traveling in Mongolian Tartary, to turn southward, and re-entering China, to traverse the province of Kan-Sou, and, if possible, join some caravan that should be journeying in the required direction. They no longer felt any fear of plunging alone, and without the protection even of one of their catechists, into the prohibited Chinese Empire, for they had several times resided, for a considerable period, in commercial towns; they had managed their affairs for themselves, and become familiar with Chinese customs, and though they spoke with a Tartar idiom, the language no longer presented any difficulty. Besides this, the

wind, the rain, and the sun had, by this time, produced a tint on their skins that made it difficult to recognize them as Europeans. They reached the borders of the Ho-Hoang-Ho, or Yellow river, which they had to cross at the period of one of its great inundations; but, as they had not money enough to wait in the town, where they were, till the subsidence of the flood, they determined to attempt the passage immediately.

"We set out on our march with our hearts full of courage and confidence in the protection of God. The old Tartar who had lodged us so hospitably wished to conduct us to the outside of the town. There he pointed out in the distance a long wreath of thick vapor which seemed to float from west to east; it marked the course of the Yellow River. 'At the place where you see that mist,' said the Tartar, 'there is a great dyke, which serves to restrain the river within its bed when the increase of water is not very great. When you have reached it, you will proceed along the shore as far as the little pagoda, that you see down there on your right; there you will find a boat that will take you to the other side of the Yellow River. Do not lose sight of this pagoda, and you will not lose your way.' After having thanked the good old man for his attentions, we pursued our journey. We soon found ourselves in fields filled with yellowish and stagnant water. Before us, as far as the eye could reach, extended immense marshes, only intersected here and there by small dykes which the water had lately abandoned. The laborers of these countries had been forced to become boatmen, and we saw them moving from place to place in little skiffs which they managed to guide across these fields. We advanced, however, through these drowned lands, but with inexpressible difficulty and slowness. Our poor camels were quite beside themselves. The soft slippery ground that they found everywhere beneath their feet, only allowed them to move in a series of slides; and when you saw their heads turning incessantly from side to side with the most anxious expression, their limbs shivering, while the perspiration dripped from every part of their body, you would have thought every moment they were going to faint. It was almost noon when we arrived at a little village, and though we had only gone half a league, we had made so many circuits, and we had described such a zig-zag in our painful march, that we were exhausted with fatigue. We had hardly reached the village when we were surrounded by a crowd of miserable creatures covered with rags, who escorted us as far as a large piece of water, at which we were compelled to stop, since we had no means of going on; we saw before us an immense lake, extending as far as the dyke on the banks of the Yellow River. Some boatmen presented themselves, and undertook to convey us so far as we could easily, they said, get along the dyke to the little pagoda, where we should find a boat. We asked the master of the boat how much he would take to carry us as far as the dyke? 'Oh a trifle,' he



said, 'a mere nothing. We can take the men and their baggage—the horse and the mule in our boat; and a man can conduct the camels across the lake. Our boats are too small to receive them. A few sapecks for so much work—it is going through a great deal for nothing.' 'You are right, you will have much labor, of course, no one says otherwise; but speak a little more clearly—how much do you require?' 'Oh, a mere nothing—we are all brothers—you are travelers, we are aware of that. We ought to take you gratis—it would be only our duty; but look at us, at our clothes; we are poor, our boat is our all, we must live by it. Five *lis* of rowing, three men, a horse, a mule, the baggage; well, as you are religious men, we will only ask two thousand sapecks.' The price was most exorbitant, and we did not answer a single word, but turned round and feigned to be going back. But we had scarcely gone twenty paces when the master of the boat came running after us."

After a little expenditure of eloquence on both sides, five hundred sapecks were offered and accepted; but just as the party were about to step into the boat, the worthy Charon made one more attempt to carry his point:—

"'Look here,' he called out to one of his companions, 'we're going to row five *lis*,\* and at last we're only to have fifteen hundred sapecks to divide between us eight.' 'What do you mean by fifteen hundred?' we cried; this is mere mockery; and once more we turned round and began to move off."

Ultimately the affair was arranged by the intervention of the "mediators," indispensable in all Chinese bargains, at eight hundred sapecks, and the missionaries reached the dyke in safety, and passed the night on the steps of a little lonely temple on the banks of the majestic Ho-Hoang-Ho.

It was not without feelings of lively satisfaction, that after three months wandering in the bleak and hungry desert, MM. Huc and Gabet found themselves comfortably lodged at the "Hotel of Justice and Mercy," in the town of Che-Tsai-Dze, in the Chinese province of Kan-Sou, where provisions are abundant, varied, and of astonishing cheapness. At all hours of the day and night, we are told, ambulatory restaurateurs traverse the streets, with soups, ragouts of mutton and beef, vegetables, pastry, rice, vermicelli, &c. The Great Wall at this part is little more than a heap of ruins; but the works for the irrigation of the fields are on a magnificent scale. There are few villages, but

\*The Chinese *li* is less than half a mile English.

farms large or small, separated by fields, and surrounded by trees, and on the irrigation days, the country people move about in boats. To the traveler, of course, the irrigations are very unwelcome, as they overflow the roads and encumber them with mud; but the inhabitants rejoice in them. The commencement of a new year is, in China, as in most other countries, a subject of festivity; the last days of the old have also their peculiar celebration. They are days of universal quarreling.

"It is at this time that every one sets his accounts in order, and goes to worry his debtors; all the Chinese are both debtors and creditors, and it results from this that everybody is both pursuing and pursued. That man who has just been raising such a disturbance in the house of his neighbor, comes home and finds that his house has been turned topsy-turvy by some one who has claims upon him. On every side vociferations, abuse, wrangling and fighting are going on. On the last day of the year, the disorder is at its height; every one hastens to realize, to sell whatever they can lay hands on. The avenues to the pawnbrokers are blocked up. Clothes, bedding, cooking utensils, furniture of every kind, are being carried along them, and those who have emptied their houses, look elsewhere for some resource. They run to their relations and friends, and borrow things which they say they are going to return immediately, but which find their way instantly to the Tang-Pou. This anarchy lasts till midnight, and then all is suddenly quiet. No one is allowed to claim his debts any more, or even to make the least allusion to them. Everybody fraternizes with everybody, and no words are heard but those of peace and benevolence. Those who a few minutes before seemed on the point of cutting each other's throats, are now only contending in mutual politeness and cordiality."

A period of eighteen months elapsed before the French travelers were able to meet with an opportunity of going to Lha-Ssa. The route is almost unknown, but we have only space to indicate briefly some of its most remarkable features. One of these is the Kouk-ou-Noor, or Blue Lake, which is described as of vastly greater dimensions than is commonly supposed,—so great, indeed, that it rather merits the name of sea, being not less than three hundred miles in circumference. The waters are salt and bitter, and according to M. Huc, exhibit the phenomenon of tides like the ocean. The vast plains which lie around its shores are watered by numerous brooks, and though destitute of trees, produce such fine grass, that they are much resorted to by the Mongols, notwithstanding the numerous and audacious robbers by whom they are infested. So formidable have

these attacks become, that the embassy formerly sent from Pekin to Lha-Ssa every year, now only goes every three years, as it is then accompanied by a stronger body of travelers. It was in an immense caravan of this kind that the author and his companion, after waiting long for the opportunity, at length found means to undertake the formidable passage across the most elevated region of Central Asia. The party consisted of the Ambassador with his escort of three hundred Chinese soldiers and two hundred Tartars, and of two thousand travelers, Thibetan and Tartar, mounted, some on horses, some on camels, and others on the long-haired oxen of the country; and carrying with them fifteen thousand oxen and twelve hundred horses. This vast and noisy multitude halted from time to time on a wide plain, or on a mountain side, to allow the animals to recover from their fatigue, and pitching their tents of every form and color, raised on a sudden an extensive city, that was destined to vanish again as quietly as it had arisen. The weather during the first part of the journey was magnificent, and the travelers began to fancy that they had been entertaining a very magnified idea of its hardships. But this pleasing illusion did not last long.

"Six days after our departure we had to cross the Poutrain-Gol, a river which falls into the Blue Lake. The waters are not very deep, but being divided into twelve branches approaching very near each other, they occupy a space of more than three miles. We had the misfortune to arrive at the first branch long before daylight, and when the water was frozen, but not strongly enough to serve as a bridge. The horses had arrived first, and were terrified, and would not advance. They stopped on the banks, and gave the long-haired oxen time to come up with them. Soon the whole caravan became assembled on this spot, and it would be impossible to describe the confusion and disorder that reigned in this immense throng, enveloped in the darkness of the night. At length several horsemen urged on their horses, and broke the ice in many places, and then the whole caravan rushed *pêle mêle* into the river. The animals drove against each other and dashed up the water, the ice gave way, the men vociferated; it was a frightful tumult; and then, when the first arm of the river had been thus passed, the whole work was to be done again with the second, third, and every succeeding branch. When day broke the 'sacred embassy' was still splashing in the water."

The Mongols declared the passage had been an admirable one, as there were only two oxen drowned, and one man who had his legs broken. The Frenchmen thought it bad enough, but worse remained behind.

"When the caravan resumed its march it presented a most ludicrous appearance. Men and beasts were loaded with icicles; the poor horses were dreadfully embarrassed with their tails, which stuck out in a solid piece, as if they had been made of lead instead of hair. The camels had the long hair on their legs laden with magnificent icicles, which rattled against each other with a harmonious sound; but, pretty ornaments as they were, the camels did not seem at all pleased with them, and did all they could to shake them off by striking their feet hard against the ground. The long-haired oxen were real caricatures; they walked with their legs wide apart, bearing painfully the enormous load of stalactites which hung down quite to the ground. The poor beasts were so shapeless, and so covered with icicles, that they looked as if they had been preserved in sugar-candy."

After quitting the plains of Kouk-ou-Noor, the country suddenly changes its aspect, and becomes savage and gloomy in the highest degree. The soil is dry and stony, and scarcely capable of supporting a few dried brambles impregnated with saltpetre.

The ascent of the mountain Bourhan-Botu, in itself steep and difficult, was rendered additionally painful by the presence, near the ground, of a certain deleterious gas—apparently carbonic acid—which escapes from some fissure, and spreads itself along its side. The limbs of men and horses sunk under them; every face turned pale; no fire could be kindled; the breath was drawn with difficulty; and a sensation resembling sea-sickness almost deprived the caravan of the power of motion. When they reached a certain height, the air again became wholesome and the distressing symptoms at once disappeared. The name of the mountain—Bourhan-Botu, signifies, it seems, the kitchen of Buddha. Some days afterwards, another mountain put the strength and courage of the travelers to the proof.

"The march was to be a long and trying one. The usual signal for the departure of the caravan, the firing of a cannon, was heard an hour after midnight. We made some tea with melted snow, took a good meal of *tsamba*, seasoned with a little finely-chopped garlic, and set forth on our way. When the immense caravan first got into motion, the sky was clear, and a resplendent moon shone on the carpet of snow with which the ground was entirely covered. But soon the sky became overcast, the wind blew with violence continually increasing, and the snow proved to be so deep that it reached the horses' bellies; and some of them fell into hollows from which it was impossible to extricate them. \* \* \* The ground was continually rising as we advanced, and the cold had increased to frightful intensity. Soon death began to make his harvest in our

caravan; the want of water and the scarcity of food exhausted the animals. Every day we had to abandon beasts of burden that could no longer drag along their loads. The turn of the men came next, and the very sight of the road we were traversing excited the most mournful forebodings. We had for some days been journeying through what seemed the excavations of a vast cemetery. Human bones and the skeletons of animals that we met with at every step, seemed to warn us that in this murderous region the caravans that had preceded us had not had a better fate than ourselves."

The sufferings of the wayfarers from this time were excessive. The cold was so severe that two or three balls of dough steeped in boiling tea, enveloped in cloths, and placed on their breasts, under a covering of three sheep-skins and a blanket, were invariably found frozen. On one occasion, when they were approaching a frozen river, they perceived what looked like a line of little dark islets across it. On a nearer approach, they proved to be wild oxen, frozen firmly into the ice, which was so transparent, that though only the heads were above the surface, the whole animal was distinctly visible. They had been long dead, and the crows and eagles had already picked out their eyes. Before the caravan arrived at the goal of its long and painful march, more than forty men had to be left in the desert.

"They were kept on their horses or camels as long as there was the least hope, but when they could neither eat nor speak, nor hold themselves up, they were left exposed on the road. The caravan could not stop for them in an uninhabited desert, exposed to wild beasts, to robbers, and the want of provisions. As a last token of interest in their fate, a wooden bowl, and a little bag of barley flour was placed beside them, and then the caravan sadly pursued its way."

The long-dreaded robbers came at last too, but for this and other incidents of the route, we must refer to the volumes themselves. The whole passage across these formidable deserts of Thibet occupied a period of more than three months; and on the 29th of January, 1846, about sunset, the exhausted travelers at length caught sight of Lha-Ssa, the metropolis of the Buddhist world, surrounded by a girdle of trees, many centuries old; its large white houses, the numerous temples with their gilded roofs, and high above all the majestic palace of the Tale Lama, with its dome entirely covered with plates of gold, and surrounded by a peristyle of which the columns are also gilt. At the entrance of the town they were met by some

Mongols with whom they had become acquainted on the road, and who, having hastened on and preceded them by some days, now came to beg them to alight at their lodgings.

"The day after our arrival at Lha-Ssa, we took a Thibetian guide, and traversed the different quarters of the town, in search of lodgings to hire. The houses of Lha-Ssa are generally large, of many stories, and terminated with a terrace, slightly inclined, to facilitate the draining off of rain-water. They are covered with whitewash, with the exception of some borders, and the frameworks of the doors and windows, which are painted red or yellow. The reformed Buddhists are particularly fond of these two colors; they are, so to speak, sacred in their eyes, and they call them Lama colors. The inhabitants of Lha-Ssa, having the custom of painting their houses every year; they are usually very clean, and always look as if newly built, but the insides are far from being in harmony with the fair appearance of the outside. The apartments are dirty, smoky, strong-smelling, and encumbered with furniture and utensils, thrown here and there in disgusting disorder.

"The Thibetian habitations are, in fact, nothing more than great whitened sepulchres—a true image of Buddhism, and all false religions, which take care to clothe with dogmatic truths, and all moral principles, the falsehood and corruption which they contain. After long investigations, we chose at length a small lodging which formed part of an immense house containing about fifty inhabitants.

"Our poor apartment was on an upper story, which was reached by twenty-six steps of wood, without any bannisters, and so steep and narrow that, to avoid breaking your neck, it was prudent to ascend them on the hands and knees. Our lodging was composed of a large square room, and a little corridor, which we called our cabinet. The room was lighted by a narrow window on the north-east side, garnished with three great wooden bars, and by an aperture in the roof. This latter served for many different purposes: firstly, it admitted daylight, wind, rain, and snow; and secondly, it served as a chimney.

"To mitigate the cold of winter, the Thibetians place in the middle of their rooms a vessel of baked earth, in which they burn *argols* (dried dung). As this fuel has the failing of emitting more smoke than heat, when you wish to warm yourself, you understand all the advantage of having a hole above your head. This invaluable hole makes it possible to light a fire without being suffocated: it certainly has the disadvantage of sometimes drenching you; but when one has been leading a nomadic life, one does not mind a trifle. The furniture of our apartment consisted of two goat-skins, stretched to the right and left of our fire-place, two saddles, our traveling tent, some old pairs of boots, two broken trunks, three torn garments hung upon nails, our blankets rolled up into a bundle, and in the corner

a store of the *argols* for fuel. It will be seen, therefore, that we were quite on the level of Thibetan civilization."

In Lha-Ssa, as elsewhere, the Frenchmen were received with civility by the Buddhist priests. On one occasion apartments were assigned to them inside a convent of Lamas, they were listened to with attention and respect, and called the Lamas of Jehovah. Whether this portended, as they supposed, the great success that was to crown their missionary labors, is a point that cannot now be decided, as their residence at Lha-Ssa was brought to a premature conclusion by the interference of the Chinese Ambassador, who insisted on their being sent out of the country.

The Chinese influence is at all times great in Thibet, and at the time of M. Huc's arrival, recent events had increased its strength. The government of Thibet is, as is known, theocratic. The Talé Lama (usually written Dalai-Lama), is the political and religious sovereign of all the countries of Thibet. In his hands resides all power—legislative, executive, and administrative; and he is not controlled in its exercise by any inconvenient charter or constitution, being regarded as the living Buddha, or actual embodiment of the divinity on earth. But as, nevertheless, it will sometimes happen that he dies, or in the language of the Buddhists, that he is pleased to transmigrate, it is necessary for the great assembly of Lamas to point out from time to time the child in whose form any Talé Lama has thought proper to revive, as well as to elect a Nomekhan, or lay sovereign, who is to attend to affairs beneath the living Buddha's dignity to interfere in. In the year 1844, it happened that the Talé Lamas had taken to *transmigrating* with such extraordinary rapidity, that the inhabitants of Lha-Ssa were seized with consternation. Three Talé Lamas had disappeared in rapid succession, and whispers went abroad, that they had been assisted to effect their transmigration by poison, strangling, and other mere mortal methods. The Superior Lama of one of the great Lama Convents, who was known to have been much devoted to the last, died also at the same time. Public opinion pointed to the Nomekhan, and to his jealousy of the Talé Lama's authority, as the source of these untoward events; and the ministers applied to the Court of Peking to use its influence for the protection of the newly made divinity. An ambassador, Ki-chan, was sent to Thibet; he caused the Nomekhan to be

arrested, and employed some of the gentle methods frequently practised in China in such cases, such as ordering long needles to be driven under the nails of the deposed king; and by these means the Chinese authorities declared "truth was separated from error, and the conduct of Nomekhan was made manifest to open day." The government of Thibet, at the arrival of the French missionaries, was administered by a regent, as both the existing Talé Lama and the Nomekhan were infants; but though this functionary appeared himself to be extremely well-disposed towards them, he was compelled to yield to the Chinese, and desire their departure from his capital. They were sent back to China at the cost of the Emperor, and ordered to submit to a solemn trial before the great mandarins of the Celestial Empire. For what took place on this occasion, as well as for a more detailed account of the interior of China, which he has had such rare opportunities of becoming acquainted with, we are referred to a future work, to be written in the intervals of the missionary labors in Mongol-Tartary, to which the author has returned. We shall look for its appearance with considerable interest, as notwithstanding a certain bias of opinion, and a tendency to credulity, inseparable, perhaps, from his position, his powers, both of observation and description, are sufficient, in combination with the freshness of the material, to produce an acceptable and valuable book.

We may not be disposed to admit as readily as he does the probability, for instance, of a certain Lama of Thibet being able to rip himself open with a knife whenever he pleases and close the wound by merely passing his hand over it, accounting for the fact simply by the agency of the devil. On such matters as these, we will agree to differ, and follow, with no less pleasure, the narrative, of whose perfect good faith we see no reason to doubt. In the whole history of the Church of Rome, there is nothing on which the eye can rest with so little alloy to its satisfaction as on that of the wanderings and labors of her missionaries. The humble sons of that Church are the leaven "that leaveneth the whole lump." Their poverty and simplicity have, in some measure, atoned for the pride and luxury of Popes and Cardinals; and it is to such narratives as these we turn when we would know how it happens that a vessel, in many parts so rotten, and so long since declared unseaworthy, and about to founder, has yet outlived the storms of a thousand years. In considering the



history of this, as well as of some other time-honored institutions, we cannot but be often struck with the astonishing vitality of

goodness, and how small a comparative portion will preserve a whole mass for ages from putrefaction.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## EGYPT UNDER ABBAS PASHA.

BY BAYLE ST. JOHN.

WHEN the late Mohammed Ali heard at length of the taking of Acre by his troops under Ibrahim, he exclaimed, "That place," adding an energetic but somewhat unsavory expression, "that place has cost me," not the lives of so many thousand men, but, "so many thousand cantars of gunpowder." These words illustrate pretty forcibly the narrow and selfish views of that celebrated but overrated man. We do not believe, indeed, that during the whole period of his sway in Egypt, the thought ever crossed his mind that he was bound to govern for any other purpose than his own personal aggrandizement, or that he was to regard in the slightest degree the feelings, the comfort, the property or the lives of his people.

The system which arose from this wretchedly egotistical state of mind was to a certain extent successful. Although great schemes of conquest, which even a more magnanimous species of selfishness might have carried out, were destined to end in comparative shame and disgrace, yet a somewhat brilliant *de facto* sovereignty was erected and maintained to the termination of the old man's life; and he died regretting only that he had not been allowed to march to Constantinople. To the end of his days he was rolling in wealth, and possessed of arbitrary power in dominions of great extent, where he was not the less arbitrary because he was compelled to acknowledge a superior, and to send a tribute, instead of a fleet and an army, to the shores of the Bosphorus. The provinces which he called his own, lay sleeping in a death-like tranquillity; and because he could ride through the streets without a guard, his flatterers told him that he had secured the fear, respect,

and love of the people. For he had many flatterers, this ancient of days;—not merely his own minions, whose business it was, but European gentlemen, who affected to be awestruck in his presence, and gathered and treasured up and repeated his wise sayings, his profound observations, and, save the mark! his wit; but they never could impress on any impartial hearer the belief in any of these things. His sayings and observations were sometimes very foolish, sometimes distinguished by respectable common-sense; and his wit consisted in prefacing a very silly or impertinent remark with a peculiar grunt. Whenever, therefore, his courtiers, being in a narrative mood, began to tell how on a certain occasion the pasha said, "Hunk!" &c., a crowd of admirers were ready to smile, and one or two disinterested lookers-on were compelled to smile likewise, though, perhaps, for a very different reason.

Nothing is easier than to surround a man who has sufficient talents to fight or wheedle himself into a position of authority, with a halo of false reputation: but it is rather more difficult to impress a character on the civilization of a country, and, now-a-days, to found an enduring dynasty. We shall not here recapitulate the enormous blunders of Mohammed Ali, in political and economical questions, nor explain how these blunders arose from a selfish desire to make what is vulgarly called a "splash," nor waste an anathema on his crafty cruelty and abominable tyranny. We wish merely to remind the reader that his period of power having come to a close, little good had been done, except, perhaps, improving to some extent the method of transacting public business.

Well, there were plenty of people to succeed him. The pasha had a large family of children and grandchildren, to whom he had behaved sometimes with indulgence, but generally with unreasoning and perverse severity. There was scarcely a member of his family with whom he had not had many little quarrels, and who did not avoid his presence as they did the plague. Even the favorite Ibrahim could not bear to live in the same city as his presumed father; and the rest would have been little less startled by the last summons of all, than they were by an occasional order to appear in the presence of the angry and savage old man. One feeling, however, was pretty general amongst them;—they regarded the pasha as a wonderfully important personage, and themselves consequently, being his children, as little less wonderful and important. Their hopes were in the uncertainty of life; and very many of them in their own minds had arranged what they would do in case they came to be viceroy, how they would make the money spin, and what mighty devices they would put in practice, to emulate and surpass the splendors of "Effendina"—"Our Lord," *par excellence*.

It must be confessed that Abbas Pasha alone had the good sense to take up a position of his own. Whether he was as crafty and politic as some pretend before his elevation to power, it is difficult to decide; but the plan at that time generally ascribed to him, of forming what was called a Turkish or bigoted party,—a party of discontented great folks and fanatical Ulemas,—a party which should appeal to the religious prejudices of the good Caireens, and oppose itself to the inroad of European adventurers and improvements,—this plan, if distinctly formed, was certainly a very sagacious one. Let us be frank: Europeans have done more harm than good in Egypt; that is to say, whenever they have appeared except as mere commercial men, bringing the goods of their own countries, and anxious to take away the surplus of the luxuriant crops of the valley of the Nile. As political advisers, partly, perhaps, because men undertook to advise who were fit only for the counting-house, partly because their own interests were concerned, their intermeddling has been most pernicious. Even the benefits, for some such there are, which have been conferred by their wisdom, have been mingled with an immense amount of misery. There is one fact which has attained an almost mythological dignity from its notoriety and the admirable manner in which it symbolizes European meddling in Egypt. An

English merchant, who ought to have known the manners of the country, advised the construction of the Mahmoudiyeh Canal. It has been most useful to commerce; but twenty thousand people were starved or worked to death within six weeks, in order to complete it. Fifty illustrations of the same kind might be given; but we wish merely to have our meaning understood, when we say that if Abbas Pasha or his party ever contemplated, as there is reason to suppose they did, the utter destruction of foreign influence, the total change of a system, under which French and English measures alternated like whig and tory administrations, we must candidly admit, they had some very good grounds to go upon.

The creation of the party was a long and laborious work: very likely it was brought and kept together more by mutual discontents, ambitious hopes, and straightforward bigotry, than by any very Machiavellian policy. Probably Abbas Pasha really liked ram-fighting, and was a pigeon-fancier, and did not assume these tastes as the elder Brutus played the fool, in order to accomplish his ends. But, however this may be, he certainly occupied a more respectable position than his uncle Ibrahim, whose whole ideas of the duties of government were getting money and playing at soldiers; and than any of the other members of this most obese and heavy-headed family. Even if it be true that he meditated a revolt against the broken-down conqueror of Syria, and was only withheld by fear of the European powers, this fact gives an impression of his energy, and by no means derogates from his character in this country. The Saids and the Ahmeds, the Ismaïns and the Mustaphas, would each and all of them strike a blow and rid the country of their beloved relations, if the little word *impossible* did not stare them in the face. As it is, they are in perpetual feud with the head of the family, and there is no end to their bickerings, heart-burnings, jealousies and hatreds. Abbas is haughty and overbearing to them; they as insolent as they may be to him. Be sure that on all sides direful causes of affront have been given; but probably Abbas has been provoked by unbecoming pretensions. What else could be expected from a set of ignorant, debauched adventurers, who have got a temporary footing in the country, and actually talk with the pride of an ancient respectable line of hereditary princes of their rights, and their expectations, and their rank, and so forth! Abbas of course has not the same

natural influence over this unruly brotherhood as had the ruthless old man and his more savage immediate successor, and probably, in attempting to exert his rightful authority, has been betrayed into undignified squabbles. It is certain that many members of his family have fled or retired to Constantinople; among others, Mohammed Ali Bey, and the notorious Nazlet Hanem. Some remarks have been made on this subject, to the effect that Abbas is frightening away his dutiful relations by his violent and unreasonable conduct; but if Egypt never loses two of its natives whom it can worse spare than these, it will be fortunate. Without further inquiry than into their character, one would be inclined to admire and respect the man who had quarreled with them. Mohammed Ali is a debauched, worthless lad; and Madame Nazlet cannot have justice done to her without details into which our pen is not at liberty to enter.

It is a sad thing, certainly, to view the breaking up of a large family; but it would be a sadder thing to witness vice unpunished, and harmony arising out of the reckless indulgence of unbridled passions. Abbas Pasha himself, if report speak true, has little in his private life to plead for lenity in judging of his public character. His taste leads him to the most trifling amusements. Just as of old, when he was the supposed head of a kind of Conservative Turkish party, when he was Governor of Cairo, and silently nourishing his ambitious schemes, he spends time and money in the undignified, though not inelegant, and certainly innocent occupation of a pigeon-fancier. Near the new palace which he is building—(none of these Turkish princes seem to care about living where their fathers lived before them)—rises a magnificent square tower, entirely devoted to the lovely winged favorites of his Highness the Viceroy, who is reported to be quite learned in this department of natural history. Another of his tastes, for which Englishmen will have more sympathy, is for horses; and the public will remember his bold challenge to the Jockey Club. In what way he passes the remainder of his leisure hours we do not inquire; but we give him, in common with his relatives, the advantage of an excuse that has before been urged in their favor,—namely, that of an infamous education.

Abbas Pasha has not exactly carried out the views which were attributed to him before he reached his present elevation. He has not, for example, done all that his fanatical anti-Frank friends could expect in shaking off foreign influence. He began, it is

true, by getting rid, in rather a hasty and shabby manner, of many Europeans, chiefly English, in his employ; and showed a disposition entirely to put a stop to that enormous blunder of the Barrage. His first, and very wise impulse, was either to destroy the works altogether, or, abandoning them, simply allow the river to work its own majestic will. But a clamor was raised on all sides! After throwing so many millions of dollars into the river, why should not a few millions more be thrown? I believe the French, who have a fondness for this undertaking because it was suggested by or through Napoleon—(the Osiris of his day is parent of all wonderful inventions);—I believe, I say, that France made it almost a national question; and so this work, which already impedes the navigation of one of the finest rivers in the world, and which, if successful, would only achieve an object that one quarter of the expense in the establishment of steam-engines at various points for raising water would effectually accomplish, is allowed to drag on slowly towards its conclusion. We must give Abbas credit for the courageous good sense which suggested to him that the first loss was the best; and yet we must not withhold from him some praise for yielding to the influence of friendly persuasion, and refraining from carrying out his own opinion, however well founded, when he was told that by doing so he would incur the risk of being accused of treason to his grandfather's fame. The old man had fondly believed that his Barrage would join the Pyramids that look down upon it in that restricted category of the "Wonders of the World," and might well be supposed to lie uneasily in his grave if all the piles which he had caused to be driven, all the mighty walls, and piers, and arches, which he had caused to be raised with a disregard of expense and human labor worthy of Cheops, were allowed to sink and lie forgotten in the slimy bed of the Nile.

This was the first point on which it appeared that Abbas Pasha was not disposed to act up fully to his presumed plan of destroying European influence altogether; but on many other occasions he early showed a disposition to temporize between his prejudices and his interest. We cannot here enter into detail on matters of minor importance, but, coming down to a recent period, we may mention another instance of a similar nature. For many years before his death Mohammed Ali had held out hopes that he would construct, or allow to be constructed, a railway from Cairo to Suez. This was preëminently

an English project—not likely to be unuseful to the country at large, it is true, but calculated chiefly to promote the more expeditious and comfortable transit of passengers to and from India. The Pasha, however, deceived by an excess of cunning, really entertained no intention of performing his promise. With great want of sagacity, he confounded the proposed stations on the line of railway, which he might have held in his own hands if he chose, with the counters which he was told had formed the nuclei of the British power in India. He believed the English had some sinister designs upon his country, and were engaged in all sorts of schemes for introducing themselves into it. The same policy which made him refuse to deepen the entrance of the port of Alexandria lest a British fleet might come in, made him unwilling to throw a railway across the Desert of Suez, even if he kept the whole management in his own hands. The recommendations, he saw, came all from one country: the objections, nearly all, from another. France was opposed to the railway because it had another darling Napoleonic project in hand—namely, the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez, which was much talked of once, but which now nobody mentions but to laugh at. The difficulties of execution, immense as they were found to be by the Austrian commission, were not the most decisive objections. The real ones were contained in an answer to the very appropriate question: *Cui bono?* However, the railway was shelved for a time. It has lately come again upon the tapis; and although it is now proposed to lay down a line in the first instance between Alexandria and Cairo, to compensate for the water communication which M. Moujel is spoiling by his Barrage, yet there is every probability of proper extensions and branches being made in due time.

If, indeed, the project be really a serious one. Many say, in spite of the official manner in which the announcement has been made, that it is only a *ruse*, a piece of policy in order to propitiate English influence, and that as soon as certain manœuvres shall have been successful or otherwise, nothing more will be said about the railway. There is no answering for the diplomacy of Eastern courts; but this explanation seems a little too Machiavellian. I have no doubt the promise has been made, in part, because it is thought to be agreeable to the English; but I can hardly imagine Abbas Pasha is so foolish as not to know that if he coaxes Lord Palmerston with a sugar-plum, and when his

lordship opens his mouth, puts a finger in instead, Lord Palmerston will bite pretty sharply.

Be these things as they may, it seems admitted on all hands that Abbas Pasha has now completely thrown overboard the party which he courted so assiduously as heir-apparent, and is seeking foreign, especially English, support. All this is fair enough, provided he does not fall into the old error of sacrificing the natives entirely to strangers, as did his great predecessor, and provided he do not allow himself to be persuaded by flatterers—and he has flatterers; what man in power has not?—to engage in grand undertakings for the purpose of emulating the renown of the old Pharaohs. Egypt wants neither a resuscitation of old times, nor a hasty imitation of the new. She has to find out the form of its own civilization: and modern improvements, as they have been hitherto introduced, will only weigh her down into despair.

But it is said that Abbas Pasha has no views at all about the progress of the arts, and manufactures, and commerce; no thought of the amelioration of the country; but that in endeavoring to gain the good will of Europe, he wants to serve some ambitious projects of his own. There may be something in this. Not that it is probable he intends to play the old game over again and throw off the yoke of Stamboul; but there is certainly a very arduous struggle now carrying on, both by open and underhand means, between Egypt and the Porte. There is an infinity of points of difference between the vassal and his lord; but the gist of the matter is, that the former wishes to preserve all the privileges, to be treated with the same indulgence, to be left with the same freedom of action, as his grandfather: he wishes to remain, in fact, a vassal little more than in name, free to indulge any arbitrary whims; whilst the latter is attempting, with some reason,—with great reason indeed, but perhaps in too precipitate a manner, and actuated by feelings that resemble private grudge,—to reduce Egypt to the same subjection as the rest of the Ottoman Empire.

The discussion is a serious one, and much may be said on both sides; but it must be accorded at once in favor of the Porte, that the Viceroy of Egypt is not to be considered as an independent sovereign merely paying tribute to a superior power, but as an officer of the Empire. Certainly, he holds a distinguished position; and his case is an exceptional one; but very imprudent would be any



who should advise him to take the same ground as Mohammed Ali, even after his defeat and expulsion from Syria, was allowed to assume. He has been levying troops, and is said even to have virtualised his fleet to give more weight to his negotiations; but it is not probable he will draw the sword when, by giving way a little, he may establish a character for moderation, and be left undisturbed in a position sufficiently splendid to satisfy a very respectable ambition.

On the other hand, it is hoped that no undue heat, no petty jealousy, no minor considerations of self-love—excited and encouraged by the numerous runagates from Egypt, as Artin Bey and his fellows—will finally govern the councils of Constantinople. Many missions have passed from this country to the Porte, with the object of warding off the blows that are being aimed at the authority of Abbas Pasha. Probably they ask too much, as is always done in such cases; but, if report speak true, they have been answered with an asperity which seems calculated rather to provoke a quarrel than to lead to a satisfactory settlement. The great question now is about the *Tanzimat* promulgated by the Porte, which may be briefly described as a well-intended attempt to introduce some kind of order into the administration of the empire, to substitute certain rules in place of arbitrary will, and generally to control the actions of what are called the great men in their relations with those who, we suppose, may be described as the little men. Such a scheme, even if imperfect in its details and difficult to be applied, must command our sympathies. The provinces of the Turkish empire—and Egypt is at least as great in degree as the remainder—have been too long the sport of caprice; and if it be the secret object of Abbas Pasha utterly to prevent the introduction of this new system—to refuse it even a fair trial—he will most certainly, whatever may be the effect of obstinate passive resistance, receive no countenance or support from England.

It is said, however, that he merely desires—and such is the purport of his remonstrances—that certain modifications, adapted to the peculiar situation of Egypt, shall be made. The Porte is the best judge as to how far these modifications are compatible with the spirit of its decree; and as the communications that have taken place have been chiefly verbal, we will not take upon ourselves to say whether they are even suggested by any peculiar necessity. The negotiations are in progress; and all we can say is, that

unless Abbas Pasha be considered too dangerous a subject, and his removal be desired, it will be better to make up by amenity of procedure for the inexorable requirements of principle.

There was one great grievance in Mohammed Ali's time, namely the existence of the *ferdeh*, or tax of one-twelfth upon income of all kinds, down to that of the poorest fellah. This was a great outrage on legality. It was opposed to all the constitutions of the Turkish empire: and it was understood that, after the Syrian affair, it should be voluntarily done away with by the Pasha. But an easy source of revenue is not easily given up; and, in spite of all remonstrances, the tax was maintained. There was no burden to which the people objected more than this. They paid,—but they murmured somewhat loudly; and even in the coffee-houses many were bold enough to say that the *ferdeh* was illegal. On one occasion, when Ibrahim Pasha was in Cairo, not long before his father's death, there was the semblance of a riot on the subject; but the stick and the halter were brought into play, and the conviction produced that, legal or not legal, the tax must be paid. Abbas Pasha himself for some time allowed this copious fountain to gush into his treasury; but it now suited the policy of the Porte to return vigorously to the charge in favor of legality; and towards the end of last year the *ferdeh* was finally abolished, to the infinite delight of the whole population. The long-wished for event was celebrated by illuminations in Alexandria and Cairo; and the general joy might have risen to something like enthusiasm, had not a fresh, though temporary, cause of discontent accompanied the great boon.

This was the conscription, which nearly drove Egypt into a revolt last winter. In old times, when soldiers were wanted, men were pounced upon suddenly, wherever they could be found, and marched off, leaving great grief behind; but before any dangerous excitement could be got up. This was justly considered a barbarous and inartificial method; and when, for what purposes remains a mystery, a certain levy of men was required, it was determined to proceed with regularity, and to make each district furnish its quota according to the number of inhabitants. The idea, at first sight, seems both fair and wise; and if the people could have been got to acquiesce in the necessity of their supplying soldiers in any proportion at all, would have worked very well. But as nobody in Egypt wants to shoulder a musket,

as everybody has the utmost hatred and abhorrence of military service, arising partly from constitutional want of energy, but chiefly from the knowledge that the soldier is ill-paid\* and ill-fed, and rarely, if ever, returns—we never met but one old discharged campaigner in the country—it is not surprising if the public announcement of the intentions of Government produced the greatest possible perturbation. The first impulse of the whole adult population, except those who could boast of some very undoubted claim of exemption, was to fly to the mountains; and every defile, every cavern, every catacomb, every quarry in the Libyan and Arabian chains, were soon tenanted by people running away from enlistment. Wherever we went in our excursions, we became accustomed to see lines of human beings perched like crows on the summit of seemingly inaccessible cliffs, on the look-out for the enemy in the shape of the Sheikh-el-Beled; for the task of catching and forwarding the prescribed number of "strong active young men," devolved on the civil authority, aided sometimes by that estimable rural police, the Arnaut irregular cavalry. On many occasions we surprised these poor people in their retreats; and once, when they mistook us for recruiters, were assailed with slings diverted from their original purpose, namely, that of frightening the sparrows away from the crops. Accounts reached us at several places that blood had been shed; and the affair in various ways rendered our journey somewhat melancholy. Now we came upon a large town, as Geneh, seemingly deserted by its whole population, with closed shops and silent streets; then we met a party of recruits, chained neck and neck, going to their destination; and anon we saw a crowd of women, driven to despair by the loss of son or husband, or tossing up their arms, tearing their garments, and invoking curses on their oppressors. Public opinion in all despotic countries finds its utterance through the weaker sex; they dare to say what would perhaps bring condign punishment on the men; they clearly made a revolt once in Cairo under Mohammed Ali, and on the present occasion they expressed their mind pretty freely. Some of the more noisy brought a good beating on themselves from some irascible Sheikh; but in general their anathemas were received with a kind of sheepish deprecating good humor. It was

difficult to ascertain how many recruits were at last got together, but, as near as I could gather, the number ordered was one in about every 180 souls.

The sight of so much unhappiness naturally excited great indignation and disgust; but not so much perhaps on reflection as the permanent misery and ill-treatment of a great proportion of the population. Abbas Pasha has taken the old system as he found it, and, with the exception of the abolition of the *ferdeh*, has done nothing to alleviate the condition of the fellah.

It is especially on the lands of the great men, the pashas and the beys, that these poor serfs are worst off. Their profession is that of agricultural laborers, but it must not be supposed that they have freedom to carry their services to what master they will. They belong to the land as much as do the palm-trees; and the nature of their occupation, their hours of labor, and their pay, are regulated by their lord and master in a perfectly arbitrary way. At Randa, opposite Sheikh Abadeh, we found a sugar estate occupying 1,300 men, and endeavored to ascertain in as exact a manner as possible how they were treated. We found that, in the first place, they were, of course, forced to work, both on the land and in the factory, at a nominal pay of twenty-five paras, or three-halfpence a-head, and that some of them were in active employment nearly eighteen hours a-day. Now it is possible for a man to exist on such wages in that part of Egypt, even with a family; and as bare existence is considered in most countries an adequate reward for unintelligent labor, there seemed not so much reason to complain. But then came the question how was the payment made. The answer in substance was, the men are paid twenty-five paras a-day, but they never get the money; they receive what is called its value in the refuse of the molasses; but this only when it can be of little service to them, when the owner of the estate has glutted the market, and they can only sell at a loss of forty or fifty per cent. They would be only too happy to receive fifteen paras in hard cash; as it is, some of them necessarily eke out their living by stealing, and others by the produce of little plots of land, which they cultivate at night when they should be resting after the fatigues of the day. The women and children assist them, when the latter are not pressed into what is called the service of the state; that is, compelled to dig canals, and perform other light work for which they receive neither pay nor food. Their parents bring them food, or

\* Soldiers will often stop a European in a by-place and beg. They get about twenty paras (a penny farthing) a-day.

some charitable person flings them a morsel of coarse bread, otherwise they would perish. Such is pretty nearly the state of things in the private possessions of all the descendants of Mohammed Ali. In fairness, however, we must remind the reader that Abbas Pasha is only answerable for acquiescing in customs handed down. He has not established any new pernicious regulation that we have heard of; and even if he remain perfectly quiescent and leave things to go their own gait, King Log is better than King Stork. The mischievous activity of Mohammed Ali is not to be regretted; and if, by the influence of Constantinople prudently exercised, some little check

is gradually put upon the caprices and violence of the great proprietors who call themselves princes,—and it is for the interest of Abbas Pasha that this should be the case,—Egypt, though not possessed of all the happiness she wants, might not be very discontented, and would have no reason to look back with regret on the time of the old pasha. According to all accounts, some classes of the agricultural laborers are gradually enriching themselves in spite of the burdens which they bear; and, although wealth is still timid to show itself, a great amelioration in the state of the country may soon be perceptible.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## A FRENCHMAN'S EXCURSION TO THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.\*

A DISTANCE of about twelve miles separates the field of Waterloo from Brussels, a city not very rich, notwithstanding its pretensions to the dignity of a capital, in its vehicular resources. Brussels has not, like Paris, a dense array of hackney coaches and omnibuses, ready at any hour of the day or night to conduct the traveler, with every possible expedition, to the end of a department. It is necessary to pass a whole day at Brussels in the endeavor to procure, at a reasonable charge, a carriage capable of transporting the visitor to Waterloo. Add to this lost day the additional time required for the pilgrimage, and the journey will have cost as much patience as would suffice to proceed twice from Brussels to Cologne. The economical tourist makes this calculation, tells over the contents of his purse, and with a sigh of regret, in which resignation is perhaps mingled, he leaves out Waterloo in his note-

book. Englishmen and poets alone know how to rise above the considerations of time, money, and space.

At length, though not without great labor, I succeeded in collecting together the necessary objects for the expedition, namely, horses, a carriage, and a driver, the latter even speaking a little French, although very indifferently. I more especially mention this, as it is commonly supposed in France that every Belgian speaks our language fluently. This is, however, a great error, for the Belgians—and I do not even except the inhabitants of Brussels—utter just sufficient French to prove they do not understand it. I am far from blaming this ignorance; on the contrary, I would that it took deeper root; my firm opinion being, that their decline in the arts dates from the period when they renounced speaking and writing Flemish, and adopted a language never intended for their use.

On leaving Brussels, we proceeded through the Faubourg Louisa, a new quarter of the city, which will one day be worthy of the name it bears, that of the Queen of the Belgians. The buildings of this aristocratic locality display the same fine proportions as the Parisian hotels of the Rue de la Paix, and they would have the like beautiful effect, were it not for the brilliant varnish with

\* The author of this article is M. Leon Gozlan, one of the most esteemed contributors to the periodical press of France.

Some unimportant passages in this article have been omitted, but without modifying the language of the writer, who displays the usual sensitiveness of his countrymen with regard to this last "Decisive Battle of the World." The notion of the defeat of the British, so coolly insisted upon by him, will afford amusement rather than provocation to the English reader.—Ed.

which they are covered. The intense white of the stucco also detracts from their appearance, while at the same time, we must admit, it adds to their neatness.

These singular practices of the Belgian architects give to their city the character, cleanly but little ornamental, of a vast dining-room, and the sand with which the pavement is covered seems to justify the comparison.

At the extremity of this wealthy *faubourg* the carriage in passing the road touches the overhanging branches of trees in a vast park, and their shadow and freshness envelope the traveler some distance on the route. This estate surrounds an elegant mansion belonging to De Beriot, an *artiste* doubly celebrated in his profession as a genius, and as the husband of the lamented cantatrice, Madame Malibran. On quitting the spot, and approaching the forest of Soignies, I could not forbear repeating the verses of Lamartine, written at the foot of the statue raised to the Queen of song in the picturesque cemetery of Lacken,\* where she is interred.

"Beauté, génie, amour, furent son nom de femme,

Ecrit dans son regard, dans son cœur, dans sa voix ;

Et sous trois formes au ciel appartenait cette âme ;  
Pleurez, terre, et vous, cieux, accueillez-la trois fois !"

"Sir," exclaimed my conductor, suddenly interrupting my meditations, "excuse me if I am troublesome, but before arriving at Mont-Saint-Jean I wish to warn you of a knavish trade you have probably never heard of at Paris.

"A knavish trade unknown at Paris?" I replied, incredulously; "that is rather surprising. But come, tell me what is this new species of industry?"

"You can easily suppose," pursued my loquacious coachman, "that after the battle of Waterloo there remained on the field a large quantity of cannon-balls, buttons, small brass eagles, and broken weapons. Well, for the past thirty-four years, the country people in the neighborhood have been carrying on a famous business in these articles."

"It seems to me, however, my friend," I observed, "that a sale continued for so long

a period, must have left very little to be disposed of at present."

"True, sir; and this is precisely what I would guard you against. Those who obtain a subsistence by such means, purchase the goods new at a manufactory, in shares, and then bury in different parts of the field, and for a wide space around, pieces of imperial brass eagles, thousands of metal buttons, and heaps of iron balls. This crop is allowed to rest in the earth until summer, for few strangers visit Waterloo in winter; and when the fine weather arrives, they dig up their relics, to which a sojourn of eight months in a damp soil gives an appearance of age, deceiving the keenest observer, and awakening the admiration of pilgrims."

"But this is a shameful deceit."

"True again, sir: but the country is very poor about here; and after all, perhaps," added the philosophic driver, "no great harm is done. This year the harvest of brass eagles has been very fair."

We entered the forest of Soignies by a narrow and naturally covered alley, the two sides crowned with the most luxuriant foliage. Poplars, elms, and plane trees appeared to be striving which should attain the highest elevation. One peculiarity I could not avoid remarking in the midst of this solemn and beautiful abode of nature, and that was the perfect stillness prevailing around. The air itself seemed without palpitation, and during a ride of two hours through this sylvan gallery, not even the note of a bird broke on the solitude. A forest without feathered songsters appeared unnatural, and the only possible reason that could be imagined for such a circumstance might be, that since the formidable day of Waterloo, they had quitted these shades, never to return, frightened away by the roar of the cannon and the dismal noise of war. What melancholy is impressed upon the beautiful forest of Soignies! I cannot overcome the idea, that since Providence destined it should become the mute spectator of the great event in its vicinity, it has retained the mysterious memory in the folding of its leaves and the depths of its shades. Destiny designs the theatre for great actions. An army of one hundred thousand men perished there. Such was the irrevocable decree!

"Do you think," I inquired of the coachman—wishing to change the current of my thoughts, "there are persons so unscrupulous as to speculate on the curiosity of tourists to Waterloo, in the manner you have described?"

\* Lacken, it is well known, is the seat of a royal palace, about three miles from Brussels, in which the King of the Belgians usually resides. It was at this place that Napoleon traced the plan of the campaign of Russia.



"Ah, sir!" he replied, "I have not told you half the tricks they practise on the credulous. It would indeed fatigue you if I mentioned all of them, but, if you will permit me, I will relate an instance I witnessed myself one day. I was conducting from Waterloo to Brussels a French artist and a Prussian tourist. The Prussian supported on his knee some object very carefully enveloped in a handkerchief, and which he seemed to value greatly. When he had arrived about midway on the road, he inquired of the Frenchman, whether he had brought away with him any *souvenir* of his pilgrimage to Waterloo.

"In good faith, no," replied the other; 'and yet I was on the point of making a certain acquisition, but the exorbitant price demanded prevented me: one hundred francs, besides the trouble of carrying off such an article.'

"What could it have been?" demanded the Prussian, curiously.

"You must not feel offended if I tell you," returned the artist; 'it was the skull of a Prussian colonel, a magnificent one! And what rendered it more valuable, it was pierced by three holes, made by the balls of Waterloo. One was in the forehead, the others were through the temples. I should have had no objection to secure this, if I could have afforded it, and have had a lamp made of the skull of a Prussian officer killed by the French. And you, sir?' he continued, looking at the packet carried by his fellow traveler, "pray what luck have you had?"

"I," replied the Prussian, with an uneasy movement, and looking greatly confused, 'I am astonished at the wonderful resemblance of what has happened to both of us, for I purchased this morning the skull of a French colonel killed by a Prussian at Waterloo.'

"You, sir?"

"Y—e—s," stammered the Prussian, and I thought of having it made into a cup to drink the health of Blucher at each anniversary of our victory.'

"And is the skull pierced by three bullets?" demanded the Frenchman, his suspicions becoming awakened.

"With a look of consternation the Prussian hastily unrolled the handkerchief, and examined the contents. The skull bore the same marks indicated by his traveling companion! It was the identical relic that was French when offered to an Englishman or Prussian, and had become Prussian or English when offered to a Frenchman.

"This, sir," added Jehu, smacking his

whip, "you will admit is worse than selling false brass buttons and the Emperor's eagles."

During this conversation, we had nearly reached the end of the wood, and at length the sunbeams shot through the last tree, and the breeze saluted me with its freshness, while, on returning to the right of the road, the country lay extended beyond, forming a beautiful panorama.

"There is the Lion's Mount!" exclaimed my conductor, with an eagerness probably new to him at each excursion, for, to judge from his manner, he seemed to have beheld it for the first time, with this difference in his favor, that he perceived the mountain clearly, while I, although straining my sight, could not get a glimpse of it. I was obliged to have the horses stopped, and ask him to indicate to me its position. At length his enthusiasm having subsided, he pointed out to me the artificial mound, and the metal lion on its summit. Gradually my vision became accustomed to the great development of light of which I had been deprived during the two hours we had traversed, in partial obscurity, the wood of Soignies, and now I beheld distinctly the colossal monument erected by our enemies to the memory of our glorious disasters.

"It appears to me," I said, addressing the driver, "that this part of the forest has been much diminished in size. Has it been cut down?"

"You have guessed rightly, sir," he returned, "it belongs to several proprietors, each of whom does what he likes with his portion. One roots up the trees, and plants rape-seed in their place, because it is more profitable. Another prefers his flax field to ten thousand feet of green-wood."

"So," thought I, "in twenty or thirty years the forest of Soignies will have ceased to exist. It would have been better, perhaps, to have left it in the state nature designed, but who thinks in 1849 of preserving anything? Let us hasten quickly to contemplate the last vestiges of Waterloo, if it is not even now too late!"

I need not remind my readers that the 18th of June is the anniversary of the celebrated battle of Waterloo. I had expressly chosen this ill-fated day for my historical excursion to Mont-St.-Jean, in the hope of meeting on the way some veterans of *la grande armée* piously curious, like myself, to traverse the vast field of death.

It was so mighty, that army of my country, that I seem to imagine the remains of it

will exist for ages! The road, however, was deserted, that sinister way by which the English, in 1815, retreated twice towards Brussels,\* and which they traversed the same day in all the amazement of unexpected victory.

At length we reached Genappe, and rolled at length over the badly-paved route, connecting Waterloo with Mont-St.-Jean. Although placed under the authority of a single burgomaster, that of Waterloo, these two hamlets are still somewhat separated from each other. They differ but little from the similar class of villages in France, except in the admirable neatness of their appearance.

The church of Waterloo has some slight pretensions deserving of notice. It has a species of façade, with a stone dome. On the front is an inscription to the effect, that the Marquis of Gastanaga, Governor of the Low Countries for Charles II., King of Spain, laid the foundation of the structure in the year 1619. The battle to which the English have given the name of this village, Waterloo, bore for a long time in France the designation of Mont-St.-Jean, whilst the Prussians record it as the victory of La Belle Alliance. These three titles are equally well founded. The French occupied the back of Mont-St.-Jean,† the English covered the opposite side, and leaned in consequence towards Waterloo, and the Prussians towards the close of the combat fell upon the farm of La Belle Alliance, where Blucher and Wellington met after the victory.

If the village of Mont-St.-Jean possesses no church, it can nevertheless boast of having the largest hotel in the district, where travelers usually take up their quarters, and recruit their strength with a frugal breakfast,

\* M. Gozlan has readily adopted the gross error into which so many French writers have fallen, of attributing the confused mass of fugitive camp followers, wounded soldiers, and alarmed peasants, who, with vehicles of all sorts, crowded the road to Brussels through the forest of Soignies during the whole day of the battle, to a movement of retreat on the part of the British army. This confusion was increased by numerous desertions from the ranks of our auxiliaries, especially *Les brave Belges*, but the only corps that fell back upon Brussels was the Cumberland Regiment of Hanoverian Hussars under Colonel Rulle, who having turned tail, carried the alarm that the French were at their heels.

† M. Gozlan is quite out in his notion of the locality. The village of Mont-St.-Jean, instead of having been, as he makes it appear, just in front of the French line, was more than a half mile to the rear of the British centre, and La Belle Alliance occupied the same relative position with respect to the French army. The conflict, in fact, raged nearly midway between these two points.

previous to traversing the vast field of Waterloo, every object on which deserves attention, and to ascend the Mountain of the Lion.

Without the money spent by these strangers, the two villages would indeed be miserably off, but owing to the perpetual tribute paid by the curious world, Mont-St.-Jean and Waterloo have prospered. It would be more precise to say that since 1815, their extent has been doubled. The names which forty years ago belonged only to petty farms hidden in the woods, and surrounded by muddy fields, have become imperishable in history, and the most celebrated of modern times. Waterloo, Mont-St.-Jean, La Belle Alliance, Quatre-bras, the farm of Caillou, these rustic dwellings in which the housewife plied her domestic duties, have now replaced Babylon, Tyre, Memphis, and Carthage, in the honors of memory! Their milk was changed into blood. Sad glory!

The moment a tourist enters Waterloo, he is assailed on every side by guides. In general, they are robust men, with a warm and clear glance, a military figure, and easy flow of speech, but too accustomed to repeat the same things to interest a listener. They consist of three classes, for the convenience of French, English, or German visitors. The moment a stranger makes his appearance, his nationality is intuitively discovered at once, and the cicerone of the nation to which he belongs takes possession of him without contest. The English guides gain more money than the French, whose profits, however, exceed those of the German, and this is accounted for by the fact that the French are not so often seen at Waterloo as the English, and the Germans, with their usual apathy, scarcely ever visit the spot. Formerly, these guides demanded ten francs, but at the present time they are satisfied with five and even three francs. Most of them have personal recollections of the battle of Waterloo, in which they served, not as soldiers, but as grave-diggers. Willing, or against their inclination, they, their fathers, and mothers, brothers, and sisters, dug, during eight days, immense holes in the ground, in which ninety thousand bodies were deposited! It was a short time preceding the harvest. The wheat was then lost, but the following year the crops were magnificent!

We descended at the hotel of Mont-St.-Jean, and were introduced into a large apartment on the ground-floor. By an arrangement, the diplomacy of which will not escape the traveler, the host had ornamented the

walls of his room with portraits of personages in whom every shade of opinion would find a representative. If the Frenchman felt himself indignant one moment at sight of a picture of the Duke of Wellington on horseback, holding in one hand a glass of champagne, which he is about to quaff in honor of his victory, his anger is quickly appeased by observing an engraving of Napoleon, as the conqueror at Ulm. If, on regarding the latter, the German feels sore at heart, sketches of Blucher and the Prince of Orange restore his equanimity, and Napoleon is in his turn tolerated. And if the tea is served from a teapot decorated with golden eagles flying in a sky of azure, the bottom of the vessel adorned with such questionable ornaments displays, in all the plenitude of Britannic Majesty, the portrait of Queen Victoria.

One of the most perplexing things to the mind when engaged upon the description of a battle, is to be unable to form an exact idea of the action, or of the site upon which it occurred. I have no intention of giving an example of that clearness and precision I have not accorded to others. The affair of Mont-St.-Jean requires no chronicler, and this is not an occasion for even pretending to describe it. I will merely confine myself to observing that the hotel of the Mont-St.-Jean, constructed anterior to 1815, occupies a situation, where the cannon-balls and grape-shot rained without ceasing during the whole engagement. Chance placed it between the two armies,\* who made it a bridge of fire.

An old loquacious inhabitant of the place, who was introduced to us, and invited to a place at our table, gave the following account of his adventures at the time. I had questioned him upon the terrible events of the eighteenth of June, which it appears he had closely witnessed, a shell having made an opening in the Grange, where he had crept for safety.

"Sir," he said, addressing me, "there was so much heated iron and lead in the air, that a fly would have been crushed between two bullets, if it had dared to cross the village; and finding myself rather unpleasantly exposed where I stood at first, I took refuge at the farm, hoping to find friends there, but they had all left, the old and the young, to seek refuge at Nivelles and Frieschermont, or in the fields, or wherever they could. It

rained without ceasing, and the sky was black and red in turns, the dark clouds reflecting the fire and flame of the cannons. Towards four o'clock, the red English soldiers passed hastily before the door of the Grange, exclaiming all was lost, at least I judged so by their gestures of despair. A discharge from thirty pieces of cannon struck them suddenly full in the rear, and carried them into the forest of Soignies. They fell by hundreds at every step. Those who followed had to walk over the dead bodies of their comrades, and as they were mowed down, others mounted on them, heap upon heap. I observed as many as six ranks of corpses, and in less time than I could drink a glass of wine, Marshal Ney, and three generals under his orders, pursued them, at the head of three columns, as far as La Haye Sainte. There was one Englishman who never stirred, or changed his position, but remained all the time leaning against a tree, the site of which will be pointed out to you by your guide; this was the Duke of Wellington. He was there from morning until the evening. From this spot he beheld his army twice defeated, and at length victorious, without betraying the slightest emotion. At one time part of his troops were in retreat towards Brussels, where the Burgomaster had already prepared the silver dish in which the keys of the city were to be presented to the Emperor Napoleon. But to return to Mont-St.-Jean, where such fearful scenes were being enacted; in their confusion, the English soldiers had thrown as many dead and wounded as they could into the Grange, by the two windows, which were only held together by a small piece of wood. It was a most horrible sight to see broken limbs tossed together one over the other. The wounded soldiers cried loudly at first with anguish, and then their voices gradually ceased, until a fearful silence proclaimed that their sufferings were over. The rain fell in torrents,\* yet the cannons far out-mastered the roar of the elements. Two hours afterwards the English soldiers returned, exclaiming that the battle was not lost: they passed by Mont-St.-Jean,

\* One observation may suffice to demolish this cock-and-bull story dished up by the cunning guide to tickle the ears of his auditor. The guide says that about the time of the defeat of the English by Marshal Ney, the rain fell in torrents. Both statements are equally veracious. The drizzling rain with which the day commenced, cleared off about the commencement of the battle, and the drenching showers M. Gozlan more than once dwells upon, to heighten his descriptions, are, like Ney's triumph, the mere fictions of his brain.

\* A previous note will have shown that Mont-St.-Jean was not between the two armies. The British stood in front of it throughout the day.

and before this house, making their way over masses of dead bodies, and bringing their cannons and horses with them."

Besides our conductor, who awaited us at the door of the Hotel Mont-St.-Jean, there were some sturdy relic vendors, with brass eagles and false buttons for sale. Having been enlightened on the subject of this unscrupulous traffic, I respectfully saluted the mutilated articles, but declined purchasing any. Preceded by my guide, I went in the direction of the Lion's Mount, by the only route leading to it, combining street and high-road. At the termination of the street the farm of Mont-St.-Jean is visible, a heavy rustic building, converted by the English, during the battle, into a hospital. Madame Roland, from the summit of the scaffold to which she was pitilessly hurried during the sanguinary revolution in France, glancing at a statue of Liberty raised upon the square, exclaimed, "Oh, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" Remembering these sublime expressions, I could not forbear saying, before the farm of Mont-St.-Jean, where, according to a British officer, in one day more than twelve hundred legs and fifteen hundred arms were cut off by the hospital surgeons, "Oh, Glory, what limbs are sacrificed in thy name!"

From a few small detached houses on either side of the long streets of Mont-St.-Jean, young females, coquettishly dressed, came running at each instant, to present to our notice their albums, containing the principal views, the most remarkable sites, and feats of arms connected with Waterloo. If the stranger happen to be a Frenchman, he is informed that the illustrations are from the pencil of a countryman. These picture dealers are encountered at every step, on the hill, in the depths of the valley, at the foot of the two funeral monuments which are perceived on entering the plain, and even on the summit of the Mountain of the Lion. And after all, it is an ungrateful trade, for these girls are exposed to all weather; to rain, dust, and the sun. And yet such is their good-humor, that they return thanks with great courtesy to the visitor who inspects their little wares, even if none are purchased.

We arrived at length at the extremity of Mont-St.-Jean, and soon reached the spot where the battle had been most hotly contested. Two plain monuments have been raised on either side of the road, to the memory of those victims who contributed valiantly to the success of the day, but did

not survive to enjoy the fruits of victory. The trophy on the right, raised to the honor of Sir Alexander Gordon, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, is of grave and simple design, constructed of blue stone, and representing a fluted column. A square iron railing, shaped in a lance form, surrounds it. The other mortuary record on the left, is of greater pretension, and possesses also an air of austerity suitable to this kind of warrior-tombs. It is of pyramidal shape, with a large base, and dedicated by the officers of the German Legion to their comrades, who bravely fell on the 18th of June. On three of the sides are recorded the names of the officers killed, and upon the fourth is the following inscription in English:—

"To the Memory  
of their Companions in Arms  
who gloriously fell on the memorable  
18th day of June, 1815,  
This Monument  
is erected by the Officers of the King's  
German Legion.

These two monuments, by their isolated position, indicate the changes that have taken place since 1815, on the ground where the battle of Waterloo was contested. Indeed it retains so little of its former appearance that the Duke of Wellington, on revisiting the spot some years ago, is said to have exclaimed, "They have spoiled Waterloo!" From La Haye Sainte to Mont-St.-Jean, the land formed a double declivity, over which was the route to Charleroy. In order to raise the Mountain of the Lion, the earth was taken in large quantities from the two hillocks, and the soil, greatly loosened in consequence, fell in considerably, and the two monuments already mentioned point out the former height of the ground. Thus the place where the struggle was most fearful, and the cannon directed its most sure and decisive aim, where blood flowed in the most prodigal streams, and death shot his arrows with the greatest carnage, where victory and defeat have left their most vivid impression, this memorable site has disappeared, having been dug to the depth of several feet, and the earth employed in constructing the mimic Mountain of the Lion, two hundred and five feet high, and sixteen hundred and eighty feet in circumference! One may say, without exaggeration, of this fantastic and monstrous abortion, that it was made of bones, and cemented with human blood, from the base to the summit. The idea is repulsive, and must shock the stranger, while the artist



cannot but regard the mound with a sensation of pity.

Beneath the tomb of Sir Alexander Gordon, and at the angle of the mountain, the geological elements of which I have just described, might be seen, a few years ago, the tree, beneath whose shade the Duke of Wellington remained during the battle. No place in the field could have been more exposed. Twice, during the contest of the 18th of June, he was separated from his staff, and found himself alone in the midst of the French cavalry, driven in the direction of this tree,\* to which the usual fate of such celebrities of nature has been assigned. Some English speculators purchased the sylvan relic, and after it was conveyed to London, they sold the remains in the form of chairs, tables, and snuff-boxes. It is not at all unlikely that even at the present time, the sale of this prolific furniture is continued, much in the same manner as the walking-stick of Voltaire, and the pen with which Napoleon signed the act of abdication at Fontainebleau, both of which articles are exhaustless.

The victory of Waterloo has too often been denied to the English for a writer to render himself suspected by paying tribute to the cool bravery of their soldiers and the courage of their commander. They lost the battle, it is true, for previous to the arrival of Blücher, they were left without the least resource; nevertheless, they displayed admirable heroism and patience in face of the French, who failed in this last quality, because they were too courageous. At Waterloo, two armies were defeated, the English and the French, but the former were beaten first. The conquerors of the battle were chance and the Prussians.

The latter had but a small advantage in gaining the victory, for the troops presented themselves fresh for battle, and free from fatigue, while the French had exhausted their energy and strength during a conflict of twelve hours, and I will but barely allude to the conduct of the two marshals, one of whom retired on the eve of the battle; and the other did not arrive, as he ought to have done, on the eventful day. Let us leave them to silence, for heaven has been their judge.†

\* What were the French cavalry about that they did not capture the Duke? The story about the tree is altogether a figment.

† It would be difficult for a writer to stultify himself more completely than M. Gozlan has done in this passage. His facts and reasoning are worthy of each other; and the bathos at the close is quite delicious!

The distance from the two monuments to which I have already alluded, and the great mound, is but trifling. It is speedily attained by following a ravine, into which English and French, horses and men, rolled confusedly one over the other on the day of strife. In winter this route is impracticable. The kind of majesty that invests, at a distance, the enormous mass of earth to which the name of mountain has been singularly applied, diminishes by degrees, the nearer it is approached. The gigantic becomes grotesque. One only recognizes a mountain of Belgian construction, a false imitation of nature. It requires some courage to ascend the two hundred and twenty-two steps pierced in the soil, and leading to the summit. Both conquerors and the vanquished become equal before this ordeal, a ladder of steps insecure and menacing as that from the mast of a vessel being the only means of ascent. A cord badly attached at the extremity to some rickety poles, and awaying loosely in the wind, escaping also, continually from the hand, is but a frail support to the hardy adventurer who scales the steps, broken and loose, with wide intervals at different parts where stones are wanting. It is essential to mount at once and quickly, for under the circumstances just mentioned, a stoppage on such an inclined plane might prove disastrous to travelers subject to vertigo. The rapidity of the ascent diminishes the danger. A length, out of breath, we attain the summit of the mountain—an irregular kind of platform, too narrow for many persons to stand upon at the same time. There is scarcely a margin of two paces between the edge of the eminence and the pediment of the monument on which the lion is placed, while the violent winds constantly blowing at this elevation, render the feet additionally insecure. Nervous tourists will find it therefore more consistent with their comfort to renounce this aerial voyage. The pedestal supporting the lion is made of the blue stone so common in Belgium. It consists of three high steps, each one being three feet wide, supporting a square block from eighteen to twenty feet high, on which is written this simple inscription:—

XVIII JUNE MDCCCXY.

Above is the representation of the king of animals. The different masses of stone piled one on the other at a high elevation, render it difficult to perceive the lion to advantage from the different points of the platform on

which the visitor stands ; although the figure is fourteen feet high, a portion of the head and tail are alone visible. The lion is not made of bronze, as some tourists have asserted, but of iron bronzed over, one of the paws resting on an immense ball of the same material. It was cast at Seraing, in one of the workshops of the celebrated Cockerill. This faulty production, however, does not deserve mention as a work of art. The spot upon which the victory of Waterloo is claimed, a place unique in the universe, and whither from all parts of the world curiosity is attracted, deserves a different kind of monument, and one more due to history and posterity. It appears rather too undignified to order of a Belgian artist a monument of this kind, destined to commemorate the greatest battle of modern times.

It is upon the platform of the mountain that the guides perform the most essential part of their services. With their hands extended towards the horizon to indicate the positions occupied by the different troops, they point out the sites of the most bloody episodes of the day, and the farms, ravines, hamlets, hedges, and the heights disputed, taken and re-taken successively by the French and English. In these descriptions, a singularity is remarkable, that they combine the impressions derived from the present appearance of the surrounding scenery, to explain more easily to the tourist the subjects they are illustrating. "It was by yonder group of trees," they say, "that General Ponsonby fell mortally wounded. In front, where the wind is agitating a corn-field, Picton, another British general was killed, while leading on a charge that did fearful injury to the French. Farther, on the other side of the road, where you perceive the thin white smoke curling from a chimney, the imperial guards were repulsed. The Prince of Orange was wounded at the side of that ravine. Between those sleeping mowers and the flock of sheep descending yonder hillock, the Duke of Wellington, as a last resource, formed his troops into squares. More distant, between the route of Nivelles and that of Genappe, a small number of gardens are perceived. It was there Napoleon established his observatory, and it is by that great wood, beyond La Haye Sainte, that the Prussians, under the order of General Bulow, attacked the French commanded by Count Lobau."

It has been remarked, and the saying is worth repeating, that the people of those nations who were not engaged in the battle of Waterloo, distinguish themselves by differ-

ences of sympathy and opinion, for it is impossible not to pronounce for, or against, the French, on reading the narrative of the tremendous conflict. Thus the Russians range themselves, with but few exceptions, on the side of the English and Germans, whilst the Danes, the Swedes, the Spaniards, the Italians, the Portuguese, and the inhabitants of the two Americas pronounce openly for the French. Thus we carry the palm by a great majority.\*

When the French army was proceeding to the siege of Antwerp, the troops passed at the foot of the Mount, and felt so strongly excited with grief and wounded pride, that they resolved upon overthrowing the insolent trophy. In a moment, ladders were placed against the pedestal by the military engineers, and the work of demolition was about to commence amidst the applause and enthusiasm of our young soldiers. Unfortunately (reason, however, would perhaps say, happily), Marshal Gerard was informed in time, and energetically opposed this act of patriotic vivacity. He alone, whose conduct had been so noble and devoted at Waterloo, had the right to command obedience in this respect, of the brave soldiers placed under his control, and to disarm their natural anger. They attended to his voice, but before raising the siege they saluted the lion with several gunshots, the marks of which still remain, and to disparage the figure still more in the eyes of posterity, they cut off a portion of the tail.

At the foot of the mountain, in a cave opened at all sides to the wind, a keeper presents a register to the visitor, in which he is requested to inscribe his name, country, and profession. Gin, brandy, and beer are likewise offered for sale by the same individual. I was pleased to find, however, that he did not claim for himself the honors of a conqueror, or a vanquished soldier of Waterloo. However, he profits by the occasion to inform the traveler that he keeps in order the cord of the mountain staircase, though, instead of doing this, he neglects it so much and purposely, that he is obliged, when strangers descend, to place himself immediately before them, to break their fall in case of an unlucky step ; and this is an attention apparently so amiable, that he is generally offered a recompense, and never of course refuses it.

On quitting the mountain, I wished to visit

\* M. Gozlan cannot surely be serious in advancing this ridiculous opinion.

the other places equally far-famed in the records of Waterloo. I therefore took the direction of La Haye Sainte and Hougomont, situated at a trifling distance from each other. In 1815, the farm and house of Hougomont were joined, and surrounded by a little wood, which is no longer seen. This rather extensive estate has been broken up, and crops of wheat, oats, and flax are raised on the site. On regarding these beautiful fields covered with luxuriant vegetation, I could scarcely believe what my reading had informed me, and persuaded myself that this space, extending from the house to the farm, was the spot most thickly peopled by the dead. There, during a lapse of four hours, bullets and cannon balls laid prostrate, with lightning rapidity and unerring blow, both English and French; and, to crown this horrible festival of carnage, fire consumed the house,—and the wounded, consisting of the conquerors and vanquished, perished together in the flames. The storms of heaven were let loose at the same time; the rain descended in torrents, and, in the afternoon, nothing was to be seen but clouds of black smoke rising from the place, and streams of blood reddening the ground.

La Haye Sainte has been repaired several times since 1815. It is a farm in the strict acceptation of the term, but one that could not be compared with ours, so rich in their dependencies.

The chateau of Hougomont, to which I proceeded immediately on leaving La Haye Sainte, extends in the distance its desolate ruins. This place remains in almost the same condition to which it was reduced by fire during the battle. It could never, however, have been very remarkable, notwithstanding the ambitious designation bestowed upon the building. But in Belgium, the title of chateau is commonly applied to most large houses to which a small portion of land is attached. Having received less damage, the farm of Hougomont has been again rendered habitable, although there were few occupants when I entered. The exterior wall, connecting the chateau with the farm, has not been repaired since the battle of Waterloo, that gloomy morning of the eighteenth of June, when this peaceful and rustic retreat was the scene of fierce and murderous

contention. The holes made in the walls remain still, and from these were vomited forth showers of balls, mowing down the French soldiers at every volley. As a singular contrast, I now observed beautiful lizards reposing in profound security on the spot, between moss, weeds, and wild roses.

It will no doubt be remembered that Napoleon, having at last perceived that the obstinate struggle going forward at this place, exhausted his troops, whose services he required elsewhere, exclaimed, "bring cannons, and eight howitzers, to put an end to this! This is the point," indicating it upon a map, "it is necessary to attack!" He was obeyed, and in an instant all was decided.\* The building fell into the flames amidst the agonizing cries of the wounded French and English soldiers. In times of war, such is the manner of settling these matters.

It was late, and the night was advancing rapidly, as I hastened to Mont-St-Jean, taking a long circuit, however, in order to pass the farm of La Belle Alliance. Heavy clouds shaded the horizon, and a storm was preparing. I began to fear that the eighteenth of June, 1849, would prove as unfavorable in point of weather as the day of the memorable battle. I reached, however, my destination without any accident, and stopped near the farm for some moments, picturing to myself the immense movement of the combined English and Prussian army, united in a fatal hour, to decide the victory over us. What gloomy majesty there must have been in the contemplation of those hundred thousand men, who had lost more than fifty thousand troops, while endeavoring to effect this junction, now marching towards each other, mutilated, wounded, and covered with blood—the drums shot through, the banners torn, but greater, far greater in glory, because they had vanquished *la grande armée*.

"To Mont-St-Jean!" I cried to my guide.

I arrived at the hotel of that village, exhausted with fatigue and contending emotions, and in ten minutes afterwards was on the road to Brussels.

\* Oh, fie! M. Gozlan: this is worse and worse. The post of Hougomont, as you ought to know, was held triumphantly by the British from first to last. Had it been lost, then, indeed, the defeat you dream we sustained would have been a reality.

From the British Quarterly Review.

## REFORMS IN ENGLAND SINCE 1800.\*

No Englishman can forget that period in the history of his country, when the two great shires of York and Lancaster were at deadly feud, and Plantagenet and Somerset were struggling for the crown. Our present business is not with times so long gone by; but we cannot help contrasting them with those later times, in which, under very different circumstances, the same two shires honorably distinguished themselves, on the side of parliament against prerogative, and of liberty against oppression.

History is, for the most part, a chronicle of suffering, for history especially treats of change, and progress; and man, politically as well as spiritually, is only made perfect through suffering. In the history of the great struggles even of this century—between light and darkness, between right and might—there are abundant instances of suffering, some of them of so intense a nature as to be scarcely credible. Time draws a kindly veil over the scenes of human misery as they recede into the Past, and often the distant conflicts of our race seem surrounded only with a halo of glory; but as yet *these* conflicts are all palpable to us. We stand upon the very scenes, among the very actors and survivors of them, and should be able to mark the relations of cause and effect with advantage.

In the old times when the Wars of the Roses occurred, the Third Estate in the realm was of very little account. Abject and uneducated, the "faithful" commoners of England were chiefly regarded as a higher sort of cattle; fit only to till the soil, or, if so ordered, to wrap themselves up in iron cases, and risk their lives for the glory or emolument of their superiors. But at the com-

mencement of our century it was totally different. Men had slowly discovered, in the course of ages, that there is no essential superiority in any one human being over another—especially no hereditary superiority; that divinity does not necessarily hedge a king; that God is above all kings, and the chiefest laws to be obeyed are His, and not man's; that none of His laws countenance injustice or persecution. They had also discovered that the true church of God consists of the people who obey and serve him, and not by any means of priests or ministers alone; that, in fact, there may be a church without any priests at all. Out of these and like discoveries, all made with toil and purchased by suffering, had sprung strange results. The relative position of the three estates had shifted.

But the two higher estates, jealous of changes which would not bring them any new powers, but rather diminish what they already possessed, had done all they could to stem the tide of progress, and to turn it *back*. Many of the nightmare institutions of feudalism were as dead as the old warriors who had plucked the fatal Roses in the Temple-garden; but many remained—and to these they clung.

In 1774, Lord Caermarthen boasted, as an argument against American freedom, that "America was at least as much represented in Parliament as Manchester, which had made no complaint of a want so imaginary!" The representation of the two great divisions of the commons was, indeed, in those days most defective. It was not even in accordance with the old theory of the constitution, established when they were of very small or no importance; they could not state their desires and grievances to the king, in the great conclave of the nation. The time was coming, however, when freedom should be claimed in Manchester as boldly as it had been claimed in America.

The laboring classes were even worse off in this respect than the middle classes. These could, and did, make their wishes and

\* 1. The Life of Edward Baines, late M. P. for the Borough of Leeds. By his Son, EDWARD BAINES, author of "The History of the Cotton Manufacture." Longman. London: 1851.

2. Historical Sketches and Personal Recollections of Manchester; intended to illustrate the Progress of Public Opinion, from 1792 to 1832. By ARCHIBALD PRENTICE. Second edition. Gilpin. London: 1851.



opinions felt in many ways, but their humbler brethren could do very little. It seemed as though oppression was safe when it was practised on them. Almost every hand was against them.

In the gross folly of those times, it was considered dangerous to entrust the working classes with knowledge. The clergy of the state church—who forgot then, as they are still too apt to do, that they are in reality employed, and paid wages by the nation, to instruct the nation—the aristocracy, and magistracy, and ministry—all the upper castes of society wished and did their utmost to keep the ignorant as ignorant as possible—to reduce them as far as might be to feudal slavery once more. It was an old plan; but thanks to the sterling portion of the middle classes, it had been defeated in the olden times, and it was defeated still. The dissenters, true children of the old puritans, did what they could to instruct the ignorant; and by their means knowledge was sufficiently wide-spread to make the accomplishment of the endeavors of these friends of darkness more and more difficult as time sped on; while the French Revolution had so far operated by this period as to make every attempt to do work of that nature somewhat dangerous as well as difficult.

But the right-hearted folk who thus stood between the tyrants and their victims, had their own difficulties. To be what was called a Reformer in those days, was to be the mark for every sort of contumely and insult; but to be a Dissenting Reformer, was to be the mark for every sort of persecution. Not a few of the clergy of the Establishment, seeing that the people deserted the churches when talented men preached in chapels, naturally concluded, that if such men multiplied, the nation would in time become a nation of chapel-goers, and *their* wages for doing nothing be sooner or later stopped. But not being talented men, for the most part, themselves, they did not think of stirring in their proper sphere, and competing with the dissenters; they rather preferred to get assistance from the temporal arm, and to persecute the troublesome reformers. Accordingly we find the stupid old cry, "The church is in danger," echoing through the history of that time; while "Church-and-King" mobs were got up and incited—in some cases by the authorities themselves—against the "Levellers," "Jacobins," "Infidels," "Traitors," "Incendiaries," and "Miscreants," as the band of good men and true were called; and if they did their work

badly, some excuse was found for letting the attorney-general loose upon the offenders, in places where subservient juries could be found.

Our criminal code was a disgrace to civilization in those days. Almost every offence was punishable by death; and prisoners on trial for their lives were not allowed the aid of counsel. The Test and Corporation Acts were extant. Trials under the Game Laws were horribly frequent. The brutal slave trade was still allowed, though Defoe had denounced it a hundred years before, and great and good men had since labored earnestly to have it suppressed.

The intellectual freedom which we now enjoy almost prevents us from being able to realize the dwarfed condition of intellectual existence then. From the times of Milton and Penn to those of Junius and Horne Tooke, the doctrine that all men should be allowed to speak freely what thoughts they had in them, was proclaimed by the intelligent. But the practice was never fully allowed. Mr. Pitt had seen the rising power of the press, and used it. Other statesmen tried to cramp its liberty and retard its progress; and, towards the close of the eighteenth century, the partial freedom which Defoe had done so much at the beginning of it to win, was almost taken away. In 1771, the Lord Mayor of London and Alderman Oliver made a determined stand for the liberty of the press, and were sent to the Tower for resisting the Serjeant of the House of Commons in his attempt to execute a warrant against some printers for reporting the speeches of members of parliament! In 1792, Fox's Libel Bill was passed, the consequence of which was, that in 1795 Lord Eldon was able to boast of more prosecutions for libels in three years than for twenty before. And not only was the free utterance of opinion suppressed by law, but the bigots of that time called in the aid of taxation too, so that the stamp on newspapers, which in Queen Anne's time was a halfpenny on a half-sheet, and a penny on a whole one, became, before the close of the century, fourpence on every newspaper.

But our intellectual condition as a nation was not dwarfish as regarded periodical literature only, as contrasted with its present fair proportions; but it was altogether smaller as regarded books and larger publications. We find Mr. Baines quoting Charles Knight as witness that, from 1792 to 1802, the annual number of new books published in Great

Britain was 372; whilst M'Culloch states that an average of four years ending with 1842, gave 2149 volumes of new works then annually published in Great Britain!

This, then, was the state of matters at the dawn of the nineteenth century. There was a great body of people in the realm who had no representatives in parliament—at the same time that belief in the Divine Right of kings, in God-annointed governors, was among the dead or dying creeds of mankind. There was an aristocracy or second estate, which did not consist of men superior to their fellow-subjects; but who, on the contrary, availed themselves of all the petty advantages of power to commit injustice. And there was a church, which, while it proclaimed in its liturgy that the service of God is perfect freedom, used a temporal power which it ought never to have possessed, to persecute any who dared to act on this her own proclaimed tenet. Wrong and injustice had the upper hand, and it might have gone hard with men of truth in struggling with them, had not the press, the fourth estate, suddenly sprung into new being and joined them, when the two parties met face to face.

The first years of the century were years of war. To fight the French was, with the then rulers of the kingdom, the surest proof of patriotism. "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" was the prayer in established churches morning and evening "during the year;"—"Help us in any and every way to raise regiments!" was the counter-prayer beyond the church walls. The country was stimulated into a state of bloodthirsty excitement, and the mania was in no part more rabid than in Lancashire and Yorkshire. "All the youth of England were on fire." Volunteer corps were raised and tendered to the king, in fear of refusal sometimes, owing to their number. The softer sex joined in the general madness. They made clothing, and cockades, and standards for the soldiers. They urged on their sons and husbands, their brothers, and all others whom they could influence. Nor was treasure wanting. Twenty-two thousand pounds were subscribed in a very short period in Manchester alone. The pride, pomp, and circumstance of war were paraded before men's eyes, and for a while all was enthusiasm and glory. But our share in the wretched quarrels of that time was in a great measure uncalled for; and in due time the recoil came.

It is evident, in the dealings of God with man, that national calamity always follows national guilt. There is no eternity for na-

tions. Individuals may be punished hereafter, but nations must be punished here. And, accordingly, England's criminality in this seeking after and courting war was punished; the results of the punishment have come down even to us. A succession of bad harvests was sent, and bread became fearfully scarce. Taxation increased. Wages fell. The treasure which was wanted in trade, and which, in it, would have supported thousands of Englishmen, was lavished for the destruction of Frenchmen. A great paper currency was set up to take its place, but it only pretended to represent money, and did not even represent property, and was found worthless in every tightness of the money-market. Credit almost ceased; trade languished; and at last, when the re-action of popular feeling came, and enthusiasm for war died out, Starvation, the great teacher, was suddenly found in the midst of the people.

In tracing the history of these modern times, one of the chief agents must be kept in mind—money. But it was not the only one. Had Pitt understood men as well as he understood money, his schemes might have succeeded: it is estimated that his sinking fund would have liquidated the whole national debt before 1846. But he did not see that man was no longer stationary, but progressive; and while he, in common with many other statesmen before and since, treated the people like mere chess-pieces, and expected, as of old, that they would submit to the treatment, they suddenly burst out into wild life: reform was demanded and obtained, and his financial measures were scattered to the winds.

We are not now about to discuss those measures, or the policy of a state of national debtorship, that is apparently to last for ever, or end in national insolvency. Mr. Alison, and the respectable but retrogressive gentlemen who declaim in *Blackwood*, see the ruin of our British constitution as its ultimate result. It is enough for us to say, here, that we disagree with the said gentlemen as much about this as we once did with one of their number about the Scottish Cavaliers. They are ever pointing to the past; and in agriculture, and all other branches of trade, would have men hampered, as was the case of old, instead of being free.

Many sensible men, especially among the non-conformists, had foreseen and warned the people of the ruin which always stalks the chief camp-follower of war; and they had opposed the popular frenzy to the best of their ability. But for some years they had

no success. The nation was mad upon the subject, and, like a madman, would not hear reason. In 1807, however, when the narrow-minded orders in council were issued, the object of which was to shut that part of the continent which was under Napoleon's influence, from all trade with us, the stagnation of commerce became so intolerable, that in Lancashire and Yorkshire, where it was most felt, the operatives broke out into riots, and destroyed factories and machinery, and in some cases life too. It was evident that, at that time, *they* were the real sufferers by the wars. Mr. Brougham, then in his early prime, was employed by the manufacturers of Manchester and other great, and, for the most part, unrepresented cities, to state their grievances before the House of Commons; this he did in the most masterly way, but the orders were not recalled till 1812, when distress had accumulated on distress, and when to have held out longer might have caused the destruction of all.

In these twelve years, the positions of the estates of the realm towards each other had shifted again; and the fourth estate—the Press, so long kept under by the stern hand of power, had, as by miracle, sprung up to a new manhood. The minds of the working population, especially in Lancashire and Yorkshire, had thrown off the spell which had held them in stupid torpor during the inane ages; and they were now far advanced on the road to freedom. Wise and energetic men had sown truth broadcast among them; and though enemies had, as it were, gone over the corn lands with tares, and much error had taken root, it was not sufficient to choke the truth as it grew kindly in its new soil. Its growth was rapid, too; want and misery ripened the fields to a very early harvest. Brutality and ignorance were yielding day by day before knowledge; the right of all men to freedom of opinion began to be understood; and as these sturdy men—so newly awakened—gazed on the rising glories of the day, they cast away the things of darkness for ever.

We say that the fourth estate had attained to a new rank and position. We have alluded to the decrepit state of journalism at the commencement of our century; this is the place to speak of its improvements and progress.

Newspapers had been the vehicles for re-tailing news chiefly, and not opinions. This was especially true of journals in the provinces. There the scissors played the part of the pen; and in choosing his extracts from

the London news lay the chief talent of an editor. Reporters were rarely employed. Very scanty reports, if any, were given of county meetings, and even of assizes; whilst leading articles were almost unknown. There was not, probably, a single country editor, from Land's End to the celebrated residence of John O'Groat, who gave an original opinion in his paper from one year's end to another.

But by 1812 this was all reformed. The newspaper had, in great measure, taken the place of the preacher, and was the silent instructor and guide of the people. Foremost amongst those who raised the provincial journals of England to eminence and respectability, was Edward Baines, of Leeds, the life of whom, by his son, is named at the head of this paper.

In a hurried sketch of the history of two great shires during the most eventful period of our national existence—where matter is so abundant, that the chief difficulty is to know what to *reject*—it is impossible to speak at any length of individuals. But we cannot refrain from pausing here for a few moments, to pay a special tribute of respect to this excellent man, before we proceed to speak of events in which he played a somewhat prominent part. His life was one of eminent honor and usefulness, and the son who has here recorded the events of it has performed a duty of much delicacy and difficulty, with great wisdom and ability.

Edward Baines was a man who carved out a path for himself by his own good conduct and energy. Unlike Sir Fowell Buxton, so far over-lauded by Mr. Binney and others on this account, he had no Gurneys, or Hanburys, to patronize or aid him. Born of respectable but not wealthy parents, he was apprenticed, at sixteen years of age, to a printer in Preston. Business, however, becoming slack, he went to Leeds, and finished his apprenticeship in the office of the "*Leeds Mercury*."

In this place his industry, good conduct, and obliging disposition, won the esteem and confidence of his employers; and his biographer pursues, "he laid the foundation of future success as a master, in the thorough knowledge and performance of the duties of a workman." It was the ambition of his youth to follow the example of Benjamin Franklin, who had married a Preston lady; and there was much of Franklin's character about him. But Providence had other work in store for him, and in a different sphere to Franklin's.

No sooner was his apprenticeship over, than he commenced business on his own account; a sure proof of his determination to succeed. We see, even in the whirl and war of London life, where nothing *seems* so serious as it is, such thousands of young men stop in their career at this point, that we cannot give a surer proof of Baines's self-reliance than his starting for himself the day after his apprenticeship expired, in a place where the bustle would not have been sufficient to have concealed failure. The habits of irresponsible action become like fetters on our young men generally; every year adds new links to them, and, at last, those who might have risen to independence if they had dared to give their talents a trial, sink into respectable old book-keepers, and dwindle away existence in stupid obscurity.

Soon after this, Mr. Baines married a young townswoman, whose excellent and pious character materially influenced his own, and helped to turn him from Franklinism to Christianity. Three years after his marriage, viz., in 1801, he became the proprietor of the "Leeds Mercury."

This journal was an old established one, but under the joint influence of editorial dullness and public distress the circulation had sunk to about seven hundred copies when Mr. Baines purchased it. Under his management, however, it immediately rose. He published leading articles; a thing, as we have said, almost unknown in the provincial press. He employed reporters. He enlarged the paper. He filled its columns with as much variety and useful matter as possible, advocating every society that had benevolence, or, above all, education in view. A man of liberal opinions and feelings, he ardently desired the prosperity of the country—he saw that the people were not governed aright; he believed that they would eventually govern themselves, and to prepare them for self-government as a body, he saw that education was as necessary to them as it is to individuals.

He took great interest, in 1807, in the contest, so long memorable in Yorkshire, between Lord Milton and the Hon. Henry Lascelles, for the representation of that county. After a fifteen days' poll, his party won the victory, Mr. Wilberforce and Lord Milton being returned. But that triumph was dearly bought. Never was the defective state of national representation more glaringly shown. The total number of voters was just above twenty-three thousand, and yet the contest cost the victor and the loser

upwards of a hundred thousand pounds a-piece.

In 1811, Lord Sidmouth brought forward his infamous Dissenters' Bill. It was found highly inconvenient that dissent should spread so fast as it was doing; that the people should, especially in our manufacturing districts, be leaving the Establishment in such large numbers. If the whole nation was to desert it, how could it be still the National Church? and if only the great majority even of the nation should leave it, how could it hope to be allowed to enjoy the enormous wages it received under the pretence of being the church for all? Is it not a venerable institution, was the cry of folly; apostolic? traditional? maternal? and the rest; it would be a thousand pities if its career were to be brought to a sudden close; so many men would be thrown out of employment, too, in that state of things,—poor men whose peculiar education had rendered them unfit for other occupations. It was determined, therefore, to make an effort against dissent, and under such pressing circumstances a pretext was soon found.

It appeared, on Lord Sidmouth's showing, that during thirty years there had been at least eighteen mistakes made by applicants for licence to preach, in spelling the few words descriptive of the profession of preaching the gospel. It appeared, on the Bishop of Durham's testimony, that the sectarians assembled in barns or rooms of private houses, "or in other buildings of the most improper kind." And the witnesses, doubtless, spoke truth. The land contained many myriads of people who had somehow learnt, that the gathering of two or three together in Christ's name was quite sufficient consecration even for a vulgar barn.

On these, however, and like grounds, it was attempted to pass a bill requiring a certificate from six substantial and reputable persons, before licence to preach should be given; so that the holders of power would have it optional to grant licences, or to withhold them. Can we not imagine that the apostle Paul, having lost caste among the "substantial and reputable" men of Corinth, and become a tent manufacturer for the time, would have failed to get *his* licence to preach there if he had applied! Fortunately, these same illiterate men had done their work too well, and the friends of darkness were foiled.

It is well for the Establishment that Non-conformity is, by its very nature, individual, while its opponents are collective. Congre-



gationalists believe that church government is the business of each church; they acknowledge no priest but Christ; and consequently, it is somewhat difficult to make a visible and political whole out of the many parts. Long may it continue to be so; and long may we remain personally uninterested whether in synodal action in the Establishment, or conference-intolerance out of it.

But this want of political unity has been unfortunate in some respects; it has been one reason for the tardiness of our emancipation from protestant bondage. If our forefathers had used the real power which they possessed in James II.'s time, when the Church of Rome was in one scale, and that of England in the other, and their weight decided the question, they could have obtained more freedom than we enjoy even now. The Church of England would have been undone, had not the nonconformists joined cause with it, preferring its tyranny to that of Rome. And the gates of the universities might have been rent open in those days, and civil disabilities all abolished; but want of worldly unity was want of worldly power, and nonconformity lost more than a century and a half through the very agency which, in a spiritual view, is its chief strength.

But Lord Sidmouth's bill was at once so insulting and tyrannical, that the country would not suffer it to pass. It gave the magistrate,—whether a bigoted layman or a fox-hunting parson,—an upholder of the game-laws, or an enemy to all progress,—power to impede men in the use of that freedom which was guaranteed at the Revolution of 1688. And public opinion rose at once against it, declaring, in accents that could not be mistaken, that religion should not be chained in this way at all events to the State; and seeing the storm that darkened, as in a moment, the whole sky, and seemed almost about to pour on his head, Lord Sidmouth suffered the bill to be negatived in the second reading.

We now come to the most serious part of our recent history. Almost ruined by wars, and driven desperate by hunger, the operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire were only saved from revolt, in 1815, by the education which had been spread among them. But even education did not suppress indignation, when, in that year, the moneyed classes, having thrown off their income-tax, got the iniquitous Corn-law passed, by which the importation of foreign grain was prohibited, till the price of English wheat was 80s. per

quarter; and many serious riots happened. This was the monster whom Cobden scotched and Sir R. Peel killed, and for whom we hope there will be no resurrection.

But, in consequence of the anger roused by this measure, the ministers of that time pretended to fear revolution, and succeeded in suspending the Habeas Corpus Act. To excuse this, dangerous plots were discovered; but the plots themselves were previously made by government spies, who urged on the poor and desperate to courses they would never otherwise have pursued, and then betrayed them. This was the most detestable of all Lord Castlereagh's miserable doings.

The man Oliver is unhappily an historical character. A more worthless and guilty wretch has perhaps never breathed, since the days of Titus Oates. He used to pretend to be a delegate from London and other Reform Associations, and having fabricated messages from them, to the effect that they were about to rise on the government, simultaneously with the country branches, he would inflame some poor creature to the utterance of dangerous sentiments, and then inform against him and all present. The result was, in a few cases, Death; in many, transportation; and, in 1837, some of those whom he had trepanned, and whom a servile bench and jury had condemned, were wearing out their lives in unmerited exile.

He succeeded in Derbyshire, and partly in Yorkshire, but he could not succeed in Lancashire. Mr. Prentice, of whom we shall hear more presently, had, with others, set the Lancashire men on their guard. The warnings of such men—men whose protection of the oppressed inspired confidence in them—were widely spread, and the education they had so freely sown produced its good fruits now. Physical force reformers were despised as tools of government. In Yorkshire it was different; demagogues abounded there, and the whole country was in alarm lest their speeches should be the expression of the popular feeling, which it was most industriously stated was for revolution. But there were many clear-headed men, who knew that the popular feeling was not for revolution, but for reform, and who were resolved that the government should not prevent the accomplishment of that reform by instigating rebellion. Amongst these was Edward Baines. The narrative of his bold exposure of Oliver the Spy, which overthrew at once the government schemes, is one of the most interesting passages in his son's book.

"On the 13th June (1817) Mr. Baines received a letter from his friend Mr. James Holdforth, who, on his way to Manchester, had heard facts at Dewsbury, which showed that a government emissary, named Oliver, had been attempting to entrap Mr. James Willan, a printer of that place, to attend a meeting, where ten persons had been arrested. Mr. Baines at once took a chaise and went (accompanied by one of his sons, the present writer) to Dewsbury, to investigate the facts. He repaired to the house of his friend, Mr. John Halliday, jun., where Mr. James Willan and, at his instance, Mr. John Dickenson, linen-draper, attended. There the plot was laid bare. Mr. Willan proved that Oliver, who represented himself as a delegate from the Radicals of London, had several times for the space of two months endeavored to seduce him into acts of violence and situations of danger; and that he had especially urged him to attend a meeting of 'delegates' at Thornhill Lees on the previous Friday; at which meeting ten poor men were arrested by a party of military, under the command of Major-General Sir John Byng. Willan, who was a conscientious man, and a professor of the principles of the Society of Friends, indignantly repelled every invitation to violence, and refused to attend the meeting. The ten prisoners had been conveyed, with Oliver himself, to Wakefield, for examination by the magistrates; but at that town Oliver was seen by Mr. Dickenson at liberty, and in communication with the servant of General Byng; and on inquiring of the servant, Mr. Dickenson learnt that Oliver had been at his master's house at Campsall a few days before. From this and other facts, the character of the emissary was evident.

"Mr. Baines returned to Leeds, and published a full and clear statement of the whole of the facts, with the names of all the parties, in the *Mercury* of the following morning. \* \* \* The effect of this disclosure upon the country was electrical.—On the following Monday, the statement in the *Mercury* was read by Earl Grey in the House of Lords, and by Sir Francis Burdett in the House of Commons, and the Prime Minister, the Earl of Liverpool, admitted that Oliver was an emissary from the Home Office. A feeling of the liveliest indignation pervaded the country. It was soon found that every one of the conspiracies or outrages by which the nation had been alarmed had been instigated or promoted by spies. It was shown, that not only had they encouraged insurrection by pretended concurrence, but had earnestly recommended it to innocent and peaceable men, and taken prodigious pains to weave the web of conspiracy. The conduct of the spies was natural: they lived upon conspiracy, and therefore it was their business to create, if they could not find it."

This party, as we have shown, wishing to prevent religious freedom, tried to do so under the most shallow pretences. They tried to prevent reform by making it appear that reformers were revolutionists; and now, prior to recording the misery which the infamous Corn Law brought on the people, we shall

see the same system of jesuitry practised towards the political reformers of a higher grade. Many of the disciples of Ignatius Loyola still appear to the world as disciples of quite another master, and the Society of Jesus are not the only Jesuits.

In 1818, the ministry, having failed with their spy system, allowed the repeal of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus. But the reformers in Manchester, to show that the Lancashire men were utterly guiltless of the plots laid to their charge, petitioned the House of Commons that inquiry might be made into the conduct of the government officers, before an act of indemnity should be passed, preventing those who had been falsely punished from getting redress. This was called "the Petition of the Twenty-seven," and was understood to have been got up by Mr. John Edward Taylor, afterwards editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. The debate on this petition ended in a triumph for ministers; but it was resolved to punish Taylor, if possible. The will soon made a way.

On the 1st July of that year, according to Mr. Prentice, whose most interesting account of the business we condense, a Mr. Greenwood, at a meeting of commissioners of police for the appointment of assessors, seeing Mr. Taylor's name on the list, invited objection to it; and during conversation, accused him of being the author of a handbill that, he said, "caused the Manchester Exchange to be set on fire, in 1812." On hearing of this, Mr. Taylor sent "a message to Greenwood, through Mr. Prentice, but it produced no sort of satisfaction:" on which Taylor wrote a fiery note to his traducer, in which he informs him that he has "proved himself a liar, a slanderer, and a scoundrel." After this, Mr. Greenwood having repeated his accusation, Mr. Taylor published a letter in *Cowdroy's Gazette*, referring to the correspondence, and stating that a copy of it should lie at the printer's for public inspection.

The grand jury at Salford Quarter Sessions, on 27th October, found an indictment against Taylor, for libel; but the character of the court of quarter sessions at Salford being pretty notorious, Mr. Taylor obtained a writ of *certiorari* to remove the indictment into the Court of King's Bench. The trial took place at the Lancaster Spring Assizes, on the 29th March, 1819.

Taylor resolved to undertake his own defence, and Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, was employed for the prosecution. The latter was brief and nonchalant. "It would be a mere waste of time," he said, to enter

into the details of circumstances which cannot be the subject of your consideration, or at all influence you in the verdict you are to pronounce. All you have to do is, to inquire if Taylor wrote the letter, and if its contents are libellous." This was the point which Taylor seized. Turning from Baron Wood to the jury, he told them that they were sole judges of the law as well as of the fact. He protested against the doctrine of the courts, that the truth of a libel constitutes an aggravation of the charge. He declared himself willing to justify every word he had written; and repelled the charges of malice, falsehood, and wickedness, brought against him in the indictment; demanding that proof to support these charges should be put in. He concluded with a plain, unvarnished appeal to the jury to remember the provocation he had received, to consider what would have been their own conduct, and to do as they would be done by themselves.

Mr. Scarlett then foolishly allowed him to bring forward his witnesses; foolishly, because Greenwood's case was of course a bad one, if the merits of it were discussed. But he had the "reply;" that fatal power of saying a few last words, which may alter the whole features of the case in a juror's memory—and he used it well. But Taylor's points had hit the clear and honest intellect of one man, John Rylands. The other jurors were of the old school of loyalists, and were disposed to return a verdict of "Guilty," at once. John Rylands, however, thinking for himself, and thinking honestly withal, would not agree to such a verdict. Taylor was evidently not a guilty man, but an injured one; and he, for his part, would give a "verdict accordingly." There was a minority of one: so the jury retired.

The day wore on, but they did not return. Other cases were brought forward and gone into; Taylor and his friends hearing, by snatches, the witnesses and pleaders in them, but impatient for their own verdict, and turning their heads at every sound in court, to see if the jury were returning. The time came, however, for dismissing the court, and still they made no sign. Prentice and the others went to their inn; returned to learn if any sound had been heard from the dungeon where the jury were; but no—as he says, "the men might have been dead for aught they could learn or hear."

"Thus they paced the streets of Lancaster," he writes, "hour after hour. It was a wild, howling night, with continued blasts and hailstorms. Sometimes we stood and watched the window of

the tower which contained the jury, and contemplated their condition on such a wintry day and night as that had been, confined and kept so many hours without food, or drink, or tobacco, or coal, or candle-light. Thus, at intervals of half-an-hour, an hour, and so on, more or less, we sauntered backwards and forwards, hearing the Lancaster clocks strike hour after hour. A few of our number determined to go yet once again, to have a few words with the keeper of the door, with whom by this time, from their numerous visits to him, they seemed to have become familiar acquaintance. They went this time rather with a view to bid the man good-night, or have a few more last words, than with any expectation that there would be any move or stir before morning; when suddenly, while they were talking with the door-keeper, there was a most unearthly yell—"Open the door!" then a confused bustle; then their familiar, with whom they had been speaking, became authoritative,—“Oh, get away, gentlemen, the jury are agreed!”

And accordingly the jury issued from their den; and being marshalled in due order, were led by a bailiff through the streets of Lancaster in the dead of the night, to the judge's lodgings. Taylor and the rest followed close behind, and when they arrived at the lodgings, went up-stairs with them. Mr. Prentice is quite racy on the scene:—

"There was a stand-still on a large open landing, the size of the vestibule below. Here the door was gently opened, and into a moderate-sized bed-room, up two stairs, went the jury, attended by their companions who represented the public and shire, where, with undrawn curtains, bolt upright in his night-cap and bed-clothing, sat Baron Wood. Think of the spectacle!

"Silence, gentlemen," said the officer.

"Gentlemen of the jury, answer to your names."—They answered.

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed on your verdict?"

"We are," said the foreman, firmly, in a tone which indicated he had achieved a victory.

"How say you, gentlemen—is John Edward Taylor guilty or not guilty?"

"In the dimness of the light of that room—for there was but a small chamber-lamp—and the oddness of the scene passing before the eyes, it would be difficult for any person to convey to another the sensation of that moment which intervened between the question and the answer. \* \*

\* \* But when John Rylands of Warrington pronounced, with a triumphant emphasis, "He is not guilty," there arose a burst of exultation, notwithstanding the privacy of the place, which made the whole house ring. I am not aware that the judge uttered a sentence; but the officer begged imploringly for silence, and all parties, both spectators and jury, got as quick as possible into the street, where the echoes of the old town told tolerably loud and frequent—the fact that the verdict was, He is not guilty."

It now became known, that when the jury had retired, John Rylands urged his views in favor of the accused, which were received impatiently; and after a long discussion, the sturdy foreman threw his coat into a corner and lay down upon it. "If you will insist on a verdict of guilty," he said, "I will go to sleep, and consider about it in the morning." His example was followed by others, apparently as determined on their side, and it became a question of endurance. The servile were not so enduring as their antagonist, and at last the majority gave way to the minority; and for once, truth was declared to be no libel.

We have thus shown, by a few examples selected from many, how the governments of our own century tried, by underhand and jesuitical means, to repress reform in religion or politics, and how they were defeated. We now come to a time when they changed their tactics. They had discovered that their opponents were men of greater honesty and more talent than themselves; and, that if the contest was suffered to be one of intellect, they must infallibly be beaten. Coercion was their only other resource; and coercion was tried, but it ultimately failed too. It seemed to be the will of God that no means or weapons used against progress should prosper.

The history of Peterloo, or the massacre of the 16th August, 1819, at St. Peter's Field, Manchester, is one of the saddest in the annals of our country. We do not intend to defend Hunt. He was an impudent demagogue, who did more to hinder reform than to assist it. But he broke no law in calling the public meeting in St. Peter's Field. The multitude that assembled was enormous—no notice having been given by the magistrates to forbid the meeting—and consisted of the great body of the population of that unrepresented town, anxious to show, in any constitutional way, their grievances and wants. It was a high holiday; men took their wives, and sisters, and children; the sixty thousand people were all unarmed and all peaceable, exercising the right of free speech which they inherited from their fathers, and seeking to do no more, when suddenly, loud screams were heard from the outskirts of the crowd, and shots, and a troop of cavalry and yeomen were seen charging into the vast assembly, and striking with their sabres right and left. It was a frightful scene. Women and striplings, old men and children, were mercilessly swept down and trampled on by the horses, while the hussars and yeomen cut at the throngs about

them with their swords like men insane. "Eleven persons were killed; six hundred wounded; sixty thousand carrying to their homes the recollections of that fatal day; poverty and misery in every cottage; deep distress, attributable to heavy taxation and a law prohibiting the importation of food—was there no wild revenge for the injuries inflicted?" says Mr. Prentice, "no retaliation with the dagger for the cruel and wanton assault by the sword? There was not. The population of Lancashire had faith in the just administration of the law. Its workmen, rough in manner and rude in speech, but shrewd, intelligent, and possessing much of the generous qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race, would not stoop to cowardly assassination."

But, as we said, the career of progress was not to be stopped by means like this. It was indeed checked, but only for a moment; and then, the very obstacles recalling all its strength, it returned to the charge, forced the barriers, and broke them down. Where one reformer suffered, a hundred sprang into his place. Liberty was up and newly armed, and putting the trumpet to her lips, she went out against tyranny, and bade its dead arise. And, at every call, the dry bones quickened into life,—the thoughtless became reflective; the careless, alert; the dull, bold. The mind of man, like the eagle, dashing away the old beak which had been the growth of ages, by that very process, painful though it was, renewed its youth; and then, with new desires and new aspirations, soared into ever higher regions, in larger and larger circles, growing more splendid and glorious as it shot upward on the wing.

The subject crowds upon us, but we must close this part of our sketch. From the day of Peterloo, progress was steady. In a few years it became rapid and triumphal. In 1828, the Test and Corporation Acts were swept away by Lord John Russell, a fit prelude to his reform bill in 1832, when Manchester obtained a voice in the national councils. That after the passing of this bill the nation should pause, as for a short breathing space before venturing on new achievements, was to be expected from the caution of the national character. But the pause was only momentary. It did not come from any distrust of the high destinies in store, but from fear of jeopardizing the successes of the past by too much haste in clutching at what was due only from the future.

Before we turn for a moment to notice the vast strides which have been made by Lan-



cashire and Yorkshire in other departments, we have a few brief remarks to make on the two books which have suggested this paper, in addition to those already made.

Like Mrs. Malaprop, we dislike "caparisons," and shall not, therefore, however much tempted by the similarity of their subjects, compare the works together. Mr. Prentice's "Recollections" is a book which every man interested in his country's history ought to possess. Vigorous, racy, and for the most part sound, he brings scenes and incidents before the mental eye with the vividness of the novelist, whilst at the same time he gives minutiae, and facts, and dates, and names, with the care and precision of the historian. As a man, he has done abundance of work, and for the most part well. He must have been often voted very troublesome by the representatives of the higher estates in Manchester. Did any one encroach on right of way—Archibald Prentice's name is on the list of requisitionists. Did any of the brutal old church-and-king people get up prosecutions against the honest and bold—Archibald Prentice was ready to aid the weak. Were secret meetings held, and the resolutions put out as if by the men of Manchester—Archibald Prentice is among the protesters. When what he truly calls "the farce of election" was going on in 1826, he took the pains to collect evidence upon the subject of the representation of the people. He found that the population of one hundred boroughs, each returning two members, was 185,197, whilst that of Manchester alone was 187,031. And he would not be quiet with his discovery. Far and wide he circulated a list of these boroughs; and at every instance of class legislation out it came, to show that nothing better could be expected. Men committed it to memory, he says, and taught from it as from a text. He was one of the founders of the Anti-Corn-Law League. But to enumerate his doings is impossible here; we would strongly advise our readers to look at the history of them as given in this volume.

As regards Mr. Baines's life of his father, we have already spoken in its praise. Fault may be found with it, as to the key in which the whole of it is pitched, but we look with much greater relish at the beauties with which it abounds. We may leave the faults to the anxious and attrabilious searchers for fault.

From the time when Mr. Baines unmasked Oliver, he rose more and more in public estimation. As a young man, he had possessed considerable humor and he found it a useful

assistant to common sense. He was merry and wise. He used all his energies in the promotion of the cause of truth, too, whether in civil or religious aspects; and assisted in all ways to promote the prosperity of Leeds. This important town was enfranchised under the Reform Bill, and at its second election he was returned as its member. And he deserved the distinction. His battle with the world had taken place there; and he had not rested satisfied when he got the victory, as so many do, but he had done what he could to help others on. We cannot enter upon his parliamentary life, but, having already referred to the stamp-duty, placed on newspapers by the narrow-minded statesmen of the close of the last century, we may notice the reduction of that duty to one penny while Mr. Baines sat for Leeds. As regards his private life, it was happy and serene; and when death summoned him away from it in his seventy-fifth year, he was ready for the change. He had served his God in the spirit in which he had served his country, and in pure and steadfast faith he entered calmly on his rest.

Lancashire and Yorkshire are essentially the manufacturing districts. Since the year 1640, Manchester has been the centre of the cotton manufacture. Here quaint and portly old Fuller saw, in 1662, the wonderful results of combination and industry, and saw them with surprise. Here De Foe saw, in 1727, cause to record his wonder at the great size and business of the place. But it was not till 1769, that the invention of spinning by rollers, patented thirty years before by John Wyatt, of Birmingham, and reproduced, or invented, by Arkwright, was called into operation, and changed the system of cotton manufacture altogether. To this succeeded great numbers of improvements; among others the application of steam, the invention of the power loom, and above all, that organization of labor which is now known as the factory system. Would that our legislators would leave that same factory system alone, except as regards children, and allow laborers in this trade, as in all others, to make their own arrangements as to the hours of labor.

In the matter of population, Lancashire and Yorkshire have made extraordinary progress. A large increase of inhabitants is generally a proof of improving circumstances and condition. And we believe that all improvement comes mainly from education and employment.

The first requisite of a people who would be free is education. With the spread of

sound knowledge we see the advance of freedom. Among the chief teachers of sound knowledge is Invention; and here we see Lancashire and Yorkshire lead the way. But there are others; and here again we find Lancashire in the very van of progress. The first railway in England was that between Manchester and Liverpool, at the opening of which Huskisson was killed. It is a singular thing that Mr. Edgeworth proposed this mode of transit as far back as 1802; not with reference to steam but to horse power. Mr. Baines gives a very interesting digression on this subject.

There were other teachers, also, from these manufacturing districts. We have named one, but we must name it again, whose efforts have not been confined to England, but have spread with missionary zeal over the world. The Anti-Corn-Law League began in Manchester. The results of its success can hardly be estimated yet; but amongst

them, one of the highest and the best is, that free trade is becoming the means of almost universal intercommunication among the nations of the earth. English freedom, English laws and customs, are becoming everywhere known; and English example will, ere long, we hope, be everywhere followed.

But let us not become nationally proud. We stand in need of yet greater improvements ourselves; and it will be the worse for us if, having done so much, we now fall back. The old spirits of darkness are not dead. The higher estates are not all reconciled to the rising power of the lower ones; and many among them would, if they could, still check the rapid course of freedom. Protection, Puseyism, Sentimentalism, Romanism, Young Englandism, all have this end in view. It is the part of those on whom another spirit has fallen, to throw their weight into the better scale, doing their utmost to forward the great work of human progress.

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## THE LINE OF THE LAKES.

IF the world, as Materialists imagine, were originally formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, it was truly a wonderful Chance that guided the formation! Not to speak of animated nature—of plants, and animals, and men, who are thus supposed to have grown spontaneously from the dust of the earth, every arrangement of the globe's surface bespeaks a designing Hand. The very distribution of land and water is remarkably subservient to wise ends in the history of our race. In the course of ages, these elements have altered their character in relation to man, yet it is this very change that most strikingly brings out the wisdom of the great Foreseer. In early times land was the medium of intercommunication; now it is water. In earlier times water was the barrier of nations; now it is their highway. The ocean is a highway formed to man's hand; no expense needed in preparing it, no tolls exigible for traversing it. No foreign hostile countries are there to impede commu-

nication; no dense populations to choke up the path of emigration. It is peculiarly a gift of God's to the later ages of mankind. It long remained a field untrodden, a blessing sealed; and the melancholy sound of its waves seemed to early mankind but the voice of mystery and exclusion. But now the mystery has been explored and the blessing read. And how truly it is a blessing, need be told to none who in fancy can look abroad upon the world of waters and behold them lighted up by the sails of countless myriads of ships, wafting from shore to shore the energies of man and the produce of nature. How, without that ever-open sea, could the work of emigration go on, or old countries be relieved of their portentous swarms! How could nations, choking in their old seats, ever fight their way through nations to the wildernesses and free places of earth!

Look at the configuration of the Old World. Its continents are massed together, to facilitate the diffusion of early mankind. Place

one limb of the compass in Cashmere, and the other will describe its circle through the northern capes of Asia and Europe, the western parts of our own islands, Cape Verde, Cape of Good Hope, returning northwards through the Peninsula of Kamschatka. Europe fits like a quadrant into Africa and Asia. The Old World would be a circle, but that its south-eastern quarter is broken into the thousand islands of Australasia. Yet circular though its general configuration be,\* see how the ocean everywhere interlaces with the land, forming an endless extent of seaboard, and affording to advanced civilization the readiest of all means of intercommunication. Africa is an island. Bay-indented Europe exhibits a hymen of land and sea; while, through the very centre of the continental masses, the Mediterranean and Red seas all but unite the waters of the Eastern and Western oceans. That small Mediterranean sea washes the shores of three continents—Asia, Africa, and Europe glass themselves in its tranquil waters. It lies like the heart of the Old-World system; while the *Ægean*, the *Euxine*, and the seas of *Azof* and the *Caspian*, stretch in connected or connectable links into the very centre of the northern continents. A steamer from *St. Petersburg* may circumnavigate Europe, and regain the heart of *Russia*, by the *Sea of Azof* and the *Don*. All these watery barriers, it will be seen, are so circumstanced as not to obstruct the early wanderings and diffusion of the human race, yet served the purpose—all-important in those days of war and strong antipathies—of keeping asunder many diverse nations, of preserving peace by isolation. It was an all-wise Hand that so guarded the nations in their cradle; it was an all-provident Hand that then used for isolation an element which, in subsequent ages and in altered times, was capable of becoming the best means of bringing into close union the whole family of man.

A similar design is evident in the plan of the New World; though, less in extent, its variety is also less. Its form is longitudinal; tapering to a waist as it descends from the frozen North, swelling again beneath the *Torrid zone*, and again tapering away to a point on the confines of the *Antarctic snows*. It thus presents the largest possible extent of seacoast, as if inviting Europe and Africa on the one side, and Asia on the other, to send thither their swarms. *Hudson's Bay* is a

\* We need hardly remind the reader, that of all forms the circle presents the *smallest* extent of boundary-line.

counterpart of the *Baltic*; lies in the same latitudes, and is destined to serve a similar purpose (an outlet for the North) as soon as population has grown thicker around its shores. The *Gulf of Mexico* and *Caribbean Sea*—the immense basin of waters lying within *Capes Florida* and the mouths of the *Orinoco*, has hollowed out the land, not merely for the sake of adding to America her *Elysian isles*, but to carry the ship-bearing sea into the centre of the Western Continent, and to narrow to sixty miles the passage between the oceans. In the *Isthmus of Panama* we find repeated the *Isthmus of Suez*. The peculiar configuration of America, too, by which its dorsal chain of mighty mountains runs close to its western margin, not only leaves its eastern plains open to Europe, from whence its population was to be derived, but affords to its internal provinces the inestimable benefit of ready access to the ocean. For its rivers, flowing the whole breadth of the continent, acquire a magnitude unparalleled in the Old World—forming watery highways, up which the tide flows for hundreds of miles, and floating into the heart of the country the men and produce of distant climes.

But there is a Mediterranean in the New World also. The majestic lakes of Northern America—the largest in the world, and containing one-half of all the fresh water on the surface of the globe—which form in the heart of the continent a succession of inland seas, are yet destined to be covered by a myriad sails, and to see spring up around them, as around the Mediterranean of the Old World, mighty, opulent, and populous states. Nor are they isolated: each is joined to all, and all are united with the ocean. Changing its name with every lake it passes, the same river flows through them all. As the tiny *St. Louis*, it enters *Lake Superior*—as the vast and impetuous *St. Mary*, it leaves it. As the *St. Clair*, it pours from *Lake Huron*; and as the *Detroit*, it unites the *Lake of St. Clair* to *Erie*; as the roaring *Niagara*, it leaps into *Ontario*; as the *Iroquois*, it pours down to *Montreal*, where at last it assumes its own world-known name of the *St. Lawrence*. From its source to where, at *Cape Rosier*, it is lost in the ocean, it runs a course of nearly two thousand five hundred miles, the breadth of the *Atlantic*. In volume of waters, and even in length of course, the mighty *Amazon* must yield to it. It is the largest river in the world, and of all rivers, it has still the brightest future in store for it.

The *Gulf of St. Lawrence* directly faces the mouth of the *British Channel*. Round-

ing the island-shores of Newfoundland, which rises like a shield between the inner waters and the open ocean, you enter the estuary of this noble river, and at Cape Rosier find it a hundred miles across. At Cape Chat it is still forty miles from shore to shore, and from thence it keeps slowly narrowing its channel, till, at the narrows, forty-five miles below Quebec, its width is but thirteen miles. The scenery along the shores of this estuary is considered to be unequalled in America, and, probably, in the world. A prospect of fifty to one hundred miles frequently opens—exhibiting mountains and valleys, bold headlands and luxuriant forests, pretty villages and settlements, fertile or rocky islands with the neat white cottages of the pilots and fishermen; tributary rivers, some of them rolling over precipices, and one, the mighty Saguenay, bursting through an apparently perpendicular chasm of the northern mountains; and on the surface of the St. Lawrence, majestic ships, either under sail or at anchor, with pilot-boats and river-craft in active motion. In winter, however, this beautiful appearance vanishes. The river and gulf are choked up with broken fields of ice, exhibiting the most varied and fantastic appearances; snow covers the country on either shore; and a dark, stormy night in the estuary at that season presents the most terrific, wild, and formidable dangers.

Scarcely have you rounded the island of Orleans, where the estuary merges into the river, when Quebec, picturesque, but grim and terrible, towers high upon your right. Beyond it, the memorable Heights of Abraham—the death-place of the rivals, Wolfe and Montcalm—are seen rising steeply from the river, and directly overhead frowns the rocky Cape Diamond, with its impregnable citadel—the Gibraltar of the New World. About four miles to the left are seen the romantic Falls of the Chaudière, where that unnavigable river, seven hundred feet in breadth, with its banks decorated by woods, and broken into romantic grandeur by vast masses of rocks, roars and foams sublimely over immense ledges more than a hundred feet in height, and then rushes, and boils, and thunders over or amongst rocks and ledges, until it calms down within a short distance of the St. Lawrence.

Above Quebec, all the way to Montreal, a sombre monotony marks the mighty stream. The primeval forests are gone: here and there only, clumps of tall old trees fringe the bank, left by some proprietor more provident

than his neighbors. The shores, in general, are low, bare, and reedy, and between them rolls the stately river—calm, sombre, mournful, “like all things great in the world.”\* Embracing islands, receiving tributaries, without ever changing its look, this giant of rivers flows on majestic and severe, “like an old man who disdains the adventurous fantasies of youth; or, rather, like a strong and conscientious workman, who thinks only of fulfilling his task, and follows through this obscure course, in dumb obedience, the line which God has traced for it.”

Halfway between Quebec and Montreal, we enter Lake St. Peter—a shallow expansion of the St. Lawrence, over flats for about twenty-five miles in length and five to ten in breadth; at the head of which, on the left, is seen the mouth of the River Richelieu, pouring down from Lake Champlain.

Soon, in mid-stream, rises the island of Montreal, with its city of glittering tin roofs and spires, and behind it the picturesque Mont Royal, reminding one of the approach to Leith from the Frith of Forth;† while on the right is the romantic embouchure of the Ottawa, up which vessels can sail when war with the States renders dangerous the Upper St. Lawrence, and thence, by the Rideau Canal, across the country to Lake Ontario.

This Rideau Canal was executed by the Home Government, for the purpose of opening a water communication from the Ottawa to Kingston, “by connecting several *pieces* of water lying in that direction.” The distance is about 135 miles, about twenty of which only it was found necessary to cut; the remaining distances being occupied by lakes and rivers, or have been overflowed by raising dams and building locks. The locks are 147 in number, each 142 feet long and 33 feet wide, and the minimum depth of the canal is five feet. The Rideau Lake, which is the summit-level of the canal, is 283 feet above the level of the Ottawa, and 154 feet above the surface of Lake Ontario. This canal, besides the means which it affords for the transport of troops and commerce during war with the States, is of immense use in developing the resources of the valuable country through which it passes. It is also supposed that the head-waters of the Ottawa can be easily connected, through Lake Nippissing and French River, with Lake Huron.

Immediately above Montreal occur the

\* “Ce grand fleuve est triste, comme tous les grands dans le monde.”—MARMIER.

† Professor Johnston, in his “Notes on North America.”



Cascades, at the lower end of the Lake of St. Louis, below which, for nine miles, the river foams and dashes along among islets and rocks, forming the Rapids of Lachine. From this point up to Kingston (175 miles), the scenery of the river is varied and striking; now spreading out into the Lakes of St. Louis and St. Francis, now contracting, whirling, and boiling in the Dubuissou and other rapids, which ascending vessels pass by side canals. In spring we meet on these foaming floods immense rafts of wood from the deep forests of the north, upon which bands of Canadian voyageurs are seen spreading the sails or plying their long oars, and chanting, as they boldly descend the rapids, the popular melodies of their country. Perhaps it is the most popular of them all, beginning "A la Claire Fontaine;" and long afterwards, mayhap, in hours of sadness, one verse of this singularly rustic, but most touching, melody may linger in your memory, as it did in Marmier's—

"Sing, O nightingale! sing  
Thou with the heart so gay:  
Thou hast the heart to smile,  
I but to weep away."\*

While, ever and anon, at the close of each of its dozen verses, swells out the chorus—

"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

How many vows of love has that silent, melancholy-looking river heard—broken!†

\* The original is much better:—

"Chante, rossignol! chante,  
Toi qui as le cœur gai;  
Tu as le cœur à hire,  
Je le cœur à pleurer."

† "The Canadian boatman, or *voyageur*, is naturally polite and always cheerful, fond enough of money when he once possesses it, but altogether unacquainted with overreaching; and if he attempts to cheat, he knows not how. He sings, smokes, and enjoys whatever comes in his way, thanking 'le bon Dieu, la Vierge, et les Saints' for everything. The *voyageurs* know every channel, rapid, rock, and shoal in the rivers they navigate, and, never pretending to question their leader or *bourgeois*, fearlessly expose themselves to the greatest hardships and the most frightful dangers. When singing their celebrated boat-songs, two usually begin, two others respond, and then all join in full chorus. These songs make them forget their labor, and enliven their long and perilous voyages. Nothing can be more imposing than a fleet of canoes, and the *voyageurs* all singing 'cheerily,' while paddling over the bosom of a lake, or along the sylvan shores of the St. Lawrence or Ottawa . . .

"The Americans who navigate the Durham boats

Near the head of Lake St. Francis, the southern shore of the St. Lawrence becomes American; while, on the northern, is Glogarry, with its loyal, warm-hearted Scotch Highlanders, the first township in Upper Canada. Some fifty miles farther up, you pass Prescott on your right, and nearly opposite to it the American town of Ogdensburg; and steaming onwards, soon enter the charming Lake of the Thousand Isles, which reminds one of the Swedish Lake Maeler, or the less numerous islets of our own Loch Lomond. When sparkling in the sunshine, no spot can be more beautiful. Countless islets rise on every side, some low and green, some steep and woody, others but picturesque rocks rising fantastically above the waters; while all around spreads the broad river, waveless and bright, mirroring on its bosom at once the beauty of earth and sky. There is not here the ardor and dazzling loveliness of the Lesbian and Paphian Isles, or of the sparkling Cyclades, which the fancy of the Greeks made the abode of the Goddess of Love; a quiet beauty is around you, as if some kind fairy, some northern Titania, sporting with her Ariels, had scattered over the waters those gem-like isles, in order to excite good and gentle thoughts in the hearts of men. On emerging from this archipelago, the lofty towers of the Roman Catholic cathedral of Kingston, the grandest edifice in the New World, are seen on your right, and far away to the left the rival American port of Sackett's Harbor. Immediately afterwards, Lake Ontario opens into full view, unfolding not the appearance we associate with a fresh-water lake, but a vast rolling ocean, receiving the waters of many rivers. It is about 180 miles long, by forty or fifty broad; fifty to nearly five hundred feet deep, and 220 feet below the tide-level of the ocean. It is frequently so rough that steamboats of common size were at first considered unfit to traverse its waters with comfort or safety,\* and in ordinary weather the land and sea breezes are as regular as upon the Atlantic. The great Canadian highway runs along its northern margin, with numerous

are very different beings from the Canadian boatmen who man the *batteaux*. The former are generally tall, lank fellows, seldom without an immense quid of tobacco in their mouths; grave-tempered schemers, yet vulgar, and seldom cheerful; 'grinning horribly' when they venture an attempt to laugh."—*McGregor's British America*.

\* The length of the Frontenac steamship, which was one of the first to sail between Kingston, York, and Niagara, was 172 feet, breadth 32 feet, and her burden 740 tons.

roads to interior settlements; on the south, a great *natural* highway follows the trend of the lake for upwards of a hundred miles, upon one level, and smooth as the Appian Way. This is, at present, the most important of all the lakes. Surrounded by a highly fertile country, its shores can support a large population; and, situate midway between the Atlantic and extreme western waters, it is becoming, through the St. Lawrence and the numerous canals, the *dépôt* of articles for consumption hundreds of miles in both directions. The scenery, too, though not sublime like that of Lakes George and Champlain, is highly picturesque. The surrounding terraces of fertile land rise with slope enough to display even their distant luxuriance; while the eye rests delightedly on the scattered islands at its eastern extremity, and on the Peninsula of Prince Edward, itself a group of peninsulas nearly severed from the mainland by the Bay of Quinté, spreading its fine arms over the bosom of the lake.

As you near Queenston, at the upper end of the lake, the Heights above the town come into view, where a stubborn battle was fought during the last war, and where a tall column, commanding the finest view in Upper Canada, commemorates the death of our general, Sir Isaac Brock. At Queenston the river is about half a mile broad, and twenty-five feet deep; runs at the rate of three miles an hour, and discharges nearly twenty million cubic feet of water in a minute. As the stupendous Falls, one of the wonders of the world, stop all passage by the Niagara River, we turn into the Welland Canal, and debouch at Port Maitland into Lake Erie. This lake is two hundred and seventy miles long, and from thirty to fifty miles broad. But it is shallow when compared with the other great lakes, being only from sixty to seventy feet average depth; and its waters, from this circumstance, are frequently rough and dangerous. It is said to be filling up with alluvial deposits, brought down by its tributary rivers, at the mouths of which, deltas are evidently increasing. The largest of these rivers is the Ouse or Grand River, from the British side, which is a thousand feet wide, a hundred and fifty miles long, and navigable for thirty miles; and at its mouth, in a low marshy situation, stands the naval and military post of Sherbrooke. Near the lower end of the lake, on the American side, is the entrance of the celebrated Erie Canal, which connects this and the upper lakes with the Hudson River,

the traffic upon which has poured untold wealth into the State of New York, and which is still the great medium of communication between the lake districts and the Atlantic.

Leaving Lake Erie and entering the river Detroit, we pass on the right the delightfully situated town of Amherstburg, 785 miles above Quebec, and 1100 from the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Fourteen miles farther up, at Sandwich, the river is frozen over in winter, when the ice forms an immense smooth bridge connecting the British and American shores. The fertile banks are thickly peopled, not with the Anglo-Saxon race, but with descendants of French, who here tenaciously retain all the observances common to their countrymen of Lower Canada. You sail without impediment up the Detroit into the nearly circular lake of St. Clair, about thirty miles in diameter; and from thence, also uninterruptedly, into the vast Lake Huron, 250 miles long, 120 broad, and 860 feet deep, exclusive of Georgia Bay, which is 120 miles long by fifty broad. The superstition of the old tribes of the land still peoples this lake with unearthly inhabitants; and as you sail along, you behold on your right a multitude of islands called the Manitoulins, or Islands of Spirits, the largest nearly eighty miles long, to which the Indians attach a religious veneration, as being sacred to the Great Spirit Manitou. The eastern and western coasts of the lake are generally fit for cultivation, and covered with heavy timber, presenting clay cliffs, rocks, and woody slopes along the shore; but the north-east looks rugged and barren, with the Cloche Mountains rising in the background.

From Lake Huron, through the Strait of Makillimakinak, the navigation is deep and safe to Lake Michigan, which is only second in magnitude to Lake Superior. It is four hundred miles long and fifty broad, exclusive of Green Bay, a branch of it, which is upwards of a hundred miles long by twenty in breadth, both being on a level with Lake Huron. The whole lake is within the boundary of the United States; and the Michigan territory, forming a peninsula bounded by Lakes Huron and Michigan and the river Detroit, is a valuable and extensive region, in which settlements are forming with extraordinary rapidity. The south end of the lake is within a few miles of the headwaters of the tributaries of the Ohio; and Fox River, which enters Green Bay, runs for a considerable distance parallel with, but

in a contrary direction to, the Wisconsin. Indeed so level is the country hereabouts, that in rainy seasons boats have passed from the tributaries of Lake Michigan into the rivers which flow southward to the Gulf of Mexico. As population increases, there can be no doubt that canals will completely open up the passage. It will be remarked that Lakes Erie, St. Clair, Huron, and Michigan, are nearly on a dead level. No canals are required in passing from one to another; so that every requisite for the most extensive navigation is already in existence.

The level of Lake Superior is about thirty feet higher. You enter it from Lake Huron by the Strait of St. Mary, forty miles long; but about midway the banks contract, and you are stopped by a rapid, where the vast discharge of Lake Superior, rolling along impetuously over and against natural irregularities, renders the navigation upwards altogether impracticable. Canoes have descended, but the exploit is hazardous. A canal two miles long would obviate this rapid, and complete the line of navigation from Lake Superior to the ocean. As you enter this largest and most westerly of the great lakes, it is in truth an inland ocean that spreads around. Even in the clearest day, neither island nor shores are within sight; you are in a solitude of waters, almost as unbroken as the mid Atlantic. Its waters are pure and astonishingly transparent; but no bottom is visible, and the lead sinks in some places for nine hundred feet. A sea so deep has but few islands, and these scattered round its shores; but a large one, the Isle Royale, a hundred miles long, by forty in breadth, rises in the open lake, but within the line of Britain's supremacy. The lake itself is nearly 420 miles long, by 160 in breadth; and its circumference round its shores is 1600 miles. Its southern shores are fit for cultivation, but those on the north side are for the most part sterile and sandy. Lowlands, lying around the lake, are considered to have been formerly covered by its waters. In some parts a flat country extends back from fifty to seventy miles, but in general the background is formed by mountains, rising in some places to fifteen hundred feet above the level of the lake. The shores are alternately flat and sandy, or fringed by frightful precipices, perpendicular or overhanging, and hundreds of feet in height. No canoe ventures past these inaccessible cliffs, which in some parts extend thirty or forty miles along the shore, except in the fairest weather; for if a storm were

to arise, destruction is inevitable; for the bottom is too deep for an anchor to reach it, and the waters of the lake rival in turbulent commotion the most violent storms of the Atlantic.

Some remarkable, but hitherto unexplained, phenomena are connected with the lakes which we have thus described. It is proved by the observations of those who reside on their shores, that their surface is subject to gradual, and, as some believe, periodical, but certainly very considerable alterations of level. Thus, in Lake Erie, where the changes have been most noticed, the water on sand-banks becomes shallower or deeper; mills at the mouths of the streams are rendered useless by the rising level of the lake into which the streams descend; former roads along the lake, as that immediately beyond Buffalo, have been overflowed, and rendered permanently impassable; old beaches, covered with trees and cliffs, are seen far inland, showing the greater height to which the waters formerly attained; while others, which men remember to have been at a distance from the lake, have again been reached, and are in progress of being undermined. The height and periods of this rise and fall are both uncertain. In 1790 Lake Erie reached the highest elevation noted, after which time it receded, probably for many years, and then began to rise. An emigrant, who settled on its banks in 1817, found the flux commenced; and on the shores of Michigan the rise was estimated at five-and-a-quarter feet between 1819 and 1838. In this latter year the lakes reached the highest elevation they have attained during this century, and since then they have been gradually receding. How high the lake may rise when it next begins to increase, past experience does not enable us to judge. Variations in the fall of rain and snow in the lake country, and differences in the amount of evaporation, are usually suggested as the causes of these phenomena, but such causes will not explain the specialties of the case; for the rise and fall of the lake-levels are so gradual, and continue to augment for so long a period, that a steady and increasing augmentation of the water poured into the lakes must go on while the level is rising, and a similar gradual and long-continued diminution while it is falling. Everything seems to show that the great cause of the variations is to be sought for in Lake Superior; but, unfortunately, the remoteness and generally wilderness state of the shores of this lake have hitherto prevented any observations being made by which

light could be thrown on this interesting question.

The comparative depth of the lakes forms another extraordinary subject of inquiry. Lake Erie is only sixty or seventy feet deep; but the bottom of Lake Ontario, which is 452 feet deep, is 230 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, although their surface is so much higher, are all, from their vast depth, on a level with the bottom of Lake Ontario. Now, as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the full probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper great lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior to Huron, and from Huron to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is by no means improbable, and will account for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but in no others. As the falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lakes, without some such subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of this river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

Lake Superior is still a virgin sea; no schooner has yet spread its sails on its surface, no steamer has yet ploughed its waters in the teeth of the wind—only the canoe of the Indian, or the batteau of the voyager, timorous of its storms, and creeping along shore; yet a navy will by-and-bye float on its bosom, and opulent cities arise on its margin. The states of the Union are already spreading along its shores. West of Lake Michigan is the new state of Wisconsin, where no less than 630,000 acres of land were purchased in the single year 1847, and which now numbers about 300,000 inhabitants. Yet on the site where now stands Milwaukee—its principal port, on the south-western part of Lake Michigan, which at present numbers seventeen thousand inhabitants, and is the general destination of emigrants from the east,—fifteen years ago, Indian skeletons, in rude coffins, might be seen suspended under the trees of the forest. Still further inland, and to the north-west of Wisconsin, lies the territory, about to become the state, of Minnesota, called by some the New England of the West. It is bounded on the east by Lake Superior, on the west by the Missouri,

and is traversed for nine hundred miles by the Upper Mississippi. New as the territory is, we already hear of its agricultural societies, its cattle shows, and its lead mines; and steamers ply regularly up the Upper Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony, where stands the town of St. Paul, the seat of Government, 220 miles within the borders of the territory. The many rivers that flow through these states afford abundant facilities for inland navigation; while their head-waters approach so close to the lakes, and the country between is so level, that this district will in future times become the central emporium of American commerce. The produce of the South will pour up hither from the Gulf of Mexico; while the manufactures of Europe and Eastern America will ascend to the same point by the broad stream and lakes of the St. Lawrence. The peninsula lying between lakes Michigan and Superior, and the southern shores of the latter lake, will build cities to store this commerce, with the money which the commerce itself will pour into the land; and from this district, as from a central depôt, the goods will be spread over central America, and the prairies of the Far West.

The "Far West," what is it but a region every year diminishing, a goal to which mankind are annually drawing nearer? "The Far West," says a Buffalo paper, twenty years ago,—“where is the West, and what are its bounds? But a few years have passed since our thriving town (then a rude hamlet) stood upon the further confines of the rising West. Still beyond there did indeed exist an ideal realm of future greatness, a matted and mighty forest, but ‘clouds and thick darkness’ rested on it. But the solitude has been penetrated, the forest has been overwhelmed by the towering wave of emigration. That wave but recently spent its utmost fury ere it reached even here, and its last and dying ripple was wont to fall gently at our feet. But not so now; it has risen above, it has swept over us; and while its mighty deluge is yet running past in one undiminished current, the roar of its swelling surges, repeated by each babbling echo, is still wafted back to us upon every western breeze. Ours is no longer a western settlement; our children are surrounded by the comforts, the blessings, and the elegancies of life, where their fathers found only hardship, privation, and want. The ‘westward’ is onward—still onward—but where? Even the place that was known as such but yesterday, to-morrow shall be known so no more. The tall forest, the prowling beast, and



'The stoic of the woods, the man without a tear,'

are alike borne down, trampled, and destroyed by this everlasting scramble for the West." Every year that ever-receding region must be pursued over new rivers, and mountains, and plains, until the chase terminate by necessity at the mouth of the Oregon,—until mankind have surmounted the Rocky Mountains, and built their cities on the shores of the Pacific.

The old race are gone that once peopled the vast basin of the St. Lawrence; the change is well nigh as complete as if wrought by a deluge. The Indian has disappeared with his woods. Only in imagination can we recur to the time when primeval forests covered the face of the country, tenanted by numerous tribes, powerful in war but infants in civilization; and when the Montagnais, a tribe of the Algonquin Indians, inhabited the whole valley of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, from the banks of the river Saguenay, 200 miles below Quebec, to the north-western shores of Lake Superior. The origin of the Indian race is wrapped in mysterious darkness, but the aborigines of the New World are evidently homogeneous, and from the torrid zone to the north-west countries of Canada, their features, forms, and complexions are nearly the same. Their color is a shining olive. Their persons are symmetrically proportioned, never corpulent; their hands and feet are small, and finely formed; and the stature of the men is tall, being generally not under five feet nine inches, and often six feet. The lower part of the face is angular, the upper rather broad, and the forehead well-shaped but rather retiring. Their eyes are deep-set, black, quick, and piercing, the cheek bones rather prominent; the nose short and sometimes aquiline; the teeth remarkably white, and scarcely ever subject to decay. Their hair is dark, sleek and shining, and never curls; and they have little or no beard, nor hair on any part of the body except the head. The aspect of the Indian is stern and dignified, and his look suspicious. He is taciturn, thoughtful, and distrustful in making his replies; but he is never awkward or abashed, never ill-bred or intrusive. The women are rather of low stature, and naturally of delicate forms; but, being domestic drudges, they become thick and somewhat coarse as they advance in years.

With the Indian the love of independence is paramount to every consideration; and rather than submit to labor for others, he will endure the most excruciating and pro-

longed torture, without uttering a complaint or exhibiting a convulsion. Hunting and fishing are still, with them, the only pursuits in which they deign to procure food: any attempt at agriculture is the lot of the women; and a well-known Indian curse is, "May you be compelled by hunger to till the ground!" Eloquence in council, and courage in war, are their ruling passions; oratory, address in negotiation, patience, and traveling long without food, are the qualities which command their admiration. In endurance of pain and hunger, no nation in the world can make the most distant approach to them; and phrenologists observe an outward mark of this in the peculiar elevation of the hinder part of their heads. Buffon contends that nature has denied them the faculty of love; and Jefferson, who understood their character still better, admits they have little ardor for the female. The great discoverer of America, in describing this peculiar race to Ferdinand and Isabella, says:—"I swear to your Majesties that there is not a better people in the world than these; more affectionate, affable, or mild. They love their neighbors as themselves. Their language is the sweetest, the softest, and most cheerful, for they always speak smiling. And although they go naked, let your Majesties believe me, their customs are very becoming." This may have been true of the gentle and effeminate islanders of the Gulf, but it is not the whole truth in regard to the bolder tribes of the mainland. Revenge is their dominant passion. Like Homer's heroes, they believe that the shades of their departed friends call for vengeance; and they conceal their purpose for years, if a proper opportunity does not occur to satiate their resentment. They consider our manner of bringing up youth useless to them, and they never punish their children. They are steadfast to their friends, but malignant, cruel, and inexorable to their enemies.

The condition of these Indian tribes is now very different from what it was three centuries ago, when the whole western world was theirs. Deprived of his beautiful country, whose forests once afforded him abundant game, and whose rivers were fished by him alone, the proud heart of the Indian pines in silent anguish, while he beholds the melting away of his tribe amidst the encroachments and prosperity of Europeans. They are decreasing rapidly in numbers; and the remnants of the different tribes for the most part lead a roving life around the settlements of the whites,—too often lazy vagrants,

immoderately fond of spirituous liquors. Some 400 families are still roving among the woods and along the rivers and shores of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; and forty or fifty families of the Abenak tribe rendezvous at Beçancour and on the river St. Francis. Of the once-powerful Montagnais, about 1000 are still known to wander over various parts of Canada. In Upper Canada 2000 Indians, the sole remnant of the Five Nations, have their villages or meeting-place on the Ouse, or Grand River; while upwards of 200 Delawares, and as many of the Chepewey nation, have a reserve of several thousand acres on the Thames river, which falls into Lake St. Clair. These Chepeweyans are the most remote of all the tribes, and their main body inhabit the country to the north-west of Lake Superior.

Only a very few of the various tribes have become stationary. There are, however, some villages within the United States and the British provinces, inhabited by Indians, who plant a little Indian corn and potatoes, but not a fifth part of what is necessary for their consumption. The men, dispirited, are inclined to indolence, and seldom do more than wander in the woods with their gun, or with a fishing-spear on the waters in a canoe. The women cultivate their small gardens, perform all the domestic drudgery of cooking and nursing, and employ themselves also in making boxes, baskets, and mocassins. The Indians of Lower Canada are degraded by the low vices of Europe, and the Roman Catholic clergy are zealously endeavoring to bring them back to sobriety, and to induce them to confine their attention to agriculture. But the task is now difficult, for the Indian feels that he is despised, and his self-respect is gone. Had good old Penn's advice—"Do not abuse them, but let them have justice, and you win them"—been followed, the result would have been very different; and even yet some good may be done. The Mohawks at Doveville, Grand River, are Christians, and are stated to be rather more industrious and sober than most of the other Indians. The remnant of the Mississagua tribe also, settled on the River Credit, in a small village built for them by Government, out of the proceeds of the sales of part of their reserve, are anxious that their children should be educated, and several of the latter have been even engaged in instructing their parents. They have a meeting-house, which serves as a school, and a Methodist missionary resides among them. They subscribe for newspapers, and pay for them regularly;

they have a good saw-mill; they make sleighs, and many wooden articles, for sale; and each dwelling has a garden attached.

But with these insignificant exceptions, civilization has overwhelmed the Indians, not improved them; it has advanced, carrying along with it pestilence, intemperance, fire-arms, and that still surer exterminator of aboriginal rights, trade. Another century, and not a tribe of the Red Men will exist. "Humanity," says President Jackson, "has often wept over their fate, and philanthropy has long been busily employed in devising means to avert it. But its progress has never for a moment been arrested; and, one by one, have many powerful tribes disappeared from the earth. To follow to the tomb the last of this race, and to tread on the graves of extinct nations, excite melancholy reflections. But true philanthropy reconciled the mind to these vicissitudes, as it does to the extinction of one generation to make room for another. In the monuments and fortresses of an unknown people, spread over the extensive regions of the West, we behold the memorials of a once powerful race, which was exterminated, or has disappeared, to make room for the existing savage tribes. Nor is there anything in this which, upon a comprehensive view of the general interests of the human race, is to be regretted. Philanthropy could not wish to see this continent restored to the condition in which it was found by our forefathers. What good man would prefer a country covered with forests, and ranged by a few thousand savages, to our extensive Republic, studded with cities, towns, and prosperous farms, embellished with all the improvements which art can devise or industry execute, occupied by more than twelve millions of happy people, and filled with all the blessings of liberty, civilization, and religion?"

The first nation who infringed upon the old inhabitants of the valley of the St. Lawrence was the French. Jacques Cartier made his first exploratory voyage thither in 1535; but it was not till Champlain arose, seventy years later, and founded Quebec, that the dominion of France took root in the New World. From small beginnings, and with slow progress, the French settlements have now spread from the River Mitis, on the southern shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and from a little below Quebec, on the north bank of the river, up to where the St. Lawrence swells into the Lake St. Francis, above Montreal, where they are bounded on the west and south by Upper Canada and the

States of the Union. The settlers were principally from Normandy and Picardy, and the peasants of those provinces are those whom the present *habitans* of Lower Canada most nearly resemble; but the revolutionary régime has never spread across the Atlantic, and their customs and manners are those of France during the age of Louis XIV. The men are well-proportioned, rather over than under the middle size, and very rarely corpulent. Their complexion is dark, and the features of their face characteristic. The nose is prominent, and often aquiline; the eyes dark, rather small, and remarkably lively; their lips thin, the chin sharp and projecting, and the cheeks inclining to lankness. In some districts, slight traces of Indian blood are observable. Many of the girls are pretty, oval-faced brunettes, with fine eyes, good teeth, and glossy locks. Their feelings are keen, and they make affectionate wives and tender mothers, and they continue prolific to an advanced age. Families of fourteen are common, and some mothers are met with who have borne four-and-twenty. They are in general more intelligent than the men, and a *habitant* rarely enters upon a matter of any importance without saying, "*J'en parlerai à ma femme.*" They usually do all garden-work, and, like those of Normandy and Picardy, greatly assist in field labor. They marry young, and (unlike their countrymen in Europe) both sexes are chaste and exceedingly modest; the men, in country parishes, never bathing in the rivers, or even in the most retired places, without being partially covered.

There is not, probably, in the world a more happy people than the *habitans* or peasantry of Lower Canada. With few exceptions, they are in easy circumstances; cheerful and contented, but not enterprising. Politeness seems natural to them. They never meet one another without putting a hand to the hat or *bonnet*, or moving the head; and the first thing a child learns is to say its prayers, to speak decorously and respectfully to everybody, and to bow or courtsey to its elders and to all strangers. Of dancing, fiddling, and singing, they are very fond, after vespers on Sunday—considering it no sin, but a harmless recreation, never attended with dissipation or vice. But the *habitant* is sincerely pious; and let him be taken where he may, if prevented joining in the observances of religion, he is unhappy and fearful. In all the villages the church forms the point around which the inhabitants, born in the parish, delight to live; and in no dwell-

ing farther from it than they can hear the ringing of its bell, can any of them feel happy. This feeling, and their intense love of society, prevent them from going out alone, like the American, to settle with their families in the wild. Hence, the younger branches, instead of hiving off and forming new settlements for themselves, divide and subdivide the farms,—a ruinous system, which keeps the peasant population always comparatively poor. In this respect they are too like our Irish peasantry, as well as in their thoughtless gayety, occasional imprudence, and in the want of neatness in their dress and cottages. They are all devoted to the Roman Catholic religion. Their language is still French; they are governed (except in criminal matters) by French laws, and their tenure of land is a modified form of the old feudal system, abolished in France at the first revolution. The seigneurs hold large possessions, but have nothing of the hauteur of the French noblesse of the old régime; resembling much more closely the country seigneurs of Poitou and La Vendée, as depicted by the *Mémoires Revolutionnaires*.

The *habitans* are rooted to the soil and to their old customs; but a new race is creeping in amongst them. Townships are springing up here and there among the seigniories, in which British blood and improvements, British language and law, and the Protestant religion, exist side by side with the institutions of old France. The territory peculiarly British, however, in the basin of the St. Lawrence, is in Upper Canada—extending from a little above Montreal to the most westerly settlements on the shore of Lake Huron. The British population of Canada are in general tall, but more slender than their brethren in the old country. More self-dependent than the French Canadians, and better adapted for "clearing" and forming settlements in the woods, they are less thickly grouped together, but occupy a far wider extent of country. "With few exceptions, they are obliging, industrious, and religious; and the great body of the people form an independent yeomanry, whose condition gives them a freedom of manner, and a boldness of opinion in matters which they consider to be right, very different from the language of servility and hypocrisy which prevails in countries where the inhabitants are generally in a state of dependence." It is to be remarked, too, as a general truth, that the farmers and laborers brought up in Canada, as well as in the States, possess, in an eminent degree, a quickness of expedients where any-

thing is required that can be supplied by the use of edge-tools; and as carpenters and joiners they are not only expert but ingenious workmen.

In the English settlers we observe the honest John Bull bluntness, and other peculiarities which characterize them at home. Their houses are distinguished by cleanliness and neatness, their agricultural implements and utensils are always in order; and wherever we find that an English farmer has perseverance, for he seldom wants industry, he is sure to do well. But he does not reconcile himself so readily as the Scotch settler does to the privations of the first few years. He can discover on earth no country so eminently blessed as England, and he seems to sigh too frequently for its enjoyments and amusements to support that spirit which is the soul of enterprise and adventure.—The Scotch settler puts up with more inconveniences at first, and neglects comforts which the Englishman considers essential; and not till he has surmounted all his difficulties does he willingly enjoy the comforts of life. But few people, not excepting even the indefatigable Yankee, find themselves sooner at home than the Scotch Highlanders. When they are planted among a promiscuous population, no one is more anxious than they to rival the more respectable establishments of their neighbors. But wherever they inhabit a distinct settlement, says Mr. M'Gregor, in 1833, "their habits, their system of husbandry, their disregard for comfort in their houses, their ancient hospitable customs, and their language, undergo no change. They frequently pass the winter evenings reciting traditional poems in Gaelic; and I have known many who might, with more propriety, be called faithful counterparts of the Highlanders who fought at Culloden, than can now, from the changes which have, during the last fifty years, taken place, be found in any part of Scotland. In many instances as warm a veneration for the memory of the Stuarts exists among the old Highlanders who settled, about forty years ago, in different parts of America, as was ever felt for that family in Scotland; but with this difference, that they are sincerely and faithfully attached to the present royal family." There are but few indeed of these true-hearted Scots who do not, in some degree, feel a lingering wish to see their native country; nothing appears to destroy the warm affection they retain for the land where they first drew breath. This feeling descends to all their offspring born in Canada, and all call

the United Kingdom by the endearing name of "home."—The emigrant from Ireland is easily distinguished by his brogue, his confident manner, readiness of reply, and seeming happiness—although often describing his situation as worse than it is. Unlike the other emigrants, who buy a piece of land and settle at once, the Irish generally work some time for others, and are, in fact, almost the only hired laborers to be had in the province. In a country where ardent spirits are so cheap, intemperance (though less common now than formerly) is too prevalent among all classes of settlers, and most of all with those from the Green Isle. But, after being for a few years stationary settlers, they become steady farmers, moral in their habits, and kind, obliging neighbors.

The last class of British Canadians is the United Empire Loyalists, who, at the close of the first American war, emigrated from the United States to Upper Canada. They were kindly received, and liberally dealt with by the British Government, and settlements were assigned to them on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, from the western extremity of the French settlements up to and around the Bay of Quinté above Kingston. Farming utensils, building materials, and two years' provisions, were supplied to them; and, besides the land given to themselves, allotments of two hundred acres were granted to each of their children on attaining the age of twenty-one years. This has thrown into the hands of persons of small capital, and of little agricultural knowledge, larger tracts of land than they have been able beneficially to cultivate; and it would appear that, of the three million acres granted, little more than a hundred and fifty thousand are located. Of the remainder, a large proportion has fallen into the hands of other persons—often speculators—who have not themselves hitherto possessed the ability or the intention to bring them into cultivation. The houses of these American Loyalists are better constructed and more convenient and clean within than those of the Highland Scotch and Irish, or indeed those of any other settlers who have not lived some years in America. Their wives are remarkable for in-door cleanliness and orderly arrangements; but they seldom assist, like the Scotch and French Canadian women, in agricultural operations.

The land in Upper Canada is generally cultivated by its owner, as in the United States. In the Gore district, which lies at the head of Lake Ontario, and contains land of the best quality, only about one acre in twenty



is let to a tenant. In the newer settled districts, the system of letting in shares is most common. If the landlord gives only the land, he has a third; if he finds stock also, he gets two-thirds. In the older settled districts money-rents are common, and leases of seven years are granted, with restrictive conditions as to cropping. Good wheat land, within ten or twelve miles of a town, lets at two dollars—about two and half bushels an acre. Speaking of the Show of the Upper Canada Agricultural Society held at Kingston in 1849, Professor Johnston remarks:—"The thousands of people who came to it, the stock and implements exhibited, the respectable appearance, the orderly behaviour, the comfortable looks and cheerful faces of both male and female, spoke for a state of things at least not very unfourishing. The British blood is purer in Upper Canada than in the State of New York, where Dutch and German settlers occupy large portions of the territory, and crowd into the towns, but in both there is enough of its influence and energy seen everywhere to make a home-born man proud of his country and his people. Faces, persons, disposition, all look like home over again. The most pushing and impatient of the Colonial-born little imagine how very much they resemble the tens of thousands of men at home who restlessly gnaw the bit of restraint, by which order can alone be secured, and leisure obtained for cautious and steady progress, by which advances, economical and political, which all consider desirable, may be safely made and successively rendered secure."

The last variety of the human race inhabiting the shores of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, is the American. Though descended, in the main, from the same blood as the population of the British provinces, they differ from them in various respects, both physical and moral. In person, they are tall, spare, and long, with lank hair, sallow complexion, features rather long, and a sombre aspect. They seldom laugh. Apathy and energy are singularly mingled in their character. If a merchant in the Eastern States fails irretrievably, he will most phlegmatically pack himself and family on board a steamer, and off for the Far West; and though forty steamers are annually blown up on the western rivers, for the sake of saving a cent or two, a Yankee will stake unconcernedly on board the very worst, and stimulate the crazy boilers to bursting by his never-failing shout of "go-ahead." Like all thorough men of business, he is greedy of time; steam-

boat and rail-way-car must ape the whirlwind to keep pace with his impatience. He is thoroughgoing in all he does; and in carrying out his plans he has little sympathy for others. He worships the "almighty dollar," and is, heart and soul, an Utilitarian. Loyalty is a thing unknown to him, but his national vanity is intense. He thinks there is no country like his, no people like his, no institutions like his, and, in nine cases out of ten, no man like himself. But the British blood is not so pure in the States as in our provinces; and in the State of New York, which stretches along the southern bank of the St. Lawrence from St. Regis, at the head of Lake St. Francis, to half way along the shores of Lake Erie, there is a very large intermixture of German blood, which is certainly inferior to the Anglo-Saxon in spirit and energy.

Nevertheless, the prosperity of the State of New York has been very remarkable, and the sight of it has raised much murmuring in the breasts of the Upper Canadians. They have thoughtlessly contrasted the present condition of their own province and that of the American State, and finding the former inferior, they have ascribed the whole cause of this to defects in their institutions and to the folly or negligence of the Home Government. But the real cause does not lie there, neither does it lie in any inferior energy of the Upper Canadians. That truly British province has shown as much wisdom, and expended as much money, indeed more money, in proportion to its resources, in improving its natural advantages, as New York itself, the first State in the Union, and incomparably more than the average of the others. The rapid rise of New York, both city and state, is mainly due to the great influx of men and money from Europe; and this influx, again, has been chiefly owing to the ready communication it enjoys with the interior of the Continent by means of the Hudson River and the Erie Canal. Along this line of water communication, emigrants have poured from Europe to the new states of the West, while the surplus produce of these states, in turn, has been transported to New York or Europe along the same route. The formation of this Erie Canal (which, independent of the incalculably greater indirect advantages it confers, yields at present to the State of New York an annual profit of two and a half million dollars) was necessitated by the rapids on the line of the St. Lawrence, and especially by the impassable Falls of Niagara, which completely interrupted the communication

between the upper lakes and Lake Ontario. From the foot of Lake Erie, accordingly, this canal opens a ship-road to the river Hudson, which in turn pours a navigable stream to the ocean. Nevertheless, the line of the St. Lawrence is unquestionably the natural one from the Western States to the Atlantic; and the only obstacle to its general use is, Niagara and the rapids. If these can be obviated, the Erie Canal will obviously lose its monopoly; and perhaps also, instead of being the *only* line from the interior to the sea, may sink to a second-rate one. Let us see how matters at present stand, and what is likely to result in a few years hence.

For the last five-and twenty years, the Government of Upper Canada have shown themselves fully alive to the importance of the line of the St. Lawrence. First, the Welland Canal has been constructed, by which a perfect communication has been opened from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, and so that ships of heavy burden may now sail without impediment from any port on Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Erie, through Ontario, down to Prescott on the Canadian, and Ogdensburgh on the American side of the St. Lawrence, below which place the first rapids on that river occur. Next, the numerous rapids between this point and Montreal have also been flanked by canals, shorter or longer according to circumstances, by which the transit for large and loaded vessels, either upwards or downwards, has been rendered easy and safe. Thirdly, a magnificent harbor has been constructed at Montreal, costing upwards of £130,000; and the Lake St. Peter, between Montreal and Quebec, has been deepened and otherwise improved. Thus every obstacle in the navigation between the upper lakes and the Atlantic has been removed, and removed effectually—for all of these above-named canals have been made large enough for ocean ships. There is now but one drawback on this line; and that is the difficulties in the navigation of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The channel of the Gulf of St. Lawrence runs along the strike of upturned metamorphic beds of rock, and consists of alternate ridges and hollows.—Where these ridges are elevated, they form islands, rocks, and longitudinal reefs; while the valleys form the channels along which vessels proceed. About five miles below Quebec, the Isle d'Orleans divides the river into the North and South Channels; and beyond this island, which has a length of twenty miles, it is divided into three irregular—the north, middle, and south

—channels, by parallel ridges, the highest points of which form islands, and the lower, rocky or sandy reefs, visible only at low water. Shoals, also, at various points, stretch out from the south shore, which narrow and give still more intricacy to these channels. Hence at a place called the Traverse, or Narrows, about fifty-five miles below Quebec, though the river is there thirteen miles wide, the channel usually selected by pilots is only eighteen hundred yards in width, and, to add to the difficulty, the ebb-tide runs through it at the rate of seven, and the flood at five or six miles an hour, and there is no anchorage. The mouth of the gulf has also its dangers; for in winter and in early spring the seas there are boisterous, and much peril or actual damage is often encountered from icebergs. Such are the circumstances which occasion the higher rates of insurance usually demanded for vessels which sail to and from this river. No legislative interference, of course, can ward off icebergs from the banks of Newfoundland, or make the seas more safe in the bay of the St. Lawrence; but a people who have expended such large sums in improving the upper parts of the river, cannot hesitate to organize and maintain a sufficiently extensive lighthouse department, to give confidence and security to the navigator. Moreover, as the islands and coasts about the mouth of the St. Lawrence are ungenial, and for the most part uninhabited, depôts of provisions and other stores, in charge of the necessary number of people, should be established at different points where shipwrecks most frequently occur. These precautions, along with greater skill in the masters of vessels, would unquestionably reduce the casualties, and consequently the prices of insurance, to an ordinary rate.

In order to effect these important improvements, Lower Canada must shake off some of its lethargy, and co-operate with its more energetic brethren of the upper province. No selfish interest need keep it aloof from this noble enterprise; for Quebec and Montreal are both within its limits, and into them most abundantly will the coming traffic pour its wealth. Nor need they fear lest the investment prove unprofitable. On an expenditure of seventeen million dollars, the Erie Canal now pays an annual return of two and a half millions; and the line of the St. Lawrence is already commencing a career of rivalry. Extraordinary exertions have been made, from time to time, to facilitate the traffic along the Erie Canal, and to hasten the passage of the vessels with which it is

crowded; but every year causes new increase of traffic, and larger quantities are, in consequence, detained over winter, when frost puts a stop to navigation; and it has now become evident that this canal, however it may be enlarged, and however energetically managed, will soon be wholly inadequate to the demands of the western trade. The value of the St. Lawrence, then, becomes every day more clear. But this is by no means all, for the fact has already emerged that the line by this river is superior to that by the Erie Canal, both in saving of time and in saving of money. "For laden vessels coming down Lake Erie with cargoes for Europe," says Professor Johnston, "the two points of destination are, either Buffalo, at the mouth of the Erie Canal, on the New York side, or Port Maitland, at the mouth of the Welland Canal, on the Canadian side. If the vessel make for Buffalo, its cargo must be transhipped, sent 364 miles by canal, and then down the Hudson to New York, and be again transhipped at least once before it can be despatched to Europe. If it enter Port Maitland, it passes the canals without breaking bulk, and descends to Quebec in four days. Thence the same vessel may proceed direct to Europe, or the cargo may be transhipped, and, with a fair wind, may pass the banks of Newfoundland before it could reach New York by the way of the Erie Canal. Thus, *independent of possible detention* in this canal, it appears that time is saved by the St. Lawrence route; and every merchant knows the value of this element in commercial affairs. Again, the *cost* of transport from Albany to Buffalo is 7½ dollars per ton, while from Montreal to Port Maitland, ascending the river, it is only three dollars a ton; and the difference is greater in descending the river; so that the St. Lawrence is also a cheaper route than that by the Erie Canal. A fellow passenger of mine across the Atlantic informed me that, in bringing railroad iron from Liverpool to Cleveland in Ohio (on Lake Erie), he found that, independent of speed, the route of the St. Lawrence was 10s. a ton cheaper than any other he could take."

Thus the St. Lawrence will not only obtain the fast-increasing surplus traffic on the canal, but will actually obtain a much higher place than it in the estimation of merchants and shippers. Moreover, its greater cheapness of transport, and the means it affords of establishing direct communication, without transhipment, between Cleveland and all the ports on the upper lakes and Europe, will draw into this eastern channel a large traffic

which never sought Lake Erie, but made its long and tedious way down the Ohio and Mississippi. "The wheat and other produce of the valley of the Ohio, which was intended for the European markets, has hitherto, for the most part, descended those rivers, and, after a voyage of some thousands of miles, has reached New Orleans, whence it was reshipped to its European destination. But this long water-carriage, in the hot and humid climate of the regions through which these rivers flow, is found to affect the quality of the wheat; so that it rarely reaches Europe in so good a condition, or realizes so high a price, as similar wheat does which has been conveyed through the eastern states to the shores of the Atlantic."

So much for the value of the great Canadian river in transporting the commerce of the western states to Europe, and the goods, men, and produce of Europe into the centre of America: but even of the internal traffic between the western and eastern states of the Union the Erie Canal will by no means hold a monopoly. At Sorel, forty-five miles below Montreal, the St. Lawrence is joined from the south by the Richelieu, which has been made navigable, by the lock or dam of St. Ours, and the canal of Chambly (extending eleven and a half miles from the town of Chambly to St. John, between which places considerable interruptions occur in the bed of the river), up to Lake Champlain, from whence the Americans have a canal to the river Hudson; and it has been found that goods can by this route be carried to New York as cheaply, and with more certainty as to time, than by the hitherto exclusive line of the Erie Canal. A shorter ship-canal has also been projected from Caughnawaga, opposite to Montreal, but above the rapids, direct to Lake Champlain. It may therefore be confidently predicted, especially if this latter design be carried out, that a large portion of the traffic between the western regions and Atlantic borders of the states will pass in this direction, greatly adding, of course, to the income of the Canadian canals, and to the commercial establishments along the rivers.

On the whole, therefore, it appears certain that the river St. Lawrence is destined ere long to become a most important medium of intercourse between the various sections of the New World, as well as between the Old World and the New, and to give to the provinces of Canada a far more extensive and commanding influence over the commercial operations of North America than any other state east of Louisiana can ever aspire to.

The outlet which it affords to the produce of Ohio, and the other north-western districts of the Union, will become of incalculable importance in case of any rupture between the free and the slave states, as the mouth and keys of the Mississippi are completely in the hands of the latter. Such a rupture is not only inevitable, but at present appears close at hand; and as the free states of the north, and the Government, intend to oppose any secession from the Union by force of arms, it cannot be doubted that at least a temporary closing of the Lower Mississippi will be resorted to by the southern states. But by cultivating the route of the St. Lawrence, a hostile measure of this kind would fall less heavily upon the states of the interior; and most assuredly it would greatly benefit our British provinces. Already, however, and independent of all such contingencies, the future greatness of the line of the St. Lawrence is secured: and all that is required of our brethren in Canada is to be patient and bide their time.

We believe the recent cry for Annexation has chiefly arisen from seeing the superior progress of the American shores of the lakes; but if they properly investigate their own state and prospects, they will find no cause for discontent. The revenue from public works last year was no less than one-fifth greater than in 1849; and this, with the other abundant symptoms of prosperity lately experienced in the colony, will, it is to be hoped, revive the feelings of contentment and loyalty in the population of our North American provinces.\*

\* We are much indebted in this part of our article to Professor Johnston's recently published *Notes on North America*, an admirable work, the production of an impartial, practical, and deep-thinking man; and the best exposition we at present have of the agricultural, social, and economical condition of the northern portion of the New World. "It is thoughtless in travelers," he remarks, "to contrast the towns of Buffalo, Rochester, and Oswego, on the New York side of the lakes, with Colburn at the mouth of the Welland Canal, on the Canadian side of Lake Erie, or with Toronto and Kingston, on the opposite coasts of Lake Ontario; and to draw comparisons unfavorable to Canadian energy and enterprise, from the relative prosperity of these several places. There is quite as much energy in the blood of Upper Canada as there is in the British and German blood of western New York. But the local position of these towns of Upper Canada, and the condition of the inner country, forbids their becoming, for many years, equal in size or in wealth to the towns I have named. Suppose Colburn, like Buffalo, being at the end of canal navigation, had as large and growing a population behind it, and as extensive and valuable western territory before it,

It is evident that the traffic on the St. Lawrence will augment in the exact ratio of the increasing population and resources of the regions bordering on the lakes; and a fresh impulse to the colonization of the western districts has recently arisen from the discovery of large deposits of native copper, at various places in the State of Michigan and in the British north-western territory. The most important of these mines which have yet been discovered are in the peninsula which separates Lake Michigan from Lake Superior. The remarkable feature in these is, that the precious mineral occurs in immense sheets, or walls, of pure metallic copper, "as dense," says Dr. Charles Jackson, "as the densest hammered copper." It possesses the additional peculiarity of being intermixed with variable quantities of metallic silver, not diffused uniformly through the mass, but forming distinct crystals and crystallized masses, scattered through the body of the solid copper. To show the quantity and the quality of those valuable mines, we may mention that Dr. Jackson states that, at the Cliff Mine, "one mass of pure copper was extracted, when he was surveying the country, which weighed eighty tons; and other masses, probably of equal magnitude, were in process of being uncovered." Mr. Trowbridge, in his later report to the American Secretary of State, says, that "in proceeding along the fifth level of the same mine, he passed a mass of copper 625 feet in length, and varying from one to two and a half feet in thickness; its depth was unknown. At one place, Captain Jennings (the mine captain) said, 'Here are a hundred tons of pure copper in sight.' On the second level we passed another of the same description," &c. In the Minnesota mine, Mr. Hodge describes a sheet which he saw, having a known length of 150 feet, a height of eight feet, and a thickness in some places of five feet. What was visible in the overhanging wall of this drift was estimated to contain two hundred and fifty tons of copper.

and that the highway from Europe lay through it, instead of through Buffalo, then Colburn would have rivalled or exceeded Buffalo even at this early period of their several histories. But this slow town of Colburn, as many have thought and called it, has nevertheless a great future before it. With the settlement of the interior, also, and the increase of means of intercommunication, Toronto, as the natural course of the cross-country traffic from Lake Huron, and Kingston, from its situation at the head of the St. Lawrence, will both become seats of commercial wealth, and towns of political importance."



The Cliff mine alone, in 1840, shipped what is equal to about 560 tons of pure copper; and from what is already known of this copper region, it is impossible not to believe that in ten years this quantity will be increased tenfold. So that not only will the United States, which at present import about 5400 tons of copper a-year, be fully supplied, but a surplus will be seeking foreign markets, as the Upper Mississippi is now doing for its superabundant lead.\* It is not yet known over what extent of territory these copper deposits spread; but unquestionably they are sufficiently abundant to attract fresh crowds of emigrants, and so to hasten the time when population shall spread all around the wide shores of Lake Superior, and settlements be found on the river St. Louis (the tiny head of the mighty St. Lawrence), as they were three centuries ago at its mouth.

But even here does not end the Line of the Lakes. Amid the woods and plains of the Far West, countless lakes are glimmering—lakes hardly yet ruffled even by the bark-canoe, and whose shores are still tenantless, save for the wild buffalo or the roving Indian. Ignorance still wraps many of them as if with the darkness of their own primeval forests; but that ignorance is rapidly dissipating, and the woods themselves must ere long give way before the pioneers of civilization. The vast country lying to the west of Lake Superior, styled the Indian or Northwest territory, possesses almost every variety of soil and climate. A great portion of the region lying south of Lake Athabasca, and west of the Stony Mountains, is eminently adapted for agriculture, and its splendid forests and brown savannahs abound with buffalo, moose, caraboo, and common deer, while its lakes and rivers swarm with great varieties of fish. This remote territory possesses resources capable of yielding sustenance and independence to many millions of inhabitants; and though but mere spots here and there have been hitherto subjected to cultivation, ere the grand cycle of the world closes, its vast solitary places will all have been replenished by the increasing and multiplying race of man.

Although much obscurity still hangs over this remote region, one watery highway, at least, can be discerned running westwards through the solitudes. In the heights im-

mediately to the west of Lake Superior, and possibly connectable with its waters, rises the river La Pluie, which rolls its current westward into the lonely Lake of the Woods; and this lake in turn discharges its waters by a rapid river into the irregularly-shaped Lake Winnipeg, two hundred and forty miles long, and varying from five to fifty-five miles in breadth, which communicates with the Northern Sea by two rivers which discharge its surplus waters into Hudson's Bay. Among its tributaries are the Assinboin and Red rivers, upon the latter of which streams Lord Selkirk planted a settlement in 1812; but by far the most important is the Saskatchewan, which rolls a vast flood from the south-west, where it takes its rise among the Rocky Mountains. The country through which this river flows is a succession of broad level prairies; so that up its channel, or by side canals if necessary, men in future ages will sail to the very foot of the mountain-range which separates eastern from western America. A portage through one of the passes of the mountains would bring us directly upon the head-waters of the Columbia River, down whose deep rushing stream vessels will descend by locks to the western ocean. Here, along the shores of the Pacific, for twelve hundred miles, extends a British territory, abounding with innumerable bays and harbors, islands and rivers, magnificent forests and plentiful fisheries; and enjoying a climate which, like the western side of all continents, is much milder than countries under the same latitude in the eastern coasts. And so, by this long line of lakes and rivers, will this region be united to the British American territories on the shores of the Atlantic, and the progress of civilized mankind be facilitated to the still solitary shores of the Pacific.

There is no continent so fitted as America to receive the benefits of steam-navigation; and, of all America, there is no region where it can be used so extensively as in the Line of the Lakes. There, at America's greatest breadth, an almost level tract of country spreads for nearly four thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Rocky Cordillera, unbroken by any mountain-range, and whose highest peaks cannot vie with those of our own little island. With the exception of a single narrow break between Lake Superior and the River La Pluie, and which may possibly be connectable, one long vast line of water-communication extends from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the very foot of the Rocky Mountains; while an offshoot of two rivers connects it with Hudson's Bay; and so intimately con-

\* Great Britain is at present one of the great sources whence copper is obtained for the use of the globe, and the quantity annually extracted at its various smelt-works is about 25,000 tons, one-half of which is from Cornish ores.

nected are the wide valleys of Ottawa, St. Lawrence, Hudson, and other rivers, that from the shores of Long Island Sound in the south, to Hudson's Bay in the north, a vast network of water-communication penetrates and unites the different parts of the country in all directions. Here, then, will steam-navigation, one of the greatest triumphs of man over nature, display its marvels. Over those lakes, up those rivers, will it impel the ships of commerce, laughing at the winds, virtually annihilating tides and currents, and ascending even rapids, in its irresistible course. And along with it, will man and civilization penetrate the wilderness, displaying amid primeval forests the triumphs of Art, and rearing a temple to the God of Nature in her deepest solitudes. Stream and lake, field and forest, will yet be converted to the uses of commerce and civilization; and long after the red man and the buffalo have disappeared from the plains, the fair, white-skinned sons of Japhet will "increase and multiply" upon the prairies of the West.

When we reflect upon the gradual extinction of the aborigines of America, from the Frozen Sea to Cape Horn, and the unceasing spread over its plains of the people and religion of Europe, two designs of Providence—or rather, perhaps, one grand plan—seems to dawn upon us. Are we not warranted in supposing that Providence so long held America from our knowledge, in order that Christianity, after fighting its way to a contested supremacy in the Old World, might there find a new world in which to develop itself untrammelled; and that the northern

and largest half of that continent was reserved for the noblest of human races, the Anglo-Saxon? The blessings of Christianity, the freedom and energy of the Anglo-Saxons—do not these sum up all that a land can wish? And these are the gifts of America. Fast and surely the wave of emigration is moving over the prairies of the Far West; from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, mankind are advancing abreast, "like an army with banners," thirteen miles every year. Fearlessly the pioneers of that vast host plunge into the wild places of nature, armed only with their axe and their Bible. Let them cherish that Bible, and their empire will flourish. It is the charter by which they hold the land. It was to make way for Christianity and a new civilization that the old tribes were permitted to die out; and to carry these to their fullest development is the mission of the race which has succeeded them. May they be true to their mission!

In the course of ages yet to roll, should Christianity, amid the corruptions of old civilization and the violence of infidel revolutions, become lifeless in Europe, and the rude but regenerating arms of Muscovites spread in triumph to the shores of the Atlantic—America, let us hope, will still reflect to her sunny skies, from her thousand hills and rivers, a land of Christians; and then and there will the Anglo-Saxons, overshadowing the fane of their tiny but brilliant home in Britain, erect their mighty empires, unrivalled and omnipotent, the lords of the New World.

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A RELIC OF THE FRENCH MARINE.—A model of the first French ship of the line, constructed at Dieppe, early in the 17th century, has just been sold in France, among the effects of M. Duchat, who was a naval commissaire under the Empire. The model and the ship were constructed in 1637. The vessel carried 76 guns in battery, and was 135 feet long, and of excellent proportions. It was called the *Couronne*, and had a long and glorious career. Cardinal Richelieu, who, after the

siege of Rochelle, devoted much attention to the development of the French marine, expressed great satisfaction with this ship, and settled upon the builder, M. Morin, a pension of £3000, and bestowed upon him some title of honor. The model was sold to a rich Hollander, who has a numerous collection of similar models. Its authenticity is indisputable, although it is said to be in a bad state of preservation.

From the Critic.

## THE QUARTERLY REVIEW AND ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

IN the year 1807, five years after the establishment of *The Edinburgh Review*, John Murray, subsequently the famed bookseller of Albemarle street, was beginning to make himself known as a publisher of enterprise and spirit. His was one of those businesses, formerly common in London, which had descended from father to son for more than a century; and its present possessor brought to it the mixture of caution and daring which is essential to great success as a publisher. He had already been attracted to the new and striking revival of literature north of the Tweed, and, with characteristic boldness, had sought and obtained a share in the copyright of Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*. Now, it so happened that *Marmion* had been somewhat cavalierly criticised by Jeffrey in the pages of *The Edinburgh*, and, in these cases, publishers are perhaps to the full as sensitive as poets. Murray, moreover, was a Tory, and saw with dismay the talent and information of *The Edinburgh* carrying Liberal doctrines into houses whence they would have been for ever rigidly excluded, had they come in any other company than that of lively and instructive criticism on the whole field of contemporary literature. Could nothing be done to counteract it? Why not start in London another review conducted on solid Tory principles, and with literature equal to that of *The Edinburgh*? The ministry was a Tory one, and, in presence of the formidable attacks of *The Edinburgh*, would repay support by valuable political information. Then as to literature, the wits of *The Anti-Jacobin* still survived; the chief of them, Canning, was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and its editor, Gifford, was wasting himself on the elder dramatists. Scholarship and science could be furnished in any quantity by the Universities. Sir Walter himself, the aggrieved author of *Marmion*, was a stern Tory, and would surely lend his aid. Southey had given up the republican dreams of his early youth, and he, of all men, might be supposed to bear a grudge against *The Edin-*

*burgh*, which had so mauled himself and his friends. The project was a smiling one, and not to be slept upon. In the year 1807, Murray wrote a letter to Canning, breaking the matter, and requesting his patronage. The letter is supposed to have received no answer at the time, but the scheme was not overlooked by the keen statesman. Next year, Murray paid a visit to Scotland to confer with Sir Walter respecting future works, but above all, to consult him about the new Review. The sagacious Scott jumped at the proposal; wrote to every London friend who could possibly co-operate; put the Lord Advocate and Canning in communication on the subject, and pressed the acceptance of the Editorship upon Gifford. The quick ears of Jeffrey caught a rumor of what was going forward, and he hastened to offer terms, promising that no more party politics should appear in *The Edinburgh*. But it was too late. Jeffrey's very alarm strengthened the hopes of the projectors, and, on the 1st of February, 1809, appeared the opening number of *The Quarterly Review*.

William Gifford, the first editor of *The Quarterly*, a post which he retained till within a year of his death, in 1826, was a "little dumpled up man," who, from being a provincial shoemaker, had worked and lashed his way (with the help of lucky stars) to be the critic-king of London literature. He had edited *The Anti-Jacobin*, translated *Juvenal* (a most congenial occupation), swept into the tomb the whole race of Della Cruscans, by his satire *The Baviad and Mæviad*, and was expending on new editions of the elder dramatists the mingled research and acrimony which in other times would have made him terrible among commentators on the classics. His chief contributors, at starting, were Southey, Sir Walter Scott (both of whom had articles in the first number), Geo. Ellis, of "Specimens" notoriety, William Rose, the translator of *Ariosto*, Matthias, of *The Pursuits of Literature*, the good Reginald Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and

to them were gradually added, among many others, Sir John Barrow, who had been with Lord Macartney to China, and John Wilson Crocker, both of them, at some period, Secretaries to the Admiralty. There is one thing that deserves to be noted in the connection of some of these persons with *The Quarterly*—namely, its persistency. Southey and Scott, who wrote in its first number, continued writing in it till within a year or two of their deaths—Scott's last article appearing in 1828, and Southey's in 1838. Sir John Barrow himself assures us that he wrote 200 articles, and one of the last of them, not many years ago, on "Life Assurance," is familiar to many of our readers. Another thing worth pointing attention to, is the extreme versatility of the writers. Take, for instance, Southey and Sir John Barrow. It would be difficult to say on what subject these two worthies have not written in *The Quarterly*: politics, history, biography, travels, geography, and general literature, every topic came commended to their ready pens. Reginald Heber stuck pretty closely to poetry, and most of the reviews of Byron's works, for instance, are from his hand—impartial reviews—although Murray published both *The Quarterly* and Byron. His lordship, by the way, made great use of Gifford as a polisher of his works, and it is amusing to see the deference paid in the noble poet's correspondence to the "little dumpled up man." Few men have had a greater fear of critics and criticism, than Byron.

The success of *The Quarterly* was of course considerable, but was due more to its championship of Toryism and orthodoxy than to its writing, which, however solid and respectable, fell far short of the vivacity of *The Edinburgh*, under so quick and sparkling an editor as Jeffrey. Of the earliest contributors to *The Edinburgh*, the essays of three have been republished in a collective form—Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Mackintosh; while, of the earliest contributors to *The Quarterly*, only one, Southey, has enjoyed a similar honor; and, in his case, a very sparse and careful selection was made. Yet, in those two little volumes of Southey's Essays, there is probably more seriousness and more thought that has produced important results, than in all the essays put together, of all the writers (with one exception) in the two great reviews. For although Southey had given up the republicanism of his early youth, and had become, indeed, as fervent a Tory as any in the three kingdoms, he had not relinquished his ardent zeal for increasing the

happiness and welfare of the great mass of the community. His early aims were still what they had been, although he had changed his view of the means by which they were to be effected. Instead of complaining that England was not as ancient Greece and Rome had been, he now complained that it had ceased to be the merry England of the olden time. And he set to work to show the panegyrists of his age the substantial and blessed good that had informed the old institution; the feudalisms, and monasticisms, and kingships; the simple and solid modes of life of England's ancestral past. As Coleridge was the father of Puseyism—the speculative resuscitation of the past—so Southey was the father of the present movement, which aims at its practical resuscitation. The new and unexpected phenomenon in the Church, which is known as Christian Socialism, owes its existence to Southey more than to any other man. And, strange to say, the most practical schemes of the century for the improvement of the people, such as emigration, education, the reproductive employment of paupers, the reclamation of waste lands, were first propounded, not in the "Liberal" *Edinburgh*, but in the *Tory Quarterly*, and by Robert Southey. Whether we agree, or whether we differ with him, it is impossible not to admire the spirit which breathes from all his writings on the condition of the people. Gifford died in December of 1826, and about a year before that event, the editorship of *The Quarterly* passed into the hands of Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and one of the cleverest men in the three kingdoms, who, after a tenure of a quarter of a century, still continues to hold it. Mr. Lockhart is, of course, a Scotchman. At Glasgow College, he obtained the "Exhibition," which carries its fortunate possessor to Balliol College, Oxford, and educates him there, on condition that he shall enter the Church. This condition Mr. Lockhart seems, however, to have somewhat evaded; on taking his degree, he became, not an ecclesiastic, but an Edinburgh advocate, equivalent to the "bar-rister" of London. A man of varied accomplishments, as well as of great general (and satirical) talent, he, like Southey, had taken a fancy to Spanish Literature, and his earliest productions were spirited translations from ancient Spanish ballads, and an edition of Motteux's translation of *Don Quixote*, with a rather excellent life of Cervantes prefixed. When Mr. Lockhart became an Edinburgh advocate, *Blackwood's Magazine* was in the full swing of what was once an audacious



and rollicking career, and John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart became sworn friends. Many was the literary prank they played together; Wilson contributing the *very* hot water and sugar, Lockhart the lemon of the intellectual punch with which they intoxicated the readers of *Blackwood*. In Edinburgh society, Mr. Lockhart is still remembered as "the scorpion;" and, a person now of rather secluded life and silent disposition, he is never so happy as when he can gather some Scotch friends about him, and discuss the latest scandal of "Auld Reekie." One of his few books, in those early years, was a work that is still sometimes read—*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*—a series of personal sketches of Edinburgh society, especially literary society, which subjected him to something of the reproach which may, much less justly, be laid to the charge of Mr. Herodotus Smith. Lockhart's first introduction to Sir Walter Scott happened in the year 1818, and the author of *Waverley* took marked notice of a young man of such talent and orthodox principles, invited him to Abbotsford, and in 1820 gave him a daughter in marriage. In 1824, Lockhart published his novel of *Reginald Dalton*, a novel of great talent. The following year, it was not difficult for the approved and clever son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott to become, on the resignation of Gifford, editor of *The Quarterly Review*. Since then he has produced an account of Napoleon, a Life of Burns, and the very well known Life of Sir Walter Scott. We have been promised Lives of Cervantes and Lord Clive, from his pen; but (alas!) instead of him, Mr. Thos. Roscoe has done the one, and the Rev. G. R. Gleig the other!

A man of Lockhart's talent and connection might have been expected to make much more of *The Quarterly* than he has done; but it is understood that he has all along been rather hampered by others, and that he has, in truth, been merely a prime minister to two rather arbitrary kings, John I. and John II., Albemarle street. It is what Carlyle would call "a fact significant of much," that it would be difficult to point to a single *political* article in the Review from the pen of Lockhart; almost all of that genus have come from the indefatigable Southey, or the more indefatigable Barrow, or the most indefatigable John Wilson Croker. Indeed, though Mr. Lockhart often writes, and excellent articles too, on miscellaneous topics of general literature, they are seldom very striking, and almost the last which impressed one at once, as by the author of

Peter's Letters and Reginald Dalton, was a racy and dashing memoir of poor Theodore Hook, himself a sort of English Lockhart, and, therefore, without the "canniness" which but seldom fails to carry our Northern friends safe to their journey's end. Theodore himself had been a contributor to *The Quarterly*, and flayed alive there that sentimental German dandy, Prince Puckler Muskau. Nor, while on the subject of satirical articles, must we forget the authoress of the *Letters from the Baltic*, Miss Rigby, a frequent contributor to *The Quarterly*, and who did for German "emancipated women" what Hook did for their "emancipated men." Bettina von Arnin and Rahel Levin are neither of them probably what Miss Rigby took them for—but even Miss Fanny Lewald must have tittered (if such a thing be possible) at Miss Rigby's story of the aged Bettina at the play, leaning her bewigged head on the handsome young officer's shoulder, and sentimentally ejaculating, "Bettina is sleepy."

But the great contributor to *The Quarterly Review* has been, and is, the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, formerly secretary to the Admiralty, and to the late Marquis of Hertford. Since the Reform Bill released the Right honorable gentleman from the burdensome duties of the Admiralty Secretaryship, he has enjoyed a dignified literary leisure, the fruits of which are generally to be seen every three months, in the shape of one or two articles in *The Quarterly Review*. It was the right honorable gentleman who in the *Quarterly* conducted the literary campaigns of Conservatism against the Reform Bill and the Anti-Corn-Law League. It was he who scarified Miss Martineau, and lately "cut up" Lord Holland's Memoirs, and he, too, from time to time edifies the public with charming extracts from the records of the First French Revolution. Like the steam-engine and the elephant's proboscis in Jeffrey's famous sentence, the right honorable gentleman can with equal ease pick up a pin or rend an oak.

There is an evident advantage to a keen Tory politician like the right honorable gentleman, in his extensive knowledge of the First French Revolution. History, as it is well known, is Philosophy teaching by experience, and the horrors of that terrible phenomenon become, in Mr. Croker's hands, an instructive warning against the perils of Liberalism. Few men have taken the pains of the right honorable gentleman to acquaint themselves with the French Revolution. An enormous collection of French revolutionary books, pamphlets, handbills, placards, news-

papers, &c., &c., which occupies the whole side of one of the large galleries of the reading-room of the British Museum, was presented to that establishment by the right honorable gentleman, and he informs us that he has since collected another equally large. Of late, too, the Revolution of 1848 has shared his thoughts, and, indeed, almost promises, so far as he is concerned, to put the nose of its tremendous grandfather out of joint. While on this subject, we must mention, before we forget it, that M. Guizot, when in England, after the outbreak of February, contributed to *The Quarterly*, being probably impelled thereto by the want which, like Death, levels all men—the want of cash!

The death, and, long before the death, the failing abilities of Southey left a gap in the historical, ecclesiastical, and social departments of the Review; but his place was ably supplied. Lord Mahon, not long ago, collected two pleasant little volumes of historical essays which he had contributed to *The Quarterly*. Then, in social matters, Lord Ashley himself (now Lord Shaftesbury) is said to have written on Collieries, and Mines, and Factories, his labors in connection with which are destined, some people say, to conduct him to the Premiership. Ecclesiastical and theological matters have been, till lately at least, in the hands of that striking person, the Rev. William Sewell, now an Oxford tutor, the author of *Christian Morals*, once the superintendent of a semi-monastic educational establishment in Ireland, and who recently came before the public with the most sweeping plan of University Reform that has yet been propounded. Instead of bringing the multitude to the Universities, the Universities, according to Mr. Sewell, were to go to the multitude, and in all the large manufacturing and other towns, Oxford and Cambridge graduates were to lecture in public halls, no

tests being required, save for the theological courses. Mr. Sewell may be easily detected in *The Quarterly*, by a certain strain and swell of style. The rather famous article in that periodical on Carlyle was from his pen.

Among persons of note who have occasionally contributed to *The Quarterly*, under the editorship of Mr. Lockhart, may be mentioned Apperley, the well known "Nimrod" of the sporting world; Mr. Hayward, the barrister, and translator of *Faust* (whose quarrel with Mr. Roebuck our legal readers will remember); Mr. H. N. Coleridge, the introducer to the Greek Classic Poets; the Bishop of London, and the two Heads, Sir Francis and Sir George. Mr. Serjeant Talfourd deserted *The Edinburgh* to review Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, and it is currently reported that Lord Brougham himself was guilty of a similar abandonment to criticise the new edition of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*. Mr. Kinglake, the racy author of *Eothen*, handled his fellow-traveller in the East, Mr. Monckton Milnes, *apropos* of the Harem, and the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, to whom, as to Lord Ashley, some people prophesy the Premiership, reviewed the ever-shifting career of poor Blanco White, not, we suppose, without a certain sympathy. Among the steady contributors at present are the well known Dean Milman, Mr. Holmes of the British Museum, who did so much for Lord Braybrooke's *Pepys*, and has managed to make even the subject of Catalogues amusing; and last, not least, Mr. Richard Ford, the author of the *Handbook of Spain*, to whom, with what truth we know not, has been attributed the series of amusing articles on agricultural matters, which have been one of the best features of the *Quarterly*, and whom Mr. Anthony Panizzi has to thank as a friend in need for a recent article on the Museum Library.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## A TALE OF DAYS NOT LONG GONE BY.

THERE resided some years ago in London a young surgeon named Gerald Spencer. He was the younger son of a gentleman of good family, but small fortune; and as everything that remained to the father was entailed on the eldest son, a good professional education was all that Gerald could expect from his father, and it was all he got. But in the matter of education nothing was spared; and as Gerald had both the will and the ability to profit by the instructions he received, there was great reason to hope for a successful professional career. It is often a good thing for a young man to have nobody to rely on but himself. Those who have something to fall back upon hope to *do* and *may do*; but he *must do or die*; and this stern alternative quickens a man's wits, and lends amazing vigor to his energies. Gerald felt the full force of the necessity; and all the more, that he was deeply in love with the daughter of one of his father's neighbors. He had known Lucy Manwaring from her childhood, for she was six years his junior, and he had loved her ever since he was old enough to know what love was. But though she was the daughter of a gentleman, like himself she had nothing but her personal qualifications to recommend her. These, however, were considerable, for she was both amiable, pretty, and intelligent, and, above all, devotedly attached to her lover, respecting whose talents she was quite enthusiastic.

"You may not think Gerald a sufficiently good match for me now, Papa," she would say; but I know the day will come that you will be proud to call Gerald your son-in-law!"

"That may be: I do not dispute Mr. Spencer's talents; but in the meantime he has no money; and however clever a young man may be, it is often years before he gets into practice."

"Very well, papa, we are in no hurry. I don't think it will be so long as you expect before Gerald makes his way. Such talents as his cannot long remain unknown; but, as I said just now, we are in no hurry; and he would be quite as averse to our marriage

taking place prematurely as you would be. He said only the last time he was here, that until he had a comfortable home to offer me, he would never mention the subject to you."

"Very well, Lucy, so much the better; only don't let him mention it to you either; and take care you have not to wait for him till all the bloom is off your cheeks."

"I'm not afraid, papa," answered Lucy; "but even if it were so, Gerald would love me just the same, and we could be very happy without the bloom."

Secure of his love and sanguine of success, Gerald thought he could wait too: bright anticipations of the future lent a charm to labor that was to be so sweetly rewarded; and after studying at Paris and Vienna, and rendering himself in all respects worthy of the public patronage he counted on, with the assistance of his father he took a small house in the neighborhood of Golden-square, and with a brass plate on the door, announcing his name and profession, he sat down to wait for patients; and patients came, not a few, betwixt the hours of nine and eleven o'clock, when it was understood he was at home; but alas, how seldom did one of them bring a guinea in his hand! They were all paupers, or next to it—people whom he had attended in the hospitals, or such as were sent by these; for, enthusiastic in his art, he had willingly and carefully investigated and ministered to the maladies of the poor, and when they learned where he was to be found, they crowded to his door. And he was content to see them—they offered subjects for study and improvement; but there would be no getting on without a few rich ones too: how else was he to pay his rent, and have a home for Lucy? However, there was nothing to do but to wait and hope, and he did both—wearing though such waiting is to a man eager to rise, and who knows he has the capacity to do so, if he could only once get his foot on the ladder.

The disappointments and anxieties that have attended the early career of many a man who has afterwards risen to eminence,

have been so frequently described that they need not be dwelt upon here: it is enough to say that poor Gerald Spencer endured them all; and as he had spoken with confidence of his certain success, both to his own friends and his mistress, it was doubly mortifying to find his performance falling so far short of his promise, that the first year he was obliged to apply to his father for money to pay his rent—a favor that was not granted without some vexatious allusions to the large sums that had been spent on an education which it was high time should produce its harvest. But still the rich drove past his door, flying for relief to men whose established reputations inspired hope and confidence, whilst he was exercising all his skill on patients who had nothing but blessings to give him in return. But although blessings are indeed blessed things, they will not furnish a man's table nor pay his rent, still less can he marry upon them; and the young surgeon's heart grew sick with disappointment, as his hopes faded from day to day.

"Yes," he would say to himself with bitterness, "when the present generation have died off; when Astley Cooper and Cline, and all the rest of them are gone; when I am fifty years old, and Lucy Manwaring is married to somebody else—for how can I expect her to wait for me all her life?—and is, perhaps, the mother of a dozen children, I shall get into practice and drive my carriage. I had better have been born a day-laborer than be the son of a gentleman with an empty purse, and talents I can find no opportunity of exercising."

His position was so difficult too, for his pride forbade him to tell the whole truth; and whilst he was holding out fallacious hopes to his mistress, he found them as far as ever from realization.

Amongst the students of medicine he had become acquainted with about the hospitals, was one called O'Grady. He was an Irishman, as his name indicated, apparently of low birth, and without connections and with little talent or industry. Neither did he seem to evince any desire or ambition to rise. He seemed either conscious that he was born for mediocrity or content with a little; but that little he never appeared to want. Yet those who had known him longest had understood from himself that he had no private resources, but had come to London to trade on his talents and education, like many amongst them. It occurred to Gerald sometimes to wonder how he contrived to live; whether he might not have fallen into some inferior line of practice

that paid in some degree—a practice that, in perspective, he would himself have scorned, but now he would be too glad to take anything he could get. With the view of finding out O'Grady's secret, he cultivated his society, which, from not liking him, he had originally rather avoided. When the Irishman saw him disposed to be civil, he showed himself ready enough to meet him half way; and one day, as they quitted one of the hospitals together, he invited him to dine with him at an eating-house he frequented in the neighborhood.

The dinner was not in grand style, but it was plentiful, and O'Grady called for a bottle of wine to relish it—a luxury the other was little accustomed to.

"Upon my word, O'Grady," said he, "you make it out capitally, if this is the style you live in every day. I don't know how it is, but though I get plenty of patients, I never get a fee."

"Nor I either," said O'Grady. "Why, man, if I depended on fees, I should not get butter to my bread."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Gerald, "you have doubtless some private resources. Fortunate man, say I! I wish I had."

O'Grady did not deny the imputation, and so the matter rested for that time; but as, either for motives of his own or from good nature, he not unfrequently invited Gerald to share his dinner, the intimacy continued till a degree of confidence was established between them that led to momentous results.

"As for my getting into practice here, I look upon it as out of the question, without some extraordinary lucky hit," said O'Grady one day. "I mean by-and-bye to go back to old Ireland, where, in some miserable hole or another, I shall settle down as a country doctor, and spend the rest of my life astride of the sharp backbone of an Irish horse. But you ought to get into practice; you have not only abilities but industry, and there isn't a man amongst us who has a better right to get on than you have."

"And yet this ability and industry you are pleased to attribute to me will scarcely find me in bread and cheese. And the hard part of it is, that when fortune turns her back upon a man in this manner in the beginning of life, one can't—at least I can't—afford to wait until she is in better humor. I suppose practice will come by-and-bye, when I am forty or fifty years of age; but how am I to live and keep up appearances in the meantime?"

"If I had your gift of the gab," said



O'Grady, "and knew as much about the thing as you do, I'd give lectures on anatomy. In that way you'd get known."

"But who'd come to them? That is, who'd pay to come to them?—and without fees I couldn't do it."

"I'll tell you what would bring you fees."

"What?"

"Not talking alone, I admit; but get subjects—show 'em what you teach, and you'll get plenty of students to come to you, I warrant."

"I daresay. But how am I to get subjects? Why, K—— gave forty pounds for one lately."

"I know that," answered O'Grady; "but there are ways of doing it;" and then, with his elbows on the table, he leaned across, and in a low voice communicated to Gerald the secret he alluded to.

At that time—and it is not so very many years since these circumstances occurred—surgeons were expected, as much as now, to be acquainted with all the mysteries of the human frame, whilst the legislature placed every impediment in the way of their diving into its secrets. There was no provision made for supplying them with subjects, whilst to obtain them by violating the graveyards was an unlawful act. Of course, however, they *were* so obtained; many a man lived by the trade, and the surgeons were under the necessity of countenancing the crime, or of remaining in ignorance of what they were bound to know. Some of the dire consequences of this short-sighted legislation became known to the world, and we have a verb adopted in our vocabulary which will carry down the legend to posterity; but it is well understood that there were many more deaths by *burking* in different parts of the kingdom, especially in London, than ever became public, as also that the annals of the resurrectionists would record many strange escapes and frightful adventures.

But to return to our story. Shortly after the conversation alluded to betwixt Spencer and O'Grady, the former made known his intention of giving lectures on anatomy; indeed he put advertisements into the papers to that effect, whilst it was secretly circulated amongst the students that a subject would be provided for each lecture. As the opportunities for practical observation were so limited as to render such occasions extremely desirable, and as the abilities of the lecturer were well known amongst students of medicine, he had even from the first a pretty good attendance: and their favorable report

spreading, soon brought more, especially as the fee was moderate, till at length he could boast of a crowded audience. Of course every man present was aware that the subjects, which formed the chief attraction, were illegally procured; but it was everybody's interest to keep the secret, and nobody sympathizes with laws that run counter to human necessities. So the lectures continued and flourished; and the fame they shed brought patients, till the young surgeon's fortunes improved so far, and promised so well for the future, that he ventured to make his proposals to Mr. Manwaring; and the lovers being quite weary of living on protracted hope, they pleaded their own cause so energetically that the father's consent was won, and they were married.

On this event taking place, trusting that his practice would increase, and be sufficient to maintain himself and his wife, Mr. Spencer resolved to abandon for ever those midnight expeditions with O'Grady to which his pecuniary necessities had won him to consent, but which he had never undertaken without feelings of horror and disgust, as well as extreme apprehension of the danger of a discovery, which would probably have so far shocked the public as to do him irreparable mischief in his professional career.

For some little time, therefore, he depended on his legitimate profits to furnish funds for his family expenses; but these were not always sufficient, and an empty purse sometimes drove him to his old resources—resources, however, of which his wife remained wholly ignorant. That he gave lectures occasionally she knew, and that he was every now and then out great part of the night with his friend O'Grady; but how they were employed, though she sometimes wondered, she was never told.

In the meantime Lucy, who having yet no child, had a great deal of time to herself, and who had been accustomed in the country to visit and minister to the poor of the neighborhood, had joined a society of benevolent ladies, which had originated in a proposal of Mrs. Fry and a sister of hers, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck—a beautiful woman, who married a German, or rather, I believe, a Dutchman—for the purpose of visiting, improving, and relieving the poor of the metropolis. Each lady had her district appointed, and some of these spread over extremely bad neighborhoods; but the founders of this society maintained that, in the very worst, there existed no danger for the visitor; and they themselves fearlessly set

the example of going into quarters that less enthusiastic women would have certainly eschewed.

Lucy, however, was an enthusiast both in benevolence and religion; and she would have despised herself for refusing to follow where those she looked up to led. She therefore cheerfully accepted the district appointed to her, which was none of the best; and as experience seemed to confirm the opinion of the presiding ladies, she went amongst all sorts of people without fear—witnessing an immense deal of wretchedness, the consequence of an immense deal of vice, from which generally, though the least corrupted, the women were the deepest sufferers, and it was by them she was most gratefully received. Often, when the men were sullen, the wives expressed by their tears feelings they durst not otherwise give vent to—above all, when they saw their sick children relieved and comforted.

Amongst others there was a house in her district, the ground-floor of which was occupied by some people of the name of Vennell. The family consisted of a man and his wife, and two children; and although they lived in a great deal of dirt and muddle, and apparent wretchedness, they did not seem to be in any want, which was a circumstance the less to be expected, that Vennell, from all she could learn, was an idle fellow, who followed no regular occupation, and his wife was a sickly woman, not fit for any.

On the whole, it was a very unpromising sort of *menage*; and on Lucy's first visit the woman received her so uncivilly, saying, amongst other things, that they wanted nothing of her, that she had not repeated it. Being informed, however, some time afterwards, that Mrs. Vennell was very ill, she called, and found her in bed with a rheumatic fever; whereupon she not only sent the district physician to attend her, but being anxious to make an impression on the woman, who, from having rejected her ministrations, she concluded to be more than commonly in want of them, she returned frequently, carrying her such little comforts and indulgences as the funds of the society could afford, and often reading to her for an hour at a time by her bedside. The effect of all this kindness, however, was not very visible. The woman seemed in a certain degree grateful, but she was not softened. She continued close and reserved, and there was a dark, ominous cloud ever on her brow, that produced an involuntary impression against her. Nevertheless, Lucy, whose enthusiasm

was only exalted by difficulties, felt that the worse Mrs. Vennell's spiritual condition was the more she was bound to persevere in her efforts to ameliorate it; so she continued her visits, though by this time the woman was able to rise from her bed, and was fast recovering her usual state of health.

One afternoon, late in the month of October, in the year 1816, Lucy had been visiting her district, and finding she had a little wine to spare, which she thought would be an excuse for a call on Mrs. Vennell, she went round that way. The woman was up, nursing one of her children, both of whom were young; but she looked unusually sorrowful, and, as Lucy thought, the cloud on her brow lowered darker than ever.

"I've brought you a little wine to strengthen you," she said; "and as I have half an hour to spare, I have something here I should like to read to you."

"I'm obliged to you for the wine," she answered; "but I don't want the reading; it don't do me no good, but just makes me worse like."

"No," said Lucy; "I'm sure what I read can't make you worse; but perhaps it makes you think yourself worse, and that's a good sign. We are in the way to mend when we see how bad we are."

"I can't mend, and it's no use," answered the woman; "it's very well for them as is differently situated; but where one's lot's cast one must bide."

"Nobody's lot is cast in wickedness," answered Lucy.

"That's more than you can tell," said the woman sullenly. "You gentlefolks come among us, and bring us wine and doctor's stuff, and no doubt we ought to be thankful, for you're nowadays obligated to do it; but for your readings and your preachings they can't do us no good, 'cause our necessities is stronger than words printed upon paper, and when maybe we might wish to be better than we are, we can't; perhaps there's them as won't let us—sometimes want won't let us."

"All that you say is very sad," answered Lucy; "but depend on it wickedness and impiety can never improve anybody's circumstances in the long-run, though it may seem so for a little while."

"We poor folks ha'n't no time to look for 'ards," returned Mrs. Vennell. "We must find bread for ourselves and our children from one day to another, and if we can't get it by fair work we must get it which way we can."

"But dishonest ways are like false friends, my good Mrs. Vennell"—

"Don't call me good; what I am, I am; I'm no hypocrite."

"And I like you the better for that, and I've the more hope of you."

Mrs. Vennell shook her head, and could not be brought to admit that there was any hope of her; but on the whole, in spite of this disavowal of amendment, Lucy's opinion of her was improved by these late opportunities of observation, and she inclined to think, from several obscure hints she had dropped, that her husband lived by some dishonest practices, in which the wife took her part more or less, though not without certain regrets and longings after a better state. What Vennell's occupation was she did not know: his wife said, in answer to her inquiries, that he *jobbed about*; but she had never yet happened to see him.

After some further conversation, she took her leave, impressed with the idea that the woman was more than usually uneasy and desponding, and that it was not like the despondency arising from want or the apprehension of it, but more like the darkness of a spirit clouded by a troubled conscience. The door of the house opened into a dismal sort of lane, skirted on the opposite side by a dead-wall of no great height, which divided it from a churchyard: one of those churchyards in the heart of the metropolis, about which so much has lately been written. As Lucy walked up the lane, a man passed her, in company with a deformed lad, who was apparently extremely tipsy. The man was dressed like a laborer, and she looked back after him, wondering if it was Vennell. As she turned her head he turned too, and their eyes met for a moment; but the boy reeled about so distressingly that she hastened on to escape the disagreeable spectacle. Her thoughts a good deal occupied with the state of the woman she had left, she had reached the neighborhood of her own home before she discovered that her bag was left behind. It was a tolerably capacious one, which she usually took with her on these expeditions, as it would carry a small bottle of wine, or any other little matters she wished to distribute; and as it happened, it contained on the present occasion about five pounds of money, most of it belonging to the society. The loss of it, therefore, would be serious; and although it was already late, and would involve her not being home at the usual dinner hour, she thought, considering where the thing

was left, it would be better to return for it immediately; so she retraced her steps as rapidly as she could, entered the door of the house, which, for the convenience of its various inhabitants, stood always open, and groped her way, for it was now quite dark, towards Vennell's room, the door of which was ajar.

"What signifies?" said a man, as Lucy, hearing his voice, paused a moment, hesitating whether to go forward—"what signifies? I told you they wanted one for the lecture this evening, and there wasn't no time to stand shilly-shally. Set on the water to boil."

"Why couldn't you get one out o' the same place as you got 'em afore?"

"'Cause I only got the order this morning; and it ain't so easy, woman. There was a rumpus last night out at Islington, where them doctors was, and they was nigh taken; and that's why they sent to me. Make haste with the water, will you? They'll be here afore we're ready."

Just as he said these words, and as Lucy, having no notion to what their conversation alluded, was about to advance into the room—whether it was chance, or whether he heard some sound that awakened his suspicions, Vennell turned his head and saw her standing in the passage. To rush out, seize her by the arm, drag her into the room, and close the door, was the work of an instant.

"Don't scream!" said the woman, darting forwards and laying her hand on Lucy's mouth—"don't scream, and you shan't be hurt!"

Lucy did not scream, but she answered with a trembling voice: "I came back for my bag!"

"I know what you came back for," said the man; "I saw you watching me in the lane just now."

"Hush!" said the woman; "she did leave her bag here. Let her go, John—she came for no harm."

But the man stood sullenly grasping her arm. "Sit down there!" he said, thrusting her towards a chair—"Sit you down there, I say. Make yourself at home since you are here!"

Terrified into silence, she obeyed, and he went behind her; the woman followed him, and presently she heard a struggle, but no words. An indescribable fear that some mischief was preparing for her made her turn her head, and as she did so her eye fell upon the bed, over which a sheet was spread, but under the sheet there lay a form that

made her blood turn cold, for she felt certain it was a corpse. At the same time the woman was holding the man's arm, and endeavoring to wrest something out of his hand: the room was lighted only by one dim candle, which shed its gloomy gleams upon this scene of horrors.

"No, John!" said the woman—"no: not if I die for it! She's come to see me, and brought me things through all my sickness!" But the man did not seem disposed to relinquish his purpose, whatever it was; when suddenly his wife made a thrust at him with all her strength, and threw him backwards on the bed.

"Run!" she cried to Lucy—"run!" making a gesture with her hand towards the door. "Turn the key this way; and as you've a soul to be saved, never tell what you've seen this night!"

The fugitive heard the last words as she fled along the passage into the lane; but the man was after her, and she was not six yards in advance of him when she heard the sound of wheels, and a hackney-coach passed. "Save me—save me!" she cried in a frantic voice; but either the driver did not hear her, or he thought it was some drunken squabble which did not call for his interference, so he drove forward; but the interruption seemed to have changed Vennell's purpose, for she presently reached the end of the lane unpursued, and making all the speed she could till she found herself in a less dangerous neighborhood, she stepped into a coach, and arrived at home long after dinner-time, more dead than alive. Mr. Spencer, she was informed, had been at home, but was gone out to the lecture, very much surprised and somewhat alarmed at her absence. Exhausted and distressed, she went to bed, and waited his return. At eleven o'clock he came home, very tired, for he had been out nearly the whole of the preceding night. His first words were words of displeasure: "Why had she not been at home at dinner-time?"

"Tell me, Gerald," she answered, "where were you all last night?"

"What is that to you?" he asked.

"It's as much to me as it is to you to know where I have been this afternoon!"

"I beg your pardon, Lucy; I was out on business."

"But I want to know what business."

"My dear little wife, men have often business they cannot trust women with."

"On this occasion, Gerald, I beseech you trust me! I never before made any inqui-

ries about your midnight excursions with O'Grady, but now I have very strong motives for doing so."

"What motives?"

"Motives that concern your safety!"

"My safety, Lucy!" he rejoined in some alarm; "where is there any danger?"

"You were at Islington, last night, Gerald!"

Mr. Spencer, who had been sitting by the fire warming his feet, rose and walked to the bedside.

"Who told you, Lucy? I hope you have not been induced by any ridiculous jealousy to spy into my business! If you have, I shall be very angry. It's a thing I could not put up with in a wife, however much I loved her."

"I see I'm right," she said, sitting up in bed and confronting him, with a pale and haggard countenance. "I hoped I was not. I have been praying that my suspicions might be unfounded: You know a man called Vennell, Gerald?"

"Vennell! What do you mean?"

"A man that lives at the back of St. S—Church. He's a murderer!"

"Nonsense! I see your mistake. But what in the world has brought you in contact with Vennell?"

"There's no mistake: I tell you he's a murderer, and it's you that makes him one! You've been lecturing to-night?"

"Of course I have," answered Mr. Spencer, still incredulous, and still half angry.

"And you had what you call a—a subject?"

Well, if had? I'll tell you what, Lucy," he said sharply, "If I hadn't had subjects, you wouldn't be Mrs. Spencer; so mind your own business, and don't be foolish."

"Oh Gerald, Gerald, how the love of gain blinds you to right and wrong! The man, Vennell, is a murderer, I say; and I shouldn't be here to tell you so now but for his wife, who enabled me to make my escape. If it hadn't been for her, you would perhaps have found a subject to-night on your dissecting-table you little looked for!"

"In the name of God, what do you mean, Lucy?" said Spencer, at length roused to a belief that there was something more in this agitation of hers than he had believed.

"Tell me, Gerald," she said, "was it a man or a woman you had to-night?"

"A man—at least, a boy."

"I thought so," said Lucy shuddering.

"A deformed boy?"

"Yes, a deformed boy! Why?"



Then amidst tears and anguish she told him all that had happened: how she had visited the woman, and how strange her demeanor had appeared; how she had met the man and the boy, and the state of intoxication the latter was in; how she had forgotten her bag and returned for it; and finally, how she escaped.

"His fears made him misinterpret my looking back at him; and when he saw me in the passage, he no doubt thought I had witnessed the murder. But I saw no blood," she said; "how was he killed?"

"Suffocated," returned Mr. Spencer; "but I supposed by accident. It was I that was in the coach," he said. "I was going to fetch the body, and I remember hearing a woman cry, but I little imagined whose voice it was!"

"Let us be poor to the end of our days, Gerald," said his wife, "rather than get money by such unholy means!"

And Mr. Spencer was sufficiently shocked and alarmed to follow her advice.

What to do about Vennell he did not know. If he accused him, the man had it in his power to make very unpleasant disclosures regarding himself and O'Grady; and besides, Lucy was extremely unwilling to implicate the unhappy wife. Finally, after some consultation, it was agreed to warn Vennell of his danger, and then to take such measures as would prevent a recurrence of the crime. But the discovery of Williams and his associates, immediately afterwards, led to a full exposure of these dreadful practices, and to a more judicious legislation, which put a stop to them by removing the motive.

Lucy's bag was returned, with all its contents safe, by Mrs. Vennell, and the man I have called by that name was transported at the same time that Williams was executed. The young surgeon, whose real name is not of course here given, rose afterwards to considerable eminence in his profession, and, I believe, died within the last ten years.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## CREBILLON, THE FRENCH ÆSCHYLUS.

ABOUT the year 1670, there lived at Dijon a certain notary, an original in his way, named Melchoir Jolyot. His father was an inn-keeper; but of a more ambitious nature than his sire, the son, so soon as he had succeeded in collecting a little money, purchased for himself the office of head clerk in the *Chambre des Comptes* of Dijon, with the title of *Greffier* of the same. During the following year, having long been desirous of a title of nobility, he acquired, at a very low price, a little abandoned and almost unknown fief, that of Crebillon, situated about a league and a half from the city.

His son, Prosper Jolyot, the future poet, was at that time a young man of about two-and-twenty years of age, a student at law, and then on the eve of being admitted as advocate at the French bar. From the first years of his sojourn in Paris, we find that he called himself Prosper Jolyot *de Crebillon*.

About six years later, a worthy philosopher of Dijon, a certain Monsieur J. B. Michault, writes as follows to the President de Ruffey: "Last Saturday (June 19th, 1762), our celebrated Crebillon was interred at St. Gervais. In his *billets de mort* they gave him the title of *ecuyer*; but what appears to me more surprising, is the circumstance of his son adopting that of *messire*."

Crebillon had then ended by cradling himself in a sort of imaginary nobility. In 1761, we find him writing to the President de Brosse: "I have ever taken so little thought respecting my own origin, that I have neglected certain very flattering elucidations on this point. M. de Ricard, *maitre des comptes* at Dijon, gave my father one day two titles he had found. Of these two titles, written in a very indifferent Latin, the first concerned one Jolyot, chamberlain of Raoul, Duke of Burgundy; the second, a

certain Jolyot, chamberlain of Philippe le Bon. Both of these titles are lost. I can also remember having heard it said in my youth by some old inhabitants of Nuits, my father's native place, that there formerly existed in those cantons a certain very powerful and noble family, named Jolyot."

O vanity of vanities! would it be believed that, under the democratic reign of the *Encyclopædia*, a man like Crebillon, ennobled by his own talents and genius, could have thus hugged himself in the possession of a vain and deceitful chimera! For truth compels us to own that, from the fifteenth to the end of the seventeenth century, the Jolyots were never anything more or less than honest innkeepers, who sold their wine unadulterated, as it was procured from the black or golden grapes of the Burgundy hills.

Meanwhile Crebillon, finding that his titles of nobility were uncontested, pushed his aristocratic weakness so far as to affirm one day that his family bore on its shield an eagle, or, on a field, azure, holding in its beak a lily, proper, leaved and sustained, argent. All went, however, according to his wishes; his son allied himself by an unexpected marriage to one of the first families of England. The old tragic poet could then pass into the other world with the consoling reflection that he left behind him here below a name not only honored in the world of letters, but inscribed also in the golden muster-roll of the French nobility. But unfortunately for poor Crebillon's family tree, about a century after the creation of this mushroom nobility—which, like the majority of the nobilities of the eighteenth century, had its foundation in the sand—a certain officious antiquary, who happened at the time to have nothing better to do, bethought himself one day of inquiring into the validity of his claim. He devoted to this strange occupation several years of precious time. By dint of shaking the dust from off the archives of Dijon and of Nuits, and of rummaging the minutes of the notaries of the department, he succeeded at length in ferreting out the genealogical tree of the Jolyot family. Some, the most glorious of its members, had been notaries, others had been innkeepers. Shade of Crebillon, pardon this impious archæologist, who thus, with ruthless hands, destroyed "at one fell swoop" the brilliant scaffolding of your vanity!

Prosper Jolyot de Crebillon was born at Dijon on the 13th of February, 1674; like Corneille, Bossuet, and Voltaire, he studied

at the Jesuits' college of his native town. It is well known that in all their seminaries, the Jesuits kept secret registers, wherein they inscribed, under the name of each pupil, certain notes in Latin upon his intellect and character. It was the Abbé d'Olivet who, it is said, inscribed the note referring to Crebillon:—"Puer ingeniosus sed insignis nebulo." But it must be said that the collegiate establishments of the holy brotherhood housed certain pedagogues, who rather abused their right of pronouncing judgment on the scholars. Crebillon, after all, was but a lively, frolicsome child, free and unreserved to excess in manners and speech.

His father, notary and later *greffier en chef* of the "Chambre des Comptes" at Dijon, being above all things desirous that his family should become distinguished in the magistracy, destined his son to the law, saying that the best heritage he could leave him was his own example. Crebillon resigned himself to his father's wishes with a very good grace, and repaired to Paris, there to keep his terms. In the capital, he divided his time between study and the pleasures and amusements natural to his age. As soon as he was admitted as advocate, he entered the chambers of a procureur named Prieur, son of the Prieur celebrated by Scarron, an intimate friend of his father, who greeted him fraternally. One would have supposed that our future poet, who bore audacity on his countenance, and genius on his brow, would, like Achilles, have recognized his sex when they showed his arms; but far from this being the case, not only was it necessary to warn him that he *was* a poet, but even to impel him bodily, as it were, and despite himself, into the arena.

The writers and poets of France have ever railed in good set terms against procureurs, advocates, and all such common-place, every-day personages; and in general, we are bound to confess they have had right on their side. We must, however, render justice to one of them, the only one, perhaps, who ever showed a taste for poetry. The worthy man to whom, fortunately for himself, Crebillon had been confided, remarked at an early stage of their acquaintanceship, the romantic disposition of his pupil. Of the same country as Piron and Rameau, Crebillon possessed, like them, the same frank gayety and good-tempered heedlessness of character, which betrayed his Burgundian origin. Having at an early age inhaled the intoxicating perfumes of the Burgundian vines, his first essays in poetry were, as

might be expected, certain *chansons à boire*, none of which, however, have descended to posterity. The worthy procureur, amazed at the degree of power shown even in these slight drinking-songs, earnestly advised him to become a poet by profession.

Crebillon was then twenty-seven years of age; he resisted, alleging that he did not believe he possessed the true creative genius; that every poet is in some sort a species of deity, holding chaos in one hand, and light and life in the other; and that, for his part, he possessed but a bad pen, destined to defend bad causes in worse style. But the procureur was not to be convinced; he had discovered that a spark of the creative fire already shone within the breast of Crebillon. "Do not deny yourself becoming a poet," he would frequently say to him; "it is written upon your brow; your looks have told me so a thousand times. There is but one man in all France capable of taking up the mantle of Racine, and that man is yourself."

Crebillon exclaimed against this opinion; but having been left alone for a few hours to transcribe a parliamentary petition, he recalled to mind the magic of the stage—the scenery, the speeches, the applause; a movement of inspiration seized him. When the procureur returned, his pupil extended his hand to him, exclaiming, enthusiastically, "You have pointed out the way to me, and I shall depart." "Do not be in a hurry," replied the procureur; "a *chef-d'œuvre* is not made in a week. Remain quietly where you are, as if you were still a procureur's clerk; eat my bread and drink my wine; when you have completed your work, you may then take your flight."

Crebillon accordingly remained in the procureur's office, and at the very desk on which he transcribed petitions, he composed the five long acts of a barbarous tragedy, entitled, "The Death of Brutus." The work finished, our good-natured procureur brought all his interest into play, in order to obtain a reading of the piece at the Comédie Française. After many applications, Crebillon was permitted to read his play: it was unanimously rejected. The poet was furious; he returned home to the procureur's, and casting down his manuscript at the good man's feet, exclaimed, in a voice of despair, "You have dishonored me?"

D'Alembert says, "Crebillon's fury burst upon the procureur's head; he regarded him almost in the light of an enemy who had advised him only for his own dishonor, swore

to listen to him no more, and never to write another line of verse as long as he lived."

Crebillon, however, in his rage maligned the worthy procureur; he would not have found elsewhere so hospitable a roof or so true a friend. He returned to the study of the law, but the decisive step had been taken; beneath the advocate's gown the poet had already peeped forth. And then, the procureur was never tired of predicting future triumphs. Crebillon ventured upon another tragedy, and chose for his subject the story of the Cretan king, Idomeneus. This time the comedians accepted his piece, and shortly afterwards played it. Its success was doubtful, but the author fancied he had received sufficient encouragement to continue his new career.

In his next piece, "Atrée," Crebillon, who had commenced as a schoolboy, now raised himself, as it were, to the dignity of a master. The comedians learned their parts with enthusiasm. On the morning of the first representation, the procureur summoned the young poet to his bedside, for he was then stricken with a mortal disease: "My friend," said he, "I have a presentiment that this very evening you will be greeted by the critics of the nation as a son of the great Corneille. There are but a few days of life remaining for me: I have no longer strength to walk, but be assured that I shall be at my post this evening, in the pit of the Théâtre Française." True to his word, the good old man had himself carried to the theatre. The intelligent judges applauded certain passages of the tragedy, in which wonderful power, as well as many startling beauties, were perceptible; but at the catastrophe, when Atreus compels Thyestes to drink the blood of his son, there was a general exclamation of horror—(Gabrielle de Vergy, be it remarked, had not then eaten on the stage the heart of her lover). "The procureur," says D'Alembert, "would have left the theatre in sorrow, if he had awaited the judgment of the audience in order to fix his own. The pit appeared more terrified than interested; it beheld the curtain fall without uttering a sound either of approval or condemnation, and dispersed in that solemn and ominous silence which bodes no good for the future welfare of the piece. But the procureur judged better than the public, or rather, he anticipated its future judgment. The play over, he proceeded to the green-room to seek his pupil, who, still in a state of the greatest uncertainty as to his fate, was already almost resigned to a failure; he

embraced Crebillon in a transport of admiration: "I die content," said he. "I have made you a poet; and I leave a man to the nation!"

And, in fact, at each representation of the piece, the public discovered fresh beauties, and abandoned itself with real pleasure to the terror which the poet inspired. A few days afterwards, the name of Crebillon became celebrated throughout Paris and the provinces, and all imagined that the spirit of the great Corneille had indeed revisited earth to animate the muse of the young Burgundian.

Crebillon's father was greatly irritated on finding that his son had, as they said then, abandoned Themis for Melpomene. In vain did the procureur plead his pupil's cause—in vain did Crebillon address to this true father a supplication in verse, to obtain pardon for him from his sire; the *greffier en chef* of Dijon was inexorable; to his son's entreaties he replied that he cursed him, and that he was about to make a new will. To complete, as it were, his downfall in the good opinion of this individual, who possessed such a blind infatuation for the law, Crebillon wrote him a letter, in which the following passage occurs:—"I am about to get married, if you have no objection, to the most beautiful girl in Paris; you may believe me, sir, upon this point, for her beauty is all that she possesses."

To this his father replied:—"Sir, your tragedies are not to my taste; your children will not be mine; commit as many follies as you please, I shall console myself with the reflection that I refused my consent to your marriage; and I would strongly advise you, sir, to depend more than ever on your pieces for support, for you are no longer a member of my family."

Crebillon, for all that, married, as he said, the most beautiful girl in Paris—the gentle and charming Charlotte Peaget, of whom Dufresny has spoken. She was the daughter of an apothecary, and it was while frequenting her father's shop that Crebillon became acquainted with her. There was nothing very romantic, it is true, in the match; but love spreads a charm over all that it comes in contact with. Thus, a short time before his marriage, Crebillon perceived his intended giving out some marshmallow and violets to a sick customer: "My dear Charlotte," said he, "we will go together, some of these days, among our Dijonnaise mountains, to collect violets and marshmallow for your father."

It was shortly after his marriage and removal to the Place Maubert, that he first evinced his strange mania for cats and dogs, and, above all, his singular passion for tobacco. He was, beyond contradiction, the greatest smoker of his day. It has been stated by some of the writers of the time, that he could not turn a single rhyme of a tragedy, save in an obscure and smoky chamber, surrounded by a noisy pack of dogs and cats; according to the same authorities, he would very frequently, also, in the middle of the day, close the shutters, and light candles. A thousand other extravagances have been attributed to Crebillon; but we ought to accept with caution the recitals of these anecdote-mongers, who were far too apt to imagine they were portraying a man, when in reality they were but drawing a ridiculous caricature.

When M. Melchior Jolyot learned that his son had, in defiance of his paternal prohibition, actually wedded the apothecary's daughter, his grief and rage knew no bounds. The worthy man believed in his recent nobility as firmly as he did in his religion, and his son's *mesalliance* nearly drove him to despair: this time he actually carried his threat into execution, and made a formal will, by virtue of which he completely disinherited the poet. Fortunately for Crebillon, his father, before bidding adieu to the world and his nobility, undertook a journey to Paris, curious, even in the midst of his rage, to judge for himself the merits and demerits of the theatrical tomfooleries, as he called them, of his silly boy, who had married the apothecary's daughter, and who, in place of gaining nobility and station in a procureur's office, had written a parcel of trash for actors to spout. We must say, however, that Crebillon could not have retained a better counsel to urge his claims before the paternal tribunal than his wife, the much maligned apothecary's daughter, one of the loveliest and most amiable women in Paris; and we may add, that this nobility of which his father thought so much—the nobility of the robe—which had not been acquired in a Dijonnaise family until after the lapse of three generations, was scarcely equal to the nobility of the pen, which Crebillon had acquired by the exercise of his own talents.

The old greffier, then, came to Paris for the purpose of witnessing one of the said tomfooleries of that unhappy profligate, who in better times had been his son. Fate so willed it that on that night "Atree" should be performed. The old man was seized with



mingled emotions of terror, grief, and admiration. That very evening, being resolved not to rest until he had seen his son, he called a coach on leaving the theatre, and drove straight to the Faubourg Saint Marceau, to the house which had been pointed out to him as the dwelling of Crebillon. No sooner had the door opened than out rushed seven or eight dogs, who cast themselves upon the old greffier, uttering in every species of canine *patois* the loudest possible demonstrations of welcome. One word from Madame Crebillon, however, was sufficient to recall this unruly pack to order; yet the dogs, having no doubt instinctively discovered a family likeness, continued to gambol round the limbs of M. Melchoir Jolyot, to the latter's no small confusion and alarm. Charlotte, who was alone, waiting supper for her husband, was much surprised at this unexpected visit. At first she imagined that it was some great personage who had come to offer the poet his patronage and protection; but after looking at her visitor two or three times, she suddenly exclaimed: "You are my husband's father, or at least you are one of the Jolyot family." The old greffier, though intending to have maintained his incognito until his son's return, could no longer resist the desire of abandoning himself to the delights of a reconciliation; he embraced his daughter-in-law tenderly, shedding tears of joy, and accusing himself all the while for his previous unnatural harshness: "Yes, yes," cried he, "yes, you are still my children—all that I have is yours!" then, after a moment's silence, he continued, in a tone of sadness: "But how does it happen that, with his great success, my son has condemned his wife to such a home and such a supper?"

"Condemned, did you say?" murmured Charlotte; "do not deceive yourself, we are quite happy here;" so saying, she took her father-in-law by the hand, and led him into the adjoining room, to a cradle covered with white curtains. "Look!" said she, turning back the curtain with maternal solicitude.

The old man's heart melted outright at the sight of his grandchild.

"Are we not happy?" continued the mother. "What more do we require? We live on a little, and when we have no money, my father assists us."

They returned to the sitting-room.

"What wine is this?" said the old Burgundian, uncorking the bottle intended to form part of their frugal repast. "What!" he exclaimed, "my son fallen so low as

this! The Crebillons have always drunk good wine."

At this instant, the dogs set up a tremendous barking: Crebillon was ascending the stairs. A few moments afterwards he entered the room escorted by a couple of dogs, which had followed him from the theatre.

"What! two more!" exclaimed the father; "this is really too much. Son," he continued, "I am come to entreat your pardon; in my anxiety to show myself your father, I had forgotten that my first duty was to love you."

Crebillon cast himself into his father's arms.

"But *corbleu*, Monsieur," continued the old notary, "I cannot forgive you for having so many dogs."

"You are right, father; but what would become of these poor animals were I not to take compassion upon them? It is not good for man to be alone, says the Scripture. No longer able to live with my fellow-creatures, I have surrounded myself with dogs. The dog is the solace and friend of the solitary man."

"But I should imagine you were not alone here," said the father, with a glance towards Charlotte, and the infant's cradle.

"Who knows?" said the young wife, with an expression of touching melancholy in her voice. "It is perhaps through a presentiment that he speaks thus. I much fear that I shall not live long. He has but one friend upon the earth, and that friend is myself. Now, when I shall be no more——"

"But you shall not die," interrupted Crebillon, taking her in his arms. "Could I exist without you?"

Madame Crebillon was not deceived in her presentiments: the poet, who, we know, lived to a patriarchal age, lived on in widowed solitude for upwards of fifty years.

Crebillon and his wife accompanied the old greffier back from Paris to Dijon, where, to the great surprise of the inhabitants, the father presented his son as "M. Jolyot de Crebillon, who has succeeded Messieurs Corneille and Racine in the honors of the French stage." Crebillon had the greatest possible difficulty in restraining the enthusiasm of his sire. He succeeded, however, at length, not through remonstrances, but by the insatiable ardor he displayed in diving into the paternal money-bags. After a sojourn of three months at Dijon, Crebillon returned to Paris; and well for him it was

that he did so; a month longer, and the father would indubitably have quareled with him again, and would have remade his will, disinheriting this time, not the rebellious child, but the prodigal son. Crebillon, in fact, never possessed the art of keeping his money; and in this respect he but followed the example of all those who, in imagination, remove mountains of gold.

Scarcely had he arrived in Paris, when he was obliged to return to Dijon. The old greffier had died suddenly. The inheritance was a most difficult one to unravel. "I have come here," writes Crebillon to the elder of the brothers Paris, "only to inherit lawsuits." And true enough, he allowed himself to be drawn blindly into the various suits which arose in consequence of certain informalities in the old man's will, and which eventually caused almost the entire property to drop, bit by bit, into the pockets of the lawyers.

"I was a great blockhead," wrote Crebillon later; "I went about reciting passages from my tragedies to these lawyers, who feigned to pale with admiration; and this manoeuvre of theirs blinded me; I perceived not that all the while these cunning foxes were devouring my substance; but it is the fate of poets to be ever like La Fontaine's crow."

Out of this property he succeeded only in preserving the little fief of Crebillon, the income derived from which he gave up to his sisters. On his return to Paris, however, he changed altogether his style of living; he removed his penates to the neighborhood of the Luxembourg, and placed his establishment on quite a seigniorial footing, as if he had become heir to a considerable property. This act of folly can scarcely be explained. The report, of course, was spread, that he had inherited property to a large amount. Most probably he wished, by acting thus, to save the family honor, or, to speak more correctly, the family vanity, by seeking to deceive the world as to the precise amount of the Jolyot estate.

True wisdom inhabits not the world in which we dwell. Crebillon sought all the superfluities of luxury. In vain did his wife endeavor to restrain him in his extravagances; in vain did she recall to his mind their frugal but happy meals, and the homely furniture of their little dwelling in the Place Maubert; "so gay for all that on sunny days."

"Well," he would reply, "if we must return there, I shall not complain. What mat-

ters it if the wine be not so good, so that it is always your hand which pours it out."

Fortunately, that year was one of successive triumphs for Crebillon. The "Electre" carried off all suffrages, and astonished even criticism itself. In this piece the poet had softened down the harshness of his tints, and while still maintaining his "majestic" character, had kept closer to nature and humanity.

"Electre" was followed by "Rhadamiste," which was at the time extolled as a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of style and vigor. There is in this play, if we may be allowed the term, a certain rude nobility of expression, which is the true characteristic of Crebillon's genius. It was this tragedy which inspired Voltaire with the idea, that on the stage it is better to strike hard than true. The enthusiastic auditory admitted, that if Racine could paint love, Crebillon could depict hatred. Boileau, who was then dying, and who, could he have had his wish, would have desired that French literature might stop at his name, exclaimed that this success was scandalous. "I have lived too long!" cried the old poet, in a violent rage. "To what a pack of Visigoths have I left the French stage a prey! The Pradons, whom we so often ridiculed, were eagles compared to these fellows." Boileau resembled in some respect old "Nestor" of the *Iliad*, when he said to the Greek kings—"I would advise you to listen to me, for I have formerly mixed with men who were your betters." The public, however, amply avenged Crebillon for the bitter judgment of Boileau; in eight days two editions of the "Rhadamiste" were exhausted. And this was not all: the piece having been played by command of the Regent before the court at Versailles, was applauded to the echo.

Despite these successes, Crebillon was not long in getting to the bottom of his purse. In the hope of deferring as long as he possibly could the evil hour when he should be obliged to return to his former humble style of living, he used every possible means to replenish his almost exhausted exchequer. He borrowed three thousand crowns from Baron Hoguer, who was the resource of life-rare men in the days of the Regency; and sold to a Jew usurer his author's rights upon a tragedy which was yet to be written. He had counted upon the success of "Xerxes;" but this tragedy proved an utter failure. Crebillon, however, was a man of strong mind. He returned home that evening with a calm, and even smiling countenance:

"Well!" eagerly exclaimed Madame Crebillon, who had been awaiting in anxiety the return of her husband. "Well!" replied he, "they have damned my play; to-morrow we will return to our old habits again."

And, true to his word, on the following morning Crebillon returned to the Place Maubert, where he hired a little apartment near his father-in-law; who could still offer our poet and his wife, when hard pressed, a glass of his *vin ordinaire* and a share of his dinner. Out of all his rich furniture Crebillon selected but a dozen cats and dogs, whom he chose as the companions of his exile. To quote d'Alembert's words—"Like Alcibiades in former days, he passed from Persian luxury to Spartan austerity, and, what in all probability Alcibiades was not, he was happier in the second state than he had been in the first."

His wife was in retirement what she had been in the world. She never complained. Perhaps even she showed herself in a more charming light, as the kind and devoted companion of the hissed and penniless poet, than as the admired wife of the popular dramatist. Poor Madame Crebillon hid their poverty from her husband with touching delicacy; he almost fancied himself rich, such a magic charm did she contrive to cast over their humble dwelling. Like Midas, she appeared to possess the gift of changing whatever she touched into gold, that is to say, of giving life and light by her winning grace to everything with which she came in contact. Blessed, thrice blessed is that man, be he poet or philosopher, who, like Crebillon, has felt and understood that amiability and a contented mind are in a wife treasures inexhaustible, compared to which mere mundane wealth fades into utter insignificance. No word of complaint or peevish expression ever passed Madame Crebillon's lips; she was proud of her poet's glory, and endeavored always to sustain him in his independent ideas; she would listen resignedly to all his dreams of future triumphs, and knew how to cast herself into his arms when he would declare that he desired nothing more from mankind. One day, however, when there was no money in the house, on seeing him return with a dog under each arm, she ventured on a quiet remonstrance. "Take care, Monsieur de Crebillon," she said with a smile, "we have already eight dogs and fifteen cats."

"Well, I know that," replied Crebillon; "but see how piteously these poor dogs look at us; could I leave them to die of hunger in the street?"

"But did it not strike you that they might possibly die of hunger here? I can fully understand and enter into your feelings of love and pity for these poor animals, but we must not convert the house into a hospital for foundling dogs."

"Why despair?" said Crebillon. "Providence never abandons genius and virtue. The report goes that I am to be of the Academy."

"I do not believe it," said Madame Crebillon. "Fontenelle and La Motte, who are but *beaux esprits*, will never permit a man like you to seat himself beside them, for if you were of the Academy, would you not be the king of it?"

Crebillon, however, began his canvass, but as his wife had foreseen, Fontenelle and La Motte succeeded in having him black-balled.

All these little literary thorns, however, only imparted greater charms to the calm felicity of Crebillon's domestic hearth; but we must now open the saddest page of our poet's hitherto peaceful and happy existence.

One evening, on his return from the Café Procope, the resort of all the wits, and *littérateurs* of the eighteenth century, Crebillon found his wife in a state of great agitation, half-undressed, and pressing their sleeping infant to her bosom.

"Why, Charlotte, what is the matter?" he exclaimed.

"I am afraid," replied she, trembling, and looking towards the bed.

"What folly! you are like the children, you are frightened at shadows."

"Yes, I am frightened at shadows; just now, as I was undressing, I saw a spectre glide along at the foot of the bed. I was ready to sink to the earth with terror, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could muster strength enough to reach the child's cradle."

"Child yourself," said Crebillon playfully; "you merely saw the shadow of the bed-curtains."

"No, no," cried the young wife, seizing the poet's hand—"it was Death! I recognized him; for it is not the first time that he has shown himself to me. Ah! *mon ami*, with what grief and terror shall I prepare to lie down in the cold earth! If you love me as I love you, do not leave me for an instant; help me to die, for if you are by my side at that hour, I shall fancy I am but dropping asleep."

Greatly shocked at what he heard, Crebillon took his child in his arms, and carried it back to its cradle. He returned to his

wife, pressed her to his bosom, and sought vainly for words to relieve her apprehensions, and to lead back her thoughts into less sombre channels. He at length succeeded, but not without great difficulty, in persuading her to retire to rest; she scarcely closed an eye. Poor Crebillon sat in silence by the bed-side of his wife, praying fervently in his heart; for perhaps he belied in omens and presentiments even to a greater degree than did Charlotte. Finding at length that she had dropped asleep, he got into bed himself. When he awoke in the morning, he beheld Charlotte bending over him in a half-raised posture, as though she had been attentively regarding him as he slept. Terrified at the deadly paleness of her cheeks, and the unnatural brilliancy of her eyes, and sensitive and tender-hearted as a child, he was unable to restrain his tears. She cast herself passionately into his arms, and covered his cheeks with tears and kisses.

"'Tis all over now," she whispered in a broken voice; "my heart beats too strongly to beat much longer, but I die contented and happy, for I see by your tears that you will not forget me."

Crebillon rose hastily and ran to his father-in-law. "Alas!" said the poor apothecary, "her mother, who was as beautiful and as good as she, died young, of a disease of the heart, and her child will go the same way."

All the most celebrated physicians of the day were called in, but before they could determine upon a method of treatment, the spirit of poor Charlotte had taken flight from its earthly tabernacle.

Crebillon, inconsolable at his loss, feared not the ridicule (for in the eighteenth century all such exhibitions of feeling were considered highly ridiculous) of lamenting his wife; he wept her loss during half a century—in other words, to his last hour.

During the space of two years he scarcely appeared once at the *Théâtre Française*. He had the air of a man of another age, so completely a stranger did he seem to all that was going on around him. One might say that he still lived with his divine Charlotte; he would speak to her unceasingly, as if her gentle presence was still making the wilderness of his solitary dwelling blossom like the rose. After fifteen years of mourning, some friends one day surprised him in his solitude, speaking aloud to his dear Charlotte, relating to her his projects for the future, and recalling their past days of happiness: "Ah, Charlotte," he exclaimed, "they all tell me of my glory, yet I think but of thee!"

The friends of Crebillon, uneasy respecting his future destiny, had advised him during the preceding year to present himself at court, where he was received and recognized as a man of genius. In the early days of his widowerhood, he quitted Paris suddenly and took up his residence at Versailles. But at Versailles he lived as he had done in Paris, immured in his chamber, and entirely engrossed with his own sombre and lugubrious thoughts and visions; in consequence of this, he was scarcely noticed; the king seeing before him a species of Danubian peasant, proud of his genius and his poverty, treated him with an almost disdainful coldness of manner. Crebillon did not at first comprehend his position at Versailles. He was a simple-minded philosopher, who had studied heroes and not men. At length, convinced that a poet at court is like a fish out of water, he returned to Paris to live more nobly with his heroes and his poverty. He retired to the *Marais*, to the *Rue des Deux-Portes*, taking with him only a bed, a table, two chairs, and an arm-chair, "in case," to use his own words, "an honest man should come to visit him."

Irritated at the rebuff he had met with at Versailles, ashamed of having solicited in vain the justice of the king, he believed henceforth only in liberty. "Liberty," said he, "is the most vivid sentiment engraven on my heart." Unintentionally, perhaps, he avenged himself in the first work he undertook after this event: the tragedy of "*Cromwell*,"—"an altar," as he said, "which I erect to liberty." According to D'Alembert, he read to his friends some scenes of this play, in which our British aversion for absolutism was painted with wild and startling energy; in consequence thereof, he received an order forbidding him to continue his piece. His *Cromwell* was a villain certainly, but a villain which would have told well upon the stage, from the degree of grandeur and heroic dignity with which the author had invested the character. From that day he had enemies; but indeed it might be said that he had had enemies from the evening of the first representation of his "*Electre*." Success here below has no other retinue.

Crebillon was now almost penniless. By degrees, without having foreseen such an occurrence, he began to hear his numerous creditors buzzing around him like a swarm of hornets. Not having anything else to seize, they seized at the theatre his author's rights. The affair was brought before the



courts, and led to a decree of the parliament which ordained that the works of the intellect were not seizable; consequently Crebillon retained the income arising from the performance of his tragedies.

Some years now passed away without bringing any fresh successes. Compelled by the court party to discontinue "*Cromwell*," he gave "*Semiramis*," which, like "*Xerxes*," some time previously, was a failure. Under the impression that the public could not bring itself to relish "the sombre horrors of human tempests," he sought to arm himself as it were against his own nature, to subdue and soften it. The tragedy of "*Pyrrhus*," which recalled the tender colors of Racine, cost him five years' labor. At that time, so strong in France was the empire of habit, that this tragedy, though utterly valueless as a work of art, and wanting both in style, relief, and expression, was received with enthusiasm. But Crebillon possessed too much good sense to be blinded by this spurious triumph. "It is," said he, when speaking of his work, "but the shadow of a tragedy."

"*Pyrrhus*" obtained, after all, but a transitory success. After a brief period, the public began to discover that it was a foreign plant, which under a new sky gave out but a factitious brilliancy. In despair at having wasted so much precious time in fruitless labor, and disgusted besides at the conduct of some shameless intriguers who frequented the literary cafés of the capital, singing his defeat in trashy verse, Crebillon now retired almost wholly from the world. He would visit the theatre, however, occasionally, to chat with a few friends over the literary topics of the day; but at length even this recreation was abandoned, and he was seen in the world no more.

He lived now without any other friends than his heroes and his cats and dogs, devouring the novels of La Calprenède and relating long-winded romances to himself. His son affirms having seen fifteen dogs and as many cats, barking and mewling at one time round his father, who would speak to them much more tenderly than he would to himself. According to Freron's account, Crebillon would pick up and carry home under his cloak all the wandering dogs he met with in the street, and give them shelter and hospitality. But in return for this, he would require from them an aptitude for certain exercises; when, at the termination of the prescribed period, the pupil was convicted of not having profited by the education he had received, the poet would take

him under his cloak again, put him down at the corner of a street and fly from the spot with tears in his eyes.

On the death of La Motte, Crebillon was at length admitted into the Academy. As he was always an eccentric man, he wrote his "*Discourse*" of reception in verse, a thing which had never been done before. On pronouncing this line, which has not yet been forgotten,—

*Aucun fiel n'a jamais empoisonné ma plume,—*

he was enthusiastically applauded. From that day, but from that day only, Crebillon was recognized by his countrymen as a man of honor and virtue, as well as genius. It was rather late in the day, however; he had lost his wife, his son was mixing in the fashionable world, he was completely alone, and almost forgotten, expecting nothing more from the fickle public. More idle than a lazzarone, he passed years without writing a single line, though his ever-active imagination would still produce, mentally, tragedy after tragedy. As he possessed a wonderful memory, he would compose and rhyme off-hand the entire five acts of a piece without having occasion to put pen to paper. One evening, under the impression that he had produced a masterpiece, he invited certain of his brother Academicians to his house to hear his new play. When the party had assembled, he commenced, and declaimed the entire tragedy from beginning to end without stopping. Judging by the ominous silence with which the conclusion was received, that his audience was not over delighted with his play, he exclaimed, in a pet—

"You see, my friends, I was right in not putting my tragedy on paper."

"Why so?" asked Godoy.

"Because I should have had the trouble of throwing it into the fire. Now, I shall merely have to forget it, which is easier done."

When Crebillon seemed no longer formidable in the literary world, and all were agreed that he was in the decline of his genius, the very men who had previously denied his power, now thought fit to combat Voltaire by exalting Crebillon, in the same way as they afterwards exalted Voltaire so soon as another star appeared on the literary horizon.

"With the intention of humbling the pride of Voltaire, they proceeded," says a writer of the time, "to seek out in his lonely retreat the now aged and forsaken Cre-

billon, who, mute and solitary for the last thirty years, was no longer a formidable enemy for them, but whom they flattered themselves they could oppose as a species of phantom to the illustrious writer by whom they were eclipsed; just as, in former days, the Leaguers drew an old cardinal from out the obscurity in which he lived, to give him the empty title of king, only that they themselves might reign under his name."

The literary world was then divided into two adverse parties,—the Crebillonists and the Voltairians. The first, being masters of all the avenues, succeeded for a length of time in blinding the public. Voltaire passed for a mere wit; Crebillon, for the sole heir of the sceptre of Corneille and Racine. It was this clique which invented the formula ever afterwards employed in the designation of these three poets—Corneille the great, Racine the tender, and Crebillon the tragic. One great advantage Crebillon possessed over Voltaire: he had written nothing for the last thirty years. His friends, or rather Voltaire's enemies, now began to give out that the author of "Rhadamiste" was engaged in putting the finishing hand to a tragedy, a veritable dramatic wonder, by name "Catilina." Madame de Pompadour herself, tired of Voltaire's importunate ambition, now went over with all her forces to the camp of the Crebillonists. She received Crebillon at court, and recommended him to the particular care of Louis XV., who conferred a pension on him, and also appointed him to the office of censor royal.

"Catilina" was at length produced with great *éclat*. The court party, which was present in force at the first performance, doubtless contributed in a great measure to the success of the piece. The old poet, thus encouraged, set to work on a new play, the "Triumvirat," with fresh ardour; but as was Voltaire's lot in after years, it was soon perceptible that the poet was but the shadow of what he had been. Out of respect, however, for Crebillon's eighty-eight years, the tragedy was applauded, but in a few days, the "Triumvirat" was played to empty benches. Crebillon had now but one thing

left to do: to die, which, in fact, he did in the year 1762.

It cannot be denied that Crebillon was one of the remarkable men of his century. That untutored genius, so striking in the boldness and brilliancy of certain of its creations, but which more frequently repels through its own native barbarity, was eminently the genius of Crebillon. But what, above all, characterizes the genius of the French nation—wit, grace, and polish—Crebillon never possessed; consequently, with all his vigor and all his force, he never succeeded in creating a living work. He has depicted human perversity with a proud and daring hand—he has shown the fratricide, the infanticide, the parricide, but he never succeeded in attaining the sublimity of the Greek drama. And yet J. J. Rousseau affirmed that of all the French tragic poets, Crebillon alone had recalled to him the grandeur of the Greeks. If so, it was only through the nudity of terror, for the "French Æschylus" was utterly wanting in what may be termed human and philosophical sentiment.

There is a very beautiful portrait of Crebillon extant, by Latour. It would doubtless be supposed that the man, so terrible in his dramatic furies, was of a dark and sombre appearance. Far from it; Crebillon was of a fair complexion, and had an artless expression of countenance, and a pair of beautiful blue eyes. It must, however, be confessed, that by his method of borrowing the gestures of his heroes, coupled, moreover, with the habit he had acquired of contracting his eyebrows in the fervor of composition, Crebillon in the end became a little more the man of his works. He was, moreover, impatient and irritable, even with his favorite dogs and cats, and occasionally with his sweet-tempered and angelic wife, the ever cheerful partner alike of his joys and sorrows, who had so nobly resigned herself to the chances and changes of his good and ill-fortune; that loving companion of his hours of profusion and gayety, when he aped the *grand seigneur*, as well as the devoted sharer of those days of poverty and neglect, when he retired from the world in disgust, to the old dwelling-house of the Place Maubert.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## MORE ANECDOTES OF DUELLING.\*

THERE never was a country in which the march of improvement will appear so anomalous as in Ireland at the close of the last century. At that period the sister kingdom was actually in rude prosperity, and no matter how roughly the thing was done, the different grades of society discharged the duties appertaining to their respective orders. The aristocracy remained at home. The church had seldom to complain of a non-resident. The Romish priesthood, recollecting their lowly birth and humble education, deferred to their superiors, and kept their proper position. The tenant, as a matter of course, supported his landlord at elections; and in the little courtesies, which in the social scale give the superior grades occasional opportunities of being serviceable to the humbler orders, the compliment was returned, rudely, but affectionately; the body politic clung together.

The civil rights of the Irish Roman Catholics were circumscribed, but among themselves the restriction seemed unfelt. They might be "hereditary bondsmen," but the chain hung so lightly that the pressure was almost disregarded. The master repaired to Dublin to attend the national Council in which he had a voice; but whether he supported or opposed the government of the day, the tenantry at home cared not a brass button. Throughout the week they labored in their fields. On the Saturday night, the young people repaired to the dance-house; and, on Sunday, to the chapel. From the former they might bring home a cracked skull or wounded heart. Well, a little patching remedied the one, and holy matrimony salved the other. On the Sabbath they heard mass and listened afterwards to personal descriptions of erratic cattle and stolen sheep. Then came a more delicate duty for his reverence to discharge, and one highly interesting to the flock. Had

"Lovely woman stooped to folly,"

the infraction of Diana's law underwent ecclesiastical censure—while the village Giovanni was called upon, under pain of excommunication, to offer the frail fair one the *amende honorable* by holy wedlock, before he, the priest, would make him such an example that his own dog would not acknowledge his delinquent owner at a bull-bait. On these awful occasions no names were mentioned; but the personal sketches of the sinners were so provokingly correct, that none of the attentive listeners could ever mistake the description.

In those days the tone assumed by the aristocracy towards their tenantry and dependents was arbitrary—at times tyrannical; but, with rare exceptions, the Irish gentry were kind and liberal landlords. "His honor" would unceremoniously apply the thong to the back of a dilatory clodhopper, whose blundering efforts at unfastening a field-gate enabled the pack to get away from their master. But his anger was brief as the life of the fox he was chasing; and on returning, he would reign-up at the cabin-door, fling a handful of silver into Judy's apron, and leave her to bless God that her husband had been horse-whipped. Did a cow die, another would be sent to the disconsolate cottier, or an intimation through the "driver,"\* that the last "gale"† would not be required. Local politics ran desperately high; but among the better orders, religious differences gave no interruption to social communion. As became honest pastors, Father Pat would get drunk with Doctor Redgill,—sing *lillybulero*‡ with the squire, ay, and drain a bumper to "the glorious memory," although that uncanonical toast expressed an ardent wish that "the pope was in the pillory, and the devil pelting priests at him."

At this era Roman Catholic disabilities were not removed, and restrictive enactments

\* Ireland Sixty Years ago.—Social relations.—Dueling.—A Penitent and Confessor.—A brief Honeymoon.—*Liaume Vaddagh*.

\* An under bailiff.

† Gale, a half-year's rent.

‡ The Orange song, called "Protestant Boys"

were thickly recorded on the statute-book. The approach to a bench in College Green, or the command of a regiment, was as hermetically sealed against a believer in transubstantiation, as the woolsack, ay, or the throne itself. And yet what was the social condition of the great orders of the Roman Catholic community? The Romanist of the higher *caste* shot with, or shot at, his Protestant neighbor. He hunted with his hounds, and intermarried with his daughter. If any religious disposition of the future issue was considered worth the trouble of arrangement, the boys accompanied their father to his place of worship, while the young ladies became the spiritual property of their mamma. In friendly intercourse, the feelings of his opposite religionist was delicately respected by his Protestant neighbor, even to culinary considerations, for in Lent his table was well supplied with fish, that hospitality might be offered and accepted without the infringement of a duty.

What at that period was the social condition of the clergy? None could be happier. The priest jogged about his parish—presided at marriages, christenings, and confessions—and, when not engaged in those important avocations, turned into the first avenue from which he heard the dinner-bell—Protestant or Popish—Tyrian or Trojan: his welcome was everywhere established, and his *shibboleth*—a “God save all here!” He lived in comfort, and without a care, and, when he died, were his a groveling spirit—money—ay, and much money would be found—and many a *parvenu* family in the West dates its origin to the demise of some wealthy Father Paul, or Father Peter.

The Roman Catholic priesthood were then of a different class to what they are at present. They took their orders at foreign universities; St. Omer, Lisbon, and Salamanca, being those most commonly frequented by the Irish students. There the gentry did not scruple to dedicate a younger son, if the family were large, to the service of the altar. These *alumni* were accustomed to the amenities of better life, carried abroad their earlier gentlemanly impressions—saw Roman Catholicity in its best light—came home liberalized, and, were the truth confessed, doubting much whether heresy in opinion must be followed by damnation as a consequence. They naturally consorted with their own *caste*, and while rigidly faithful in the discharge of their mission, they visited the flock, and advised them in matters spiritual and temporal, while their more intimate associations with the bet-

ter classes were maintained. Hence, to the peasant the priesthood were truly valuable. They did not overtax his hospitality; for every table in the parish, lay and clerical, alike had a cover for the clergy; and at the parsonage, Father Pat received as hearty welcome as at the hall. Were a tenant aggrieved by a subordinate agent, the priest at a fitting season could insinuate to the squire the simple narrative of his wrongs, and the quiet advocacy of the churchman would seldom be tried in vain. At the period we allude to, and when Emancipation was considered nearly as utopian as Repeal, the priest was an important and connecting link between the landlord and his tenant. He upheld social distinctions, inculcated deference to superiors, to agrarian violence he was bitterly opposed, insinuated that in politics fools should not meddle with edged tools, and in monetary matters, to the Cæsars of the day, namely, the landlord and himself, there should be rendered the things that were Cæsar's.

But, at that time, in the priesthood there were marked distinctions. Of aristocratic offshoots the sectional portion was but small; for of the two lumber-houses of society, the younger sons of Roman Catholic gentlemen preferred taking military service in the French or Austrian armies to an entrance into a monotonous profession, where life might be dreamed away, and whose highest honors were as attainable by their father's servants as themselves. Consequently, of the mass of the Irish priesthood the majority were low-born and illiterate; but they were unobtrusive in matters spiritual, and in secular affairs kindly and useful when they could be so.

In those days the cry of famine arose not in the streets, nor was sedition inculcated from the altar. The begging-box was an invention reserved for another generation; and the howl of “Saxon tyranny” was unheard. Instead of stimulating an excitable people to acts of violence, the priest in his vocation allayed popular irritation when he could, and labored diligently to neutralize the efforts of the discontented. Altogether, the body politic, throughout its varied orders, harmonized pretty well. The era was a most pugnacious one, but the peasantry were quite contented with breaking each other's bones, leaving the shooting of superiors to fellow-gentlemen, modestly considering that to the aristocracy the use of gunpowder and claret appertained by right divine.

If one period should be selected before



Others in the last century, to exhibit Irish dissipation at its worst, the outbreak of the French revolution might be chosen as the climax of national debauchery. The life—generally a short one, (for fever and pistol bullets are unfavorable to longevity) of an Irish gentleman, passed in a whirlwind of wild excitement. In drunkenness the night was consumed, and not unfrequently that season was found too short, and the symposium extended over days afterwards. No constitution could withstand the prevailing system of debauchery then in fashion, nor any estate bear up against the eternal outlay required for racing and electioneering expenses. Shattered in health at thirty, men prematurely filled a grave, leaving their property irretrievably embarrassed. The law of honor had superseded every other. All disputed points were made referable to the pistol. Legal functionaries even bowed in obedience to the doctrines of the day, for a lord chief justice, who had seduced a friend's wife, tendered honorable satisfaction, and fought the cornuted gentleman twice.\*

Where popular prejudice rides over public opinion, few men have moral courage to make a stand against it; and, contrary to his better judgment, many a duelist shot, or was shot by, an antagonist, to whom he bore no animosity. Hence, in Ireland, a gentleman's life was in perpetual insecurity, for it was not necessary that he should feel himself called upon to fight; the opinion of any feather-headed fool who misconceived a doubtful phrase used at last night's symposium, was held conclusive on the point, and a duel must ensue. The constant wounds inflicted upon society, from the prevalence of this barbarous and sanguinary custom, were incredible. Men were frequently hurried into fatal encounters, when drunk themselves, and all around them equally so. No person left home for a week without his pistols were duly deposited in his portmanteau. Did the most trifling quarrel arise, the means to settle it were instantly procurable. Were the room sufficiently large, it was only necessary to order in another pair or two of candles; or, if the parties preferred it, they could fight, *al fresco*, in the yard, and anticipate daylight by the agency of a couple of stable lanterns.

Before I had reached my twentieth summer, I had witnessed as many duels as I counted years. The causes of the majority of these affairs I cannot recollect, nor am I

quite persuaded that, at the time, the belligerents exactly understood for what insult or offence they were "stuck upon the daisies." Of the score in question, three might have been justified, for the fair sex were therein concerned; but of the remaining seventeen, I conscientiously believe the ground of offence was remediable, had the seconds only taken the trouble to interpose.

Three of these encounters ended fatally, and I shall, *mutatis nominibus*, sketch the particulars briefly of each.

Roderick O'Connor was a gentleman of small fortune, and heavily embarrassed. A pack of fox-hounds, and all the indirect expenditure attached to a kennel, are unfavorable to the formation of a sinking fund to liquidate old debts; and nine children did not tend to relieve the monetary pressure. Roderick was a Galway gentleman, brusque in his manners, and irascible in temper. He talked of economical retrenchments; but Roderick had talked of them for the last ten years. He would have laid down his hounds, had not an opposition pack been established in the neighborhood. He would have gone to England, and pulled in, but could he leave home on the eve of a contested election? Manifold were his good intentions, when death made an unexpected visit. I had slept at his house the preceding night, and was to return with him to dinner after hunting. *Dis aliter visum*, for Roderick in life was not fated to return.

The cover we were going to draw was part of a property then in Chancery. Two claimants litigated the estate. One had given Roderick the game, while the other suitor had been equally civil to the master of the opposition hounds. Unhappily the rival packs met at the cover side. Neither of the gentlemen would allow the cover to be drawn; both lost temper; an angry observation was returned by a cut from Roderick's hunting-whip. A blow, according to the code of that day, could only be atoned for by an interchange of fire; and the insulted man, having named an adjacent meadow as the place of meeting, galloped off to the residence of a kinsman, from whom, without delay, he obtained the necessary weapons for bringing the affair to mortal arbitrement. Attempts were made by mutual friends to adjust the quarrel; but a blow demanded blood, and were the insult of much lighter character, the door to effect reconciliation was unfortunately closed, for both were practised duelists, and neither dare consequently give way.

\* Lords Clonmel and Tyrawley.

From the side of the thicket, the duelists, their seconds, and all the sportsmen, save one or two who recoiled from the sanguinary result which the temper of the parties left little doubt would follow, and a mob of the peasantry, to whom a duel had more interest than a cock-fight—all, to the number of at least three hundred, repaired to one of those prairies peculiar to the Shannon, whose waters rolled slowly on below. For miles along the river's bank, the eye traverses a long range of meadow, rich in summer and autumn with alluvial grass, but which, during the rainy months, is generally a sheet of water, with here and there an islet peeping above the surface. On one of these gentle undulations the combatants were placed, the mob forming a double line, while the seconds—regular business men—completed their brief arrangements.

Although familiarized with dueling from boyhood, and brought up to consider it as an every-day occurrence, to which gentlemen, as a tax upon lineage and position, were bound to yield obedience as punctually as a tradesman is required to discharge an acceptance, still I felt painfully agitated when I saw the man with whom I supped last evening, and with whom to-day I was engaged to dine, standing on the brink of eternity, or about to hurry to "the bourn from which no traveler returns," one now full of life, and strength, and spirit. The pistols were squibbed and loaded, the seconds officiating under the close *surveillance* of half a-dozen amateurs, some watching proceedings for the house of Montague, while others were friendly to the cause of Capulet. To Roderick, in dueling courtesy, the choice of weapons was conceded; the ground was then cleared—the word was given—and, in less than half a minute, Roderick,

"His back to earth, his face to Heaven."

was stretched on the sward a dead man!

I ought to mention that, in preparing for the trial, the duelists adopted opposite systems, in what the fancy call their "toilet." Roderick took off coat, vest, and neckcloth, and fought in his shirt; his opponent buttoning his hunting-jacket to the chin. Scarcely had the corpse struck the ground, when the strangest scene imaginable ensued. Under some unaccountable panic, the whole crowd, actors and spectators, took to flight; and, jumping the meadow drains, they scampered at headlong speed, as if *saive qui peut* was the order of the day, and the foul fiend was

at their heels. One fugitive's retreat was temporarily arrested, for, turning suddenly, he rushed back to where I was standing beside the corpse, gazing at the dead man's countenance, snatched the discharged weapon from the hand which even in death still clenched it, muttered that it was the best nicked\* pistol in Galway, and that he would not lose it for fifty pounds; then resuming strong running, by increased exertions he overtook the fugitives, and was soon lost among the crowd.

Standing within a foot of the fallen duelist, I looked at the body, doubting the reality of death. I unclosed the shirt-collar, and removed the breast-pin. Directly beneath the right nipple the linen was slightly marked with blood, while the shirt and the skin it covered were punctured so little, that, where the bullet passed, the orifice seemed scarcely large enough to admit a pea. The hemorrhage outside did not exceed a spoonful; but, internally, it was enormous. The aorta was cut in two, and, of course, death had been instantaneous.

Absorbed in melancholy musing, as I looked upon the lifeless body, a horseman, unperceived, had approached me, and at a glance I recognized in the rider Father Malachi Kavanagh, poor Roderick's parish priest, who had supped with the dead and living the night before. His reverence evinced deep emotion as he gazed upon the body of his friend. Tears rolled in fast succession down his cheeks, and in the passionate language of the native Irish he poured forth an eulogy on the dead, in which virtues were emblazoned and failings forgotten altogether. Hearing a hurried rumor of the unfortunate quarrel, he had sought the scene, anxious to avert, but only in time to witness the calamity. He had summoned men from the next villages to remove the body from the field; and while he should attend poor Roderick's remains to his desolate roof-tree, I was earnestly entreated to ride before-hand to the house of mourning, and speak comfort to the bereaved.

It was a painful but a sacred task, and mounting my horse, I rode towards Shévena-garrew. The distance was only three miles. Had I been the bearer of comfort-

\* As a record of good service done to society, the number of times when pistols were employed effectively was scored, or crossed upon the handle. I have often shot at a card with an old family case; one had a couple of notches, the other *see!* No. 2 was considered a very respectable pistol, but No. 5, a jewel beyond price!

able tidings, a quarter of an hour would have closed the journey, but in sadness of heart I could not speed on; and when I looked back from a rising ground not a bow-shot from Roderick's gate, a group of men bearing a white bundle on their shoulders, and accompanied by a horseman, were visible within a mile. I guessed who the party were—spurred my horse to a gallop, and in five minutes was in the presence of a widowed wife, and nine children, who that morning had pressed a father's lips for the last time.

Rumor had already filled Shéve-na-garrew with alarm; but the peasant boy who had flown with the intelligence, suppressed the fatal result, and only told the servants that the master and Mr. Andrews had quarreled and gone out to fight. It is fifty-two years ago. I was then but eighteen; and yet the scene is more vivid—word, action, face, figure—all imprinted upon memory—ay, and in clearer coloring than the commonplace transaction which happened yesterday.

As sheep suddenly alarmed huddle together in wild uncertainty, the household, who no longer owned a master, had collected in the drawing-room. It was a sorrowful sight—Mrs. O'Connor widowed in the prime of life, and surrounded by her children—the eldest girl not yet fourteen, and the youngest, a baby in his nurse's arms. All eyes centred upon me, yet none but the mother spoke.

"Dear Mr. M—, in mercy tell the worst. A fearful report has reached us: it is rumored that my husband and Frank Andrews have quarreled, and gone out to fight. It cannot be. A crowd of friends and neighbors would never barbarously look on, and see the parent of these helpless children peril his valuable life."

I made no answer. I dared not speak the truth; and any attempt to conceal a terrible occurrence, which I was aware a few minutes must disclose, would but render the blow more stunning. Again the poor lady pressed her inquiries with impatient eagerness.

"Oh! speak, Mr. M——. Is the duel over?"

I muttered that it was.

"Is Roderick wounded? or is the matter worse?"

I shook my head mournfully, and in an under voice repeated the last word of the sentence—"worse!"

"Ha!" she exclaimed; "then one of them is killed?"

She paused, and gasped the question—"Which?"

Could I have mustered nerve to reply, time was not allowed. The eldest of the orphans, a sweet girl just budding into womanhood, looked from the window towards the entrance gate, and caught sight of the melancholy group, who, at the moment, were entering the avenue, with Roderick's body extended on a cabin-door, and covered with a white counterpane. She uttered a thrilling cry, screamed wildly, "My father!" and sank insensible on the carpet. In the same state her mother was removed from the room.

The corpse was extended on the hall-table, and the wail of women united to the cry of childhood. The poor orphans wept bitterly as they gazed on the pallid features of their dead father; but the infant, all indifferent to his loss, smiled in his nurse's arms, and played with a ringlet of her hair. Just then returning consciousness reminded Mrs. O'Connor that he whom she loved so fondly, and who so faithfully had returned her attachment, was lost to her and to her children for ever. She overheard the cry of sorrow in the hall, which the priest had endeavored vainly to repress; and springing from the bed, with maniac strength flung the women aside who attempted to restrain her—rushed into the crowded apartment, threw herself on the dead body of her husband, and covered his cold lips with kisses. I could stand the scene no longer, but hurried from the house, and sought a distant bench beneath an elm-tree, where the priest joined me in about half-an-hour.

"All is pretty quiet," he said, "for the present, and several of the neighboring ladies hastened, when they heard of the accident, to remove the younger children to their houses and take charge of the poor women—may the Virgin send her consolation!"

"May heaven prevent me from ever witnessing a similar scene!" I fervently ejaculated.

"Amen!" responded the churchman.

"I dare not denounce an appeal to the pistol under every circumstance," I continued; "but, good Heaven! is it not a crying sin against humanity, that the sacred bond of married love should be rent asunder, and nine helpless beings robbed of their protector, because a rascally fox was to be dislodged?"

His reverence lowered the tone of voice in which he had been speaking, to one intended to convey what was to be considered strictly confidential.

"The fact is, captain"—I was but an ensign at the time, *n'importe*—"I never expected poor Roderick would die otherwise,

and rest assured that Frank Andrews in good time will be stretched upon a daisy."

"Stretched upon a daisy!" I said.

"Yes, laid his full length upon the sod some blessed morning, like a trooper's horse, with his shoes on. I never knew three regular fire-eaters in my life, who did not go to their account with the tool in their fist which they were so fond of handling. That was Roderick's worst fault—may God be merciful to his soul! He was a good husband, a good father, and a good neighbor; but if a gentleman sneered out of time with him, it was nothing but the pistol. Poor Roderick was a true Roman Catholic, and would not miss mass if he could help it; but Frank Andrews has no more religion than a Methodist. May the Lord stand between us and the wicked!" and father Malachi piously blessed himself.

"But would not the exhortations of your reverence turn this sinner from the evil of his ways?" I inquired.

"My exhortations!" exclaimed the churchman; "my dear captain, if St. Jerome of Prague, and St. Anthony of Padua, the greatest preachers of their day, came upon earth again, and held forth next Sunday from the altar of Kill-na-coppal, the blessed fathers would have no more effect on Frank Andrews than if they had been all the time whistling jigs to a mile-stone."

"From your account of Mr. Andrews it will require extra labor to get him safe through purgatory, and procure him an introduction to Saint Peter."

"An introduction to Saint Peter!" exclaimed Father Malachi, in a voice in which astonishment was mingled with indignation; is it that blessed Apostle will have anything to say to a confirmed reprobate of his kind? Why, the saint, glory to his name, wouldn't touch the malefactor with a tent-wattle! Now, just listen to me for a few minutes, and you may fancy afterwards what claim on mother church Frank Andrews has.

"You must know that he had an elder brother called Dominic, who of course was heir to the estate; and Frank, like many a younger son, set out for Germany to push his fortune, where his uncle was a colonel. He remained abroad six years, until one dark night, returning rather hearty from a club-dinner, Dominic—God be good to him!—rode into a quarry, and was found next morning with a broken neck. Letters were immediately sent abroad to tell Frank that his brother had met with an accident, and home he came.

"His mother was the best of Catholics,"—and up went a supplication for her soul.—

"Troth! she's in a place where she'll never renew her acquaintance with the lad she left behind her, and that's in heaven. When Frank arrived, after she had made tender inquiries after his health, the old lady was anxious to hear that her son had been attentive to his duties when away—and what do you think came out? He had never darkened a chapel-door or crooked his leg to the clergy from the day he left home until he came back again." Here Father Malachi paused to bless himself. "Oh, murder!" said the old lady as she turned her eyes up to the ceiling; "why, you unfortunate young man, you are not company for a cannibal—by this book"—and she kissed her fan—"I won't stretch legs under the same mahogany until father Malachi has made a Christian of you."

"I was sent for with all speed, and the messenger found me mounting my horse to give the rites to Tim Daly's mother, who wasn't expected to pass the night over; but as the castle was in the way, and Mrs. Andrews had begged me to lose no time, I set off with the servant. I was soon closeted with the dear old lady; and in sore distress she told me the story. I knew that when Frank left home he was no great shakes of a Catholic; but to come back a heathen was awful. He was sent for to the stable, and I was shut in the back drawing-room to await the penitent. In he came presently—as loose a looking lad as you would meet in a month of Sundays. His hat was stuck upon three hairs, and he held his fore-finger out to be shaken, as carelessly as he would have presented it to a dog-breaker. 'How wags the world with thee, Malachi? I remember when I went abroad, that your nose was red, and you were a ten-tumbler man. D—n me! it's a regular mulberry now. Have you raised the alcoholic mixture to fifteen, eh! old chap?' There was a penitential address from a sinner to the man who was about to shrive him! I hinted the object of my visit, and mentioned that my services were required elsewhere. 'Then, my dear Malachi, do not let me detain you. I should regret that Mother Daly were stopped a night or two at Fiddler's Green, because you were not in time to give her the last polish, and book her direct to Paradise.' I told him that his spiritual state had given his mother the deepest sorrow, and urged him by penitence to reconcile himself to Holy Church. 'That is, I suppose, by fish-eating on a Friday, exclaim-



ed the reprobate. 'I hate fish. They surfeited me with wooly turbot when a boy, and lean haddocks the Lent before I left home; and ever since I detest anything that wears a fin, as much as old Clootie abominates holy water.' 'Well, sir,' I returned indignantly, 'you might have declined attention to your mother's wishes, without offering offence to me. I shall apprise her that, to his parent and his priest, Mr. Francis is equally respectful.' 'Stop, Father Malachi. I would not annoy the dear old lady for the world. Do you plead guilty to the fifteen tumblers? Nay, don't take a joke amiss. Come, let's to business at once. Here I go down upon my marrow-bones. Wipe the account off the slate at once, and put me down, to save time and trouble, for every crime in the calendar but highway robbery and wilful murder.'"

"Upon my word, the confession was brief but comprehensive. Any symptoms of moral amendment since, Father Malachi?"

"Yes," returned the priest, "if turning a cook off because she religiously demurred against cooking eggs and bacon for breakfast on Good Friday. Now, sir, what think you of Frank Andrews?"

"Why, that the aforesaid Francis is a sinner past praying for."

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There was not, throughout "the far west," a churchman who had mediated more successfully in affairs of honour, or brought so many intended and actual faction-fights to bloodless termination, than honest Malachi. In pulpit oratory there might have been abler theologians. Sancho Panza, a matter-of-fact reasoner, cunningly observes, that "soft words butter no parsnips;" and his reverence held similar opinions. If priests' souls transmigrate, Father Tuck had slipped into the outer man of Father Malachi: In height, he was some five feet nine, and, at five-and-thirty, weighed fifteen stone of bone and muscle, without an ounce of offal. To immense strength he united wonderful activity, and would do

tricks that you might expect rather from the monkey than the buffalo. The best men have enemies; and it was broadly insinuated that Malachi put more reliance in the carnal weapon than was canonical, and hence, that his most lasting impressions were made upon the carcass and not the conscience of the sinner.

Malachi's was a wild mountain parish, and his flock were in keeping with it. The honest churchman labored hard with his blackthorn through the week, and on Sunday cursed until the old women feared that he would lift the slates off the chapel; and still his flock remained rebellious. During a visit he made to the house of a Protestant gentleman, whose wife was a great favorite, the unhappy divine poured out his sorrows for her consolation.

"My heart's fairly broke, my lady, and the thieves will be the death of me. The devil himself—Christ pardon me for naming him?—wouldn't knock the fear of God into the hearts of these malefactors. I half murdered Panrike More last Wednesday; and, by the blessing of God, I'll curse the village of Cloonsallah, root and branch, to-morrow."

"But," said the lady, when she had listened patiently to his jeremiad, "my dear Father Kavanagh, when battery and banning are ineffective, might not a course of scriptural instruction prove beneficial?"

Malachi raised his eyes in horror and astonishment.

"Scriptural instruction to vagabonds like them! Arrah! cock them up with the Scriptures!"

Malachi, twenty years ago, went to his account. He was a generous and kindly soul, and the only thing to which he seemed to have a fixed aversion, was a capital letter, for he always wrote the pronoun personal with a little "i." I recollect his funeral well; and Protestant and Catholic followed him with sorrow to the grave. Peace to thy ashes, honest Malachi! Were all thy order like thyself, Ireland would be a Goshen!

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS AT ROME.

WITH NOTICES OF SOME EARLY CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES, ARTS, AND RELICS.

BY S. LEY WOLMER.

On a lovely evening in the month of May an Italian, the Count Giovanni de Viva, and an English gentleman, his friend, who was then visiting at Rome, having passed the evening together, went to see St. Peter's by moonlight.

Gentle reader! will you permit your countryman to be the narrator of a little history? Will you try even to become a party interested in it, and picture the two friends, and yourself, if it please you, with them, standing in the Piazza, or open space, in front of St. Peter's?

Around is a wide-spreading semicircular colonnade, in which are ranged hundreds of columns in double rows, supporting above the entablature numerous lofty statues. A magnificent fountain on each side throws volumes of crystal waters high in the air, and they are descending with a pleasing sound, scattering about their spray-like summer showers. The lofty obelisk, which once ornamented the capital of Egypt, now stands in the centre of the piazza, and breaks the full view of the church with the sharp outline of its lofty column, covered with strange and not yet wholly deciphered hieroglyphics.

On the occasion we are now recording, the stars rapidly appeared in the dark blue sky, until at length the mighty host of them, proceeding in silent loveliness on their nightly pilgrimage, presented the glorious sight which the heavens of a southern clime offer on a cloudless night. Under certain associations of feeling, the scenes of nature or the beauties of art produce peculiar impressions of their glory and beauty. Could it be otherwise at such a time, and in such a place as Rome, with the edifice of St. Peter's before us? And then the moon, "walking in brightness," rising higher and higher in the heavens, began to throw a flood of radiance over the

giant church, lighting up cross, and dome, and tower. At that moment the combinations of beauty in the scene were indeed superb.

On one side of the church the constellation of Orion shone in full majesty, whilst to the left the brightest of the fixed stars sparkled with a tremulous lustre; and in the happy combinations of the moment, from the point of view from which we gazed, a bright planet seemed for awhile to rest like a brilliant diamond on the point of the cross which surmounts the dome. It suggested the thought of a beautiful representation of Truth, descending like a pure light from its native heaven, and resting on the cross, the nearest point it found to brighten on earth, and to direct man even from the summit of an earthly to a heavenly temple.

From the serenity of the air, the last vibrations of the sound of the bells, which alone reminded us of the flight of time, wavered and wavered so long and so softly, that I ventured to express a thought which would have been rejected in the daylight—that the dying sounds seemed like the spirits of the hours, unwilling to depart; and so lingering about ere they passed away.

The Signor de Viva was a Catholic; I a Protestant; both of us, I trust, Christians. We had seen much of Rome together; but its subterranean wonders had hitherto been forgotten.

"To-morrow, Signor Count, shall we visit the catacombs?" I inquired.

"With all my heart; and if you will permit me, I will be your guide," replied the count.

The next day, at an early hour, we met, and as we passed to the suburbs of Rome, the count made our walk agreeable by giving some general accounts of the catacombs of

Italy, and more particularly as to those which had been found at Rome.

The catacombs, he stated, are large and extensive galleries, which had been dug in ages past under ground. The soil which is under Rome, and extends to some distance in the adjoining country, is of a soft character, called *Tufa*, and is easily worked away; and whether for the original building of the city or other purposes now unknown, immense cavities were dug ages since; this process constantly going forward, galleries were formed in many parts, of considerable length, running along, and frequently intersecting each other, like the streets of an underground city.

Great questions have always been entertained by antiquarians as to the original object of forming these passages, but the strong probability is in favor of their having been excavated for the *pozzuolano* earth, as it is called, which is of volcanic origin—the passages in many places seem to follow the vein of it; but, whatever was the origin of the catacombs, it is certain that they were subsequently used as burying-places long before the Christian era. Notwithstanding the general custom of burning the body amongst the Romans, there were classes of the dead not so disposed of, and these vaults were conveniently used for the interment of slaves and malefactors, whose bodies were thrown into them. After the Christian era, the early Christians availed themselves of these subterranean passages for burials; and during the persecutions, the bodies not only of general disciples, but especially of the martyrs, here found a resting-place; the remains of the heroes of the faith, in the estimation of the disciples, threw a sanctity around the place where they rested, so that other Christians desired to be interred near them, and thus the catacombs gradually became a full city of the dead. But concurrently with the use of the catacombs as a place of interment for the early Christians, they were also made a place of refuge during the existence of persecutions, and the disciples met each other and assembled in groups in these dismal places.

Sorrow finds its solace in the hopes of the Gospel and in the acts of worship—the tears which flow as we look down on the earth become dried as we turn our eyes towards heaven. Hymns of praise and accents of prayer ascended often from the galleries of the catacombs. From time to time larger spaces were cut out and subterranean chapels made, in which the ceremonies of the new faith

were performed, and the *Agapæ*, or Love Feasts, celebrated. These assemblies of Christians, and the reverence shown for the remains of martyrs, were noticed by St. Jerome whilst he was a student at Rome.

The researches in modern times amongst the catacombs, added my friend, have been extensive, and some of the results as interesting as the discoveries amongst the tombs of the Egyptians. Many works have been written on the subject; the study of them, if you are inclined for such a repast, will afford you ample contentment, and our present visit may, perhaps, induce a relish.

The catacombs have been generally known for several hundred years, but no accurate account appears, before an Italian, named Bosio, explored and described some of them in a work published about 1632. Another author, Arringhi, has largely illustrated this interesting subject in two folio volumes, entitled "*Roma Subterranea*," published in 1651. Another important and interesting work, giving an account of the pictures and sculptures, and other relics, found in the catacombs, was written by an author of the name of Bottari, besides which there are many modern publications. In some of these works the results of the visits of the explorers are fully detailed, and plans given of the cemeteries and of the galleries in them as then found.

From the published accounts to which I have referred, and from my own personal observation (continued the count), I may inform you briefly that there have been five principal catacombs discovered underneath Rome, and which are now known by the names of the catacombs of St. Sebastian, and those of Pontianus, of St. Agnes, St. Cyriaca, St. Pancras, with some smaller ones. The most extensive range of catacombs which have been explored and described is that anciently known as the cemetery of the Pope Calistus. The church of St. Sebastian was subsequently built over a part of this subterranean place, and the catacombs then became, and still continue, designated as those of St. Sebastian. No adequate idea can, however, now be obtained of the whole extent and ramifications of the catacombs from the parts which can be at present explored; for, excepting a certain space which has been left open in each, to gratify curiosity and research, the passages have been built up. The fearful accidents which occurred, and which were liable to occur, in these dismal regions, were assigned as the reasons for closing them up.

Fancy, my dear friend, descending amidst the remains of the dead, and the mephitic vapors arising from the earth, and then, by some unforeseen accident, the lights being extinguished, and the right path to return lost—wandering on and on, and up and down, in an inextricable labyrinth—day and night, and in hunger and thirst—in such a scene, and amidst such horrors. This is no fancied scene; many have been missed after descending into the catacombs; and the loss of a whole party, some years since, in a similar way, at length decided that ingress far into the catacombs should be prevented.

In the catacombs of St. Sebastian were found two separate stories, one above the other; the upper part was nearly 1,000 feet in length, and more than 600 feet in width: the lower was rather smaller in extent and dimensions; but in both, galleries or corridors ran in all directions, crossing and intersecting each other, and numerous small chambers opening into the galleries were full of human remains; the position and manner of their interment you will be able to understand better by an examination of the catacomb itself. There is reason for supposing that this cemetery of which I am now speaking was used by the disciples of Christ at a very early period, and was distinguished by the name of the Cemetery of the Catacombs.

But see before us, (exclaimed the count,) the church of St. Sebastian; we shall descend from it into the catacombs over which, as I informed you, it had been built.

We were now in the Appian Way; and if antiquity could raise a reverential feeling, I was quite disposed to acknowledge the *religio loci*.

It is surprising what a favorite St. Sebastian is in all places in Italy. His image, pierced with arrows and bound to a tree, meets the eye, I think, more frequently than that of most other saints. The martyr is generally represented as a young man with a well-developed form, which is partially uncovered, and there is nothing except the number of arrows with which he is occasionally represented as transfixed, which can awaken any of those painful feelings which the effigies of some of the old and suffering martyrs create. Perhaps these circumstances, added to the virtues of his life and his tragical death, may account for the interest with which his memory is regarded.

The fabric of the church of St. Sebastian offers externally nothing of peculiar interest. In fact, the exteriors of the churches in Italy

are not generally of pleasing architecture, and frequently appear quite unfinished—the glory and the beauty are reserved for the interiors.

The neighborhood around the church of St. Sebastian is very sombre, with little appearance of population and but few dwellings. It is quite a place for a cemetery. Before we entered the church, the count called my attention to a small chapel in the neighborhood, bearing the singular title of “Domine, quo vadis?”—“Lord, whither goest thou?” The origin of this name, the count informed me, with a full assurance of his own belief in the truth of it, was, that it had been built on the spot where St. Peter, being threatened with martyrdom at Rome, was leaving the city to avoid it, when he here met the Saviour himself going towards Rome. The apostle inquired of him, “Domine, quo vadis?” To which the Lord replied, “I go to Rome to be again crucified,” and then disappearing, left on the spot where the church now stands the print-marks of his feet. The apostle, according to the legend, strengthened and freed from his fears, returned boldly to Rome to meet his martyrdom.

On our entering into the church of St. Sebastian, the count dipped his forefingers in the vase of holy water, which is always found near the church doors, marked his forehead with the sign of the cross, and touched several parts of his body with similar devotion. He then offered his hand to me, although in his eyes a heretic. I thought no offence arose in touching it, as my friend reminded me that as water was needful for the purification of the body, so man needed a holy and heavenly influence, of which it was a type, to cleanse the pollutions of the soul. Instead of the mere accustomed touch by which the union of the faithful is symbolized, I grasped the proffered hand with a warmth which might, and probably did, suggest some kindly thoughts as to the brotherhood of us all, notwithstanding the divisions of sects and parties into which we have fallen.

Having taken a general survey of the church, we then made our arrangement for a descent into the catacombs with the sacristan, an officer of the church who was to attend us. He was an intelligent person, dressed in costume; and, requesting us to follow him, he placed large lighted tapers in our hands. Thus prepared, we descended from the church by a narrow staircase until



we reached a small chapel excavated from the surrounding earth. Our attention was here directed to a marble statue of St. Sebastian, executed by Bernini, a celebrated sculptor of modern days, several of whose chief works have the curious distinction of ornamenting underground chapels instead of being exposed to the open-day world. The effect, however, of white marble in such sombre localities is increased by the contrast, and a simple statue appearing so unexpectedly, will produce a sensation it would not have raised elsewhere.

In this chapel also is shown the place where, our guide informed us, the remains of the Saint Lucia were found. As I was not acquainted with the history of this lady, or even with her place in the calendar, the count kindly relieved me by promising at another time a detail of her history and saintly virtues, which he assured me would be so interesting that I should probably desire to see her relics, which had been removed from the catacombs to be objects of veneration in one of the churches in Rome. I thanked him for his courtesy, but felt quite satisfied with the effect produced on my imagination by looking into the place where the lady so long had reposed, and ventured to express my opinion that it would have been much better had her remains been left undisturbed.

"Whatever may be your feelings as to St. Lucia," observed the count, "we shall both be united in our admiration of the great Apostle of the Gentiles; and although as Catholics we claim peculiar relationship with St. Peter, you too will also allow his claims as one of the greatest among the great."

"Certainly," I replied; "amongst the deathless names of the world, those of the first apostles of Christ stand in the foremost rank. The fame of earthly conquerors is as nothing to that of the victors of the human mind. Dynasties have been formed, have passed away and are forgotten, since the preaching of the apostles began. They were chosen to be, and were made, able ministers in setting up that kingdom whose foundations are never to be shaken, and whose duration is to be eternal."

"Then solemnize your mind, replied the count, "with the remembrance that in this very spot beneath our feet, if the ancient tradition be true, the bodies of some of those great men, 'of whom the world was not worthy,' were deposited after their execution.

"On one of the hills of Rome, (the Jani-

culum,) St. Peter, it is believed, was crucified; and that St. Paul resided for a considerable period in Rome, historical evidence has decided. In the suburbs of the city he was beheaded.

"We will visit together," added the count, "the Mammertine prisons, where St. Peter was confined, and the spot called the Three Fountains, where St. Paul yielded up his life under the tyranny of Nero. There is something affecting in the thought," he continued, "that these martyrs, after their life of energy and suffering, were even denied the privilege of mingling their remains with the earth of their native land."

"Why should that be lamented?" I asked.

"Can you ask such a question?" the count replied. "You, a foreigner—would you not think with sorrow that you were to die and rest away from your native shores—the land which gave you birth, and to which all your early associations are attached?"

The count favored us with quotations from Petrarch and Lamartine in favor of his views.

"My dear count," I exclaimed, "if you will quote Petrarch and Lamartine in the catacombs, however much they may be flattered by the selection, I fear we shall make slow progress with our guide, who looks rather impatiently towards you."

We entered without further delay into one of the passages which branched off from the little chapel, and were at once amidst the sepulchres.

In passing through the narrow enclosure, on either side, above and beneath us, was the colored tufa, or clay. The glare of our large tapers made our party look ghastly to each other, and a sense of oppression in the feelings was occasioned by the confined atmosphere and the associations as we looked around. There were rows of niches, or spaces, of the length of a human body, cut out in the walls all along these passages, but all were now open and tenantless. We threaded passage after passage presenting the same dismal aspect, the silence only broken by our footfalls and voices. It appeared that all the graves had been disturbed; when the outer covering was first broken away, the remains of the wrecks of humanity which had been originally placed in them appeared. Skeletons alone remained. The outlines of human forms in bones, in recumbent attitudes, were on all sides, some falling to powder on exposure to the air, but others remaining in good preservation.

The description of the remains, "each in

his narrow cell for ever laid," would have been strictly applicable to those interred in the catacombs, if they had been allowed to repose there; but the catacombs were always the Church treasury-houses for the relics of saints and martyrs. They became mines to be explored, yielding treasures in the estimation of some more valuable than the glittering gems or precious metals of the earth. They were soon ransacked to supply objects for the veneration or superstition of the members of the Romish Church.

I confess I was disappointed in not realizing what my imagination had depicted. On either side I expected to have seen forms still exhibiting something akin to humanity; to have found lamps hanging before the tombs—vases yet containing some of the blood shed by the primitive martyrs, resting, as they had originally been placed, beneath their remains—and pictured memories on their tombs, and inscriptions to record their names, and something of the events of their lives and deaths, or other interesting memorials to repay research and invite reflection.

After exploring various corridors and passages and small spaces or chambers cut out in the earth, but all of the same character, we reached the wall by which further progress in the catacombs was barred on all sides. I longed to pass the barrier. I told my disappointment and desire to the count.

"I share your feelings," he replied; "and thus it ever is with human nature—that which we have is never sufficient if there is something ungained beyond it.

"Is it not enough, my friend, that you are now in the very spot where the early disciples of our faith celebrated some of their divine mysteries, the blessings of which we enjoy without the persecutions to which they were subject? Look at this very chamber, scooped out of the earth, in which we are standing; this was the scene, doubtless, of many a discourse and many an Agape, or Love Feast. There, in the centre, is yet the stone chair in which the Episcopos, or Bishop, gathered his children around him, and in these gloomy caverns told them of 'the light that shined in darkness,' and which they enjoyed although 'the world comprehended it not.' Here, in silence, they were armed for the combat and sufferings to which they were called in the world; and, looking to the great Author of their faith, learned how 'to endure, as seeing him who is invisible;' and here, when the struggle was over, their remains were brought by their pious brethren to wait until the time

when they shall be awakened to glory and immortality."

Our guide, too much accustomed to the scene to receive any new or forcible impressions from it, seemed very inattentive to the count's reflections, but called our attention to an inscription on one of the unopened niches—

"Valentinus, in pace."—Valentinus, in peace.

Would that the Church had left all the tenants of the tombs "in peace," instead of defeating the inscriptions on their graves by disturbing their remains and giving them so premature and unhallowed a resurrection!

"Notwithstanding all your comments, count," I exclaimed, "would that we could pass the barriers, and, with our guide and some new lights, explore the forbidden catacombs. There I might realize the scenes I expected to see, for innovation has not defaced them."

"True," replied our guide; "but I would not accompany you, lest we might meet the same fate as the party who perished there; their bones are added to those they came to explore. We might stumble over their remains as we passed along."

The idea was horrible, and checked for a moment my wish to explore beyond the walls.

"But gentlemen," continued our guide, "if you are desirous of seeing horrors, you may see enough of them elsewhere—there is no lack of them in Italy. The Catacombs of St. Sebastian are fit for any Christian to visit; but you may find much of what you desire at other places."

I might visit at Rome, it appeared, the less disturbed Catacombs of St. Agnes, the Cemetery of St. Pontianus, and that of St. Pancras—the latter, he said, was rarely entered; and then there was a modern place in Rome where the dead monks were all kept in an underground gallery in their cowls and their hoods, dressed as when alive, with a label on each, telling his name and the date of his death. And then, I was informed, there were, at Naples, catacombs less interfered with than those at Rome; and in some of the churches there the noble dead of centuries ago, dressed in Spanish doublets and military and regal ornaments, according to their rank when in life, were still kept in large boxes, which could, by special favor, be inspected; and this favor, by the way, was generally accorded to an Englishman.

This was all good news, which the count

most satisfactorily seconded, adding, that he was glad to relieve me of much of my present disappointment by the information, which the guide confirmed, that the removal of the bodies and the interesting relics found in the catacombs, instead of a disadvantage, was quite the contrary; for, as the former were held as the sacred deposits of the churches, and guarded more carefully by the veneration of the faithful than precious gems, so the latter had been deposited in museums at the Vatican and elsewhere in Rome, where they could be studied at leisure, with every advantage arising from the result of the studies and comments of learned antiquarians to be referred to in the libraries close at hand; that a whole gallery of Christian antiquities, from the catacombs and elsewhere, had been collected at the Vatican, forming the most interesting of its halls for observation, devout reflection, and study; and that at Rome there was a complete feast of relics as well as ruins for all who had the desire to pursue the study.

"In fact, in this the Cross has again triumphed, as it will in everything else in God's good time," piously observed the count, as a closing remark.

"Amen," I fervently replied; "but I confess I do not exactly perceive the connection of your remarks in this particular instance."

"The contents of the martyrs' graves," observed the count, "have become the treasures of the Church; and the Church and the altar guard the martyrs' remains."

"You have forgotten, my friend," he continued, "what occurred but a few days since when we stood together in the midst of the ruins of the Colosseum—you gave me its history and depicted the scenes which had occurred in it as if you had been an ancient Roman. Did you not then picture the tens of thousands within its circle, gazing with intense interest whilst the gladiators fought and the cruel Nero was about to decide the fate of the poor conquered wretch down whose wounded side the 'blood-drops rained like a shower?' Did you not bid me look at the ruins of the door out of which lions and other ferocious beasts had often sprung amidst the acclamations of the vast multitude around—yes, had sprung amidst that noise and their own roaring—to meet the calm and determined look of the Christian who was to be torn asunder for his witness to his Saviour? And did you not then point to the desolations all around—to the neighboring ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, and to the large cross fixed and standing erect in the midst

of the Colosseum, 'in all its meek supremacy,' and then triumphantly observe, 'The Cross has triumphed?'

"I now point you to the catacombs and their remains and relics. I direct your attention to the symbol of the cross as the loftiest thing in Rome, crowning the dome of St. Peter's, over which we saw last evening the bright star resting. High above all other things the cross towers above the city, the nearest point to heaven, with its mute appeal and acknowledgement of the faith of the city in Him, the Crucified. The cross catches the first glittering ray of the morning sun—it is the last object on which it shines."

I was glad to remember that the loftiest object in London was the cross on St. Paul's, and that it too caught the first sunbeams and retained them the last.

"Would to heaven," I exclaimed, "that those who dwell whether beneath the shadow of St. Peter's or St. Paul's, reflected more of the brightness of the true cross in themselves!" To effect this, however, it also occurred to me that they must look to Him who died upon the cross to give them power.

As we emerged from the catacombs we decided that our next visit should be to the museum and the galleries of the Vatican. The next morning we accordingly set out to explore the museum at the Vatican.

"We must again pass St. Peter's," observed the count; "but the glorious temple will exhibit a very different appearance bathed in the sunbeams of this bright May day, from that which inspired such poetic associations in the moonlight."

"Well, I promise you," I replied, "there shall be no rhapsody whatever on the subject. Let us talk of graves, since we are going to explore records taken out of them. Permit me to quote a passage from an English writer, which our yesterday's visit has recalled to my memory. Sir Thomas Brown says, 'Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave—solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre—nor omitting ceremonies of bravery even in the infamy of his nature.'"

The count replied to my quotation,—

"How universal is this longing after an immortality of some kind—this desire to be remembered and loved, not only whilst we live, but after we have ceased to be of the visible world. 'Though the worm fulfils the work of destruction beneath, man rears the monument above;' it is only a question of

time how long before it must crumble in the dust like the perishing remains it covers."

"The pilgrim must seek a resting-place somewhere, though it be in the grave," I observed.

"True," replied the count. "Man is indeed a pilgrim, for eternity.—His home is not in the grave, but beyond it."

"Why," I asked, "should we so earnestly try to escape the decree which consigns that which is perishable, to ruin?"

"There is a something within us that tells us that we cannot all die," rejoined the count, "and it is the struggle of the soul for the life—the 'fuller life' after which it yearns—that makes it solicitous even for the fragile companion with which for awhile it is associated."

"It is, indeed, a glorious hope," I replied, "that although the body returns to dust, the soul, freed from corruption, shall still exult in life, 'shall wake and wonder, and adore and praise.' Yes, the soul was made for immortality,—life, eternal life, is the true scene for its action, and its energies; that life we are instinctively awaiting. Even amidst the very triumphs of death, we are expecting the light to shine, and trusting for its advent, even as we descend into the darkness of the grave."

"It would add another to such pretty similes, as to our natural longing after immortality," exclaimed the count, "if you were also to say that amidst the silence of the regions of death, the soul is still listening to catch some notes of the music of Heaven. But such aspirations, and such hopes, are doubtless strong arguments, not only for the immortality of the soul, but may also be some indications connected with the redemption of the body itself from corruption—some foreshadowing of its resurrection."

"It is certain," continued De Viva, "that in all ages, as with an universal consent, there has been great care for the mortal remains, a feeling in which civilized and savage have alike united."

"How various have been the methods of sepulture by which man has essayed to ward off for awhile the sentence of 'dust to dust!' Abraham bought the field of Machpelah and the cave which was in it for a burying-place; the bones of Joseph were carefully preserved and carried to Canaan; the process of embalment—the mummy of Egypt—the pyramid, still standing unshaken amidst the desert—the urns of Greece, yet holding the burnt ashes—the tombs of the Roman in the city where we are—the painted chambers of

the Etruscan tombs, with the vases standing as they were placed 3,000 years ago—the monumental tablets—the tabooed places of the savage—all attest the same feelings—"

"Which one of our English poets"—I stopped the count's discourse—"has beautifully illustrated, when he writes that—

" 'E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.' "

"Once more, then, I again behold thee, thou glorious temple!" I involuntarily exclaimed as we reached the Fountains, whose thrown-up waters were sparkling and reveling in the sunbeams.

"Stay, stay," cried the count, "remember your promise; no more rhapsodies. You Englishmen are a strange race, with your cold manners, your exclusive habits, your measured words, and apparently unexcitable minds, when once you get into an enthusiasm—no matter what it is about—once set you moving, and there is no stopping you."

"It is the character of my countrymen," I replied, with a feeling of pride; "we are difficult to be set in motion, but when we do move, it is in right earnest, and all together; we do not stop until the end is accomplished." Any further dissertation was fortunately prevented by the count's reminding me we were now close to the Vatican. Let us approach it by a more than regal entrance. We passed first into St. Peter's, and then up the grand staircase, to the Palace of the Popes.

On our visit to the Vatican we explored the Museum of Sepulchral Monuments and Ancient Tomb Inscriptions, called the Galleria Lapidaria. It is in the part of the palace called the Belvedere, which was the design of the sculptor Bramanti. It forms one of the approaches to the range of other museums beyond. What a contrast does this long corridor present to some of those other museums in the Vatican—full as they are of the treasured sculptures of the past, where art and taste have lavished all their powers, and forms of manly beauty and female loveliness are made immortal in marble—whilst here, all around us, are only sepulchral urns and commemorative tablets, either of Pagan Rome or such memorials in marble and stone of the early Christians and martyrs as have been collected from the catacombs or otherwise rescued from decay or destruction! On the right-hand side the Heathen memorials are ranged, the Christian on the left.

The attention is immediately struck with the difference of the art and ingenuity con-



nected with the one and absent in the other. The tomb of the Roman is generally adorned with care; the inscription not only legible but cut with bold and well-designed letters, and on most of the tablets are the letters D. M. S. (*Dis Manibus Sacrum*,) announcing at once they were not the records of those to whom "light and immortality had been brought to light by the Gospel."

We took a general *coup d'œil* of the contents of the gallery, passing up and down in very leisurely observation, pausing and making comments as our attention was attracted on either side. This desultory method of studying antiquities, if not quite scientific, was very agreeable, and procures me the advantage of being able to dispense with any attempt to place in the order of the museum the description of the tablets or their inscriptions. We deciphered many of the inscriptions, and sketched in a little note-book, which I have now before me, some remembrances of the tablets and of their descriptive emblems.

The inscriptions do not commonly offer more than the name of the deceased and the age and the time of death, sometimes adding the occupation; but there are frequently some few words which impart a grace more touching than a lengthened epitaph, although memorials of the class analogous to modern grave inscriptions are not frequent.

"Irene in pace,  
qui vixit Ann XX."

Irene in peace,  
who lived twenty years.

"Arethusa in Deo  
Dep. in pace."

Arethusa in the Lord  
Died in peace.

"Januarius Leontide conjuge  
in pace."

Januarius to his wife Leontide  
in peace.

"Dulcissimo Filio Faustino  
Pater bene merenti."

The Father lamenting to his dearest  
Son Faustinus.

And such like are the records of the departed and of those who sorrowed for ere they rejoined them. The most striking objects on the tablets are the pictorial emblematic representations which accompany the inscriptions. Amongst these, the dove with an olive branch—the Good Shepherd bearing a lamb

either over his shoulders or in his arms—the cross and the triangle—are very conspicuous. On many of the tablets, in addition to the cross, the Greek letters alpha and omega are found; and many inscriptions, supposed to indicate those who suffered by martyrdom, have, in addition to some emblem, a Christian monogram, or *Pro Christo*, engraved on the sepulchral tablet. On one of the Roman sepulchral stones, containing the usual initial letters D. M. S., we noticed the emblem of a leaf annexed. This figure probably is to denote the fragility of life. It was, however, peculiarly interesting on this tablet, as showing not merely the transition from the Heathen to the Christian sentiment, but the union of both; the first inscription being Pagan in character, whilst the emblem which followed is so frequently on the Christian tablets. This mixture would often naturally occur in the change from the old customs to the Christian methods before the latter had finally displaced the former, although so tenacious is the hold of ancient usages that still in many of the rites and practices continued in the southern countries there can be no doubt of their being but the old heathen superstitions under another modification of form.

"Illustrative of this transition state to which this Roman sepulchre has called our attention, let us at once inspect," said the count, "another most interesting relic which has been but lately discovered, and is now added to the treasures of art in the Vatican."

We soon found in an adjoining room the object of our search. It is a large vase of black marble, nearly four feet high and two wide, which we were informed had been brought to light whilst excavations were being made in Rome. The form is after the model of the ancient Greek vases, and the workmanship and ornaments are considered to be of the fourth or fifth century of the Christian era. The under portion is covered with acanthus leaves sculptured all round, amidst which are intermingled the heads of satyrs.

"Observe in this," said the count, "the lingering of the Pagan taste, and contrast it with the representations on the upper part, where are represented on the one side, in relief, the Holy Virgin holding the infant Saviour in her arms, whilst three men—most probably the Wise Men—are advancing towards them. On the other side is the figure of Christ on a throne, and around him are the apostles."

After leaving the Vatican, where we remained until the evening, we passed into the ante-hall of St. Peter's. The portals were thrown back, showing the magnificent interior, inviting us to enter. The sun was now setting, but the departing rays were filling the church with glory, lighting up aisles and altars, monuments and pictures. Numerous priests were moving to and fro, clothed in white vestments, and congregating for the evening service. The vespers were just beginning. Some preluding notes of music from a choir of voices—unaided by organ or instrumental melody—swelled upon the air, reaching us from one of the chapels in the distance; and as we listened, the sounds increased, until the anthem was swelling in full and lofty harmony—

"Magnificat anima mea Dominum."

Whilst the music was thus filling the church, "fanning the air as with an angel's wing," the sunbeams were lighting up all the interior with their departing splendor. The combination was exquisite; a glowing sunburst and rejoicing music seemed to illustrate each other. Sunbeams in such places are like embodied music, and lofty strains of praise, such as those, gladden the heart like the sunshine. What a mighty power has music! How like a spirit it hovers around unseen, and holds such mastery over human feelings!

The air was redolent of the odor of incense, sweet but almost oppressive to the senses. And when the sunshine departed, the shades of evening soon began to throw over the majestic objects around the indistinctness which, whilst it removes much of the actual, encourages the ideal. Again, another strain of melody! A single voice, combining strength and sweetness, commenced; then voice after voice followed until they all united, when the full choir swelled into one bursting, long-sustained anthem of praise, which at last died away in distant echoes.

"We have no longer the response of other days," whispered De Viva. "In that cupola," pointing to the dome, hundreds of feet above us, "another choir formerly assembled to respond to those below—to send back the praise, not in faint echoes, but in full response—an image of the celestial choir in unison with the worshipers below. Let us still fancy the cupola haunted by such strains."

"The praise of the Creator," I remarked, "is the true and noblest service of the divine art of music."

We remained until the closing anthem.

"Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes!  
Laudate Dominum, omnes populi!"

Praise the Lord, all ye nations!  
Praise the Lord, all ye people!

And now the strain is rising, and the chorus is swelling and mounting higher and higher yet, like a host rejoicing and calling on all around to join in the triumph. Now, by a soft relapse, some of the voices are repeating the strain which like a line of gold runs through every part, whilst others are contrasting, as it were, in reply other tones in grand relief. And now again all the voices are united and swell in concluding harmony—

"Laudate Dominum! Laudate Dominum!"

"Amen!" exclaimed the count.

"Even so, Amen," I replied.

Have we not all felt that there are some occasions in our life—transient though they may have been, yet deep and powerful ere they passed away—when the human spirit rising purified, as it were, for awhile from earthly dross, has felt its true life developing; and when noble and elevated influences, pervading and enlarging its powers, have offered some foretaste of a life of the soul into which it has yearned with passionate longing to expand?

At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences on the 25th inst., M. Arago communicated a letter which he had received from Professor Morse of New York, concerning the Electrical Telegraph. "The celebrated Superintendent of the Telegraphs in America," says the

*Compte Rendu*, "gives an account of the improvements of apparatus since the period of its exhibition to the Academy. He complains, in animated language, of the claim of priority raised by Mr. Jackson, which he believes to be unfounded."

From Tait's Magazine.

## A PEEP AT A COAL-PIT AND THE PEOPLE IN IT.

THE old proverb, that "one half of the world does not know what the other half is doing," is perhaps in no instance more applicable than in that of citizens and colliers. The one class consider all their toils finished when they sit down at the side of a good coal fire; the other class have their toils to commence when the coal that feeds the same fire is to be procured. The citizens are consumers, the colliers producers, and, as usual, the former generally remain ignorant of the latter. There are upwards of 20,000 people engaged in, and connected with, the miners and their families in the northern collieries alone; that is, those on the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees, or, as it is commonly called, the Newcastle district. Yet we will venture to say that far more than 20,000 travelers pass close by these pits and pitmen, and are as unacquainted with the one and the other as with localities and laborers in a foreign country. Perhaps few Cockneys have ever set eyes on a genuine pitman in his pit costume. One example should be brought to the Exhibition as a rarity. He would, at least, be as great a curiosity as the Chinese mandarin. Thousands who have seen a Chinese junk will never see a Newcastle coal-pit.

In a recent article in this Magazine, we drew attention to the subject of coal-mine explosions, and explained the cause of such catastrophes in a brief space. We now proceed to take a glance at the entire colliery, and the habits and manners of the colliers, only noticing the subject of ventilation so far as is necessary to complete our view of the mine in the present article.

The sinking of a shaft to the coal, and the establishment of a colliery on a first-rate scale, is a very serious undertaking, and is therefore commonly effected by a company of capitalists, under lease from the owner of the land. The value of coal-bearing land is enormous, and from such land a large portion of the revenues of the bishopric of Durham arises. Our belief is, that the public at large have no conception of the

revenues derived from this source. Some day or other, these, like the coals themselves, will come to light, if not to London. The capital required for the proper establishment of a first-class sea-sale colliery is generally very considerable. Including the "training," or getting at the coal, the machinery, colliers' houses, wagons, and similar appendages, we should say the capital embarked varies from 40,000*l.* to 150,000*l.* Of course, the difficulties to be encountered before the coal is reached regulate the early expenditure. In some cases, springs and feeders are cut and tapped which seem to be inexhaustible, and to pour out rivers of pent up waters. At one pit near Durham, the steam-engines pumped from feeders to the amount of 26,700 tons of water *per diem*! This is an extreme instance; but 1000 gallons per minute, or 6000 tons per diem, are not seldom pumped up from mines. In the great Hetton Colliery there were three chief feeders issuing forth respectively 2000, 1600, and 1000 gallons of water *per minute*. Hence the amount of steam-power for pumping water and lifting coals is very great. At Percy Main, near Newcastle, are found 586-horse power of steam-engines in operation; but of this total amount no less than 440-horse power was at work for pumping alone, to preserve the mine dry. Engines of 250-horse power, ever laboring at the pumps of a mine, are not uncommon in the north of England.

We think it best to select a particular pit for a visit, and then we say, "Ex uno disce omnes;" that is, in English, "One dark hole is as bright as a thousand." The pit we choose is Pemberton's Mine, near Sunderland, as it is one of the most arduous undertakings ever completed by two or three adventurers. The obstacles encountered in the progress of the work, and its confident continuation in the face of prognosticated failure, are themes of constant conversation and commendation in the district. It was at first prophesied by some of the most eminent mining agents, that the shaft of this pit would

never be completed, and the coal never attained. But the Pembertons persevered almost beyond hope, and finally succeeded in obtaining excellent coal at a depth of 1600 feet! The shaft, having been subsequently continued, is now between 1700 and 1800 feet deep, being about the deepest perpendicular shaft in the world, and about *nine times* as deep as the Monument of London is high! Let our gentle reader imagine the Monument piled nine times upon itself, and he will obtain some conception of the Pembertons' pit-shaft, at Monkwearmouth, near Sunderland. The reader will best understand the interior by accompanying us in one of our descents of this shaft, and we shall thus place things before him as graphically as possible.

Were the reader accompanying us in any other than an imaginary visit, it is probable that the mere appearance of the colliery-arrangements on the surface would be sufficiently repulsive. As soon as we leave the town of Sunderland, and approach, through Monkwearmouth, towards the locality, a tall, black, cloud-emitting engine-chimney stands as a mine-mark to direct us to the pit-mouth. A few dusky sheds and several large coal-heaps blacken upon our view. We draw nearer, and distinguish the pullies overhanging the shaft, and indicating by their conspicuous revolutions that the pit is at work. Upon our arrival at the "pit-heap," we ascend the eminence, and find the "under-viewer," or resident superintendent, awaiting us. It is a busy as well as a black scene; and we may glance around upon it until our turn to descend arrives. The man who stands at the mouth of the shaft, and utters that peculiar warning which is significant to the under-ground watchman of our intention to visit him—that man is the "banksman," or foreman of the laborers at the surface. He takes under his special charge the duty of dismissing and receiving those who descend and ascend, and may be considered as the receiver-general of all the receipts for and from the mine, whether consisting of live or mere mineral stock.

All around us we observe some scores of active boys busily employed in wheeling the coal-baskets or tubs from the banksman, who has landed them, to the screens, which are ranged in long upright rows; and against their sounding wires a volley of coals is heard to rattle every minute. From this operation clouds of dust arise, either for the torture of our wondering and watering eyes, or to increase the vesture of black that clothes every

blade of grass in the vicinity. Yonder are a batch or two of boys engaged in "wailing," or picking out the small stones, rubbish, and impurities from the screened coal. The steam-engine puffs and roars, and so does the banksman; the screens rattle and creak, and so do the loose sheds; the iron wheelbarrows clatter and grate, and so do the coal-wagons, even more noisily. What with the extraordinary confusion of novel noises in your ears, the incessant clouds of dust in your eyes, and, if the wind be high, the jarring and shaking of the whole wooden fabrics, you do not feel greatly delighted when the "tub" is declared to be ready for you. As you step to the shaft, you feel firmly persuaded that none but an *Æneas*, or a lineal descendant of the pious hero, could commit himself to this Avernus without a tremor. Nor have you even the consolation of *facilis descensus Avernus*, for your eyes, if you can use them, testify most undeniably to the contrary. To be told to step into a tub or a wicker basket oscillating over a black depth of more than a thousand feet, is not encouraging, nor is the hesitation on your part removed by the considerate attention with which you are offered, by way of undeniable security, the alternative of a "loop," for your accommodation. This loop is nothing more than a noose made by hooking back the chain in which the pit-rope terminates on itself. Probably you will fail to see the delicacy of concern for your comfort when you are instructed to insert one leg in this loop, and to curve the other round the chain; then, winding your arms round the rope, you are assured you may "ride" in this mode as safely as in your private carriage. It is certainly impossible that you can fall out in this case, although it is not equally certain that you may not be banged against the sides. As to the pitmen themselves, a loop for one leg is considered rather in the light of a somewhat effeminate indulgence, and they are perfectly satisfied to wind legs and arms rapidly round the chain, to swing off at once, and to ride in this way, one above another, some six or seven at a time, the lowest one, perhaps, taking a loop by way of foundation. Such is the unconcern with which this risk is regarded, that we have stood at the bottom of a shaft and seen the rope begin to ascend before the men and boys would lay hold and wind themselves around it, and we have been assured that boys have been frequently landed at the top, after a severe day's work, fast asleep upon the rope!

We must not, however, delay longer; it is



our turn to descend, and in this particular pit a large iron tub, six feet deep, is the vehicle. There is a small ladder adjusted for our entry, and all eyes are upon us; we *must* descend. There is no shelter or pretence for evasion; the banksman holds out his black and horny hand, and being each completely indued in a pitman's dress, we are bound to sustain the character. We grasp the proffered hand, and by some means find ourselves instantly at the bottom of the tub, duly thankful that we have not made the bottom of the shaft instead!

The word of command is given, and away we shrink at a rapid rate from life and light. The first bang against the side of the shaft alarms us terribly at our literal state of suspense, but this occurs not often. You never glance upwards more than once, for the dust and drippings you then receive in your eyes render another attempt undesirable. Two minutes elapse, and you hear voices; in another instant the *ascending* tub rushes past you, and you are sensible of the rapidity of your descent. You now are made aware of the cause of the smoke emitted from the mouth of the shaft; for, on expressing your increasing sense of suffocation, you are informed that this arises from an enormous blazing furnace at the bottom of the very shaft you are descending, located there for the purpose of producing a draught of air to ventilate the mine. You have now become fully sensible of your temerity in descending what is, in fact, an enormously long, dark, stifling chimney, technically termed an "up-cast" shaft. About four minutes will bring you to the bottom of the shaft, if not to your senses. As to your eyes, even if they are cleared from the unkindly drops that moistened them at your first upward inquiring glance, yet the sudden introduction to total darkness will, for several minutes, incapacitate you from taking a timid look at the questionable place into which you have suffered yourself to be imported, and the equally questionable beings by whom you are surrounded. Like a blind man are you led into a nook, where you sit until nature dilates the pupil of your eye sufficiently for the reception of the few struggling rays of light emitted from the lamps and candles of the miners.

We have heard bold people confess that they have been under strange hallucinations during the first minutes of their introduction to this place. It will not, therefore, be altogether surprising if even you should, for one or two minutes, dream that you had really

arrived at a certain place best described as being "paved with good intentions." Nor is it impossible that in hastily passing in review your own good intentions, you add the ten-thousandth and first by determining that if you but safely escape from this locality, you will never more give the reins to curiosity, or yourself to a mining expedition, as long as you live.

In a pit, however, we at present are, and may as well accomplish the object of the visit. Eyesight being recovered, as far as to discern "darkness visible," candles are provided. A piece of clay is thrust between the fingers of your left hand, and a pit candle (forty to the pound) is implanted therein. A stick in your right hand will complete your equipment. The agent leads the way, and we commence our journey. While you pass along the main passages the march is not unpleasant, as you are able to walk erect, or nearly so, in a tolerable subterranean street. The first signs of pit-labor will be the passage of numerous trains of coal-wagons, conveying the produce of the mine along the railways to the bottom of the shaft. These trains are attended by boys, of from twelve to fourteen years of age, who are called drivers, and real drivers they certainly are, as you will find in the narrow passages of the pit. We have questioned some hundreds of them, in various pits, and a more risk-bearing race of lads we never found. To apply a homely proverb, they get nearly as many kicks from the horses as halfpence from their masters. How they manage to accomplish so many safe journeys is the wonder. An ungrateful kick from the quadruped is one risk; a tumble from their semi-seats is another of very frequent occurrence; while that of being run over by one or more wagons of the train is the last, and, not very rarely, a fatal one. We have met with some of these lads whose whole system of chronology is based upon the occurrence of accidents, or "lamings," as they generally name them; and they will date a particular event they wish to call to mind by its happening when they had their third, or second, or fifth "laming;" the said *laming* varying from an almost fractured skull, and a broken leg or arm, to the loss of a finger or the disfigurement of a feature. One young driver had been the subject of seven lamings, and had thriven in spite of them all. Any boy who had escaped with but one or two slight injuries was considered as particularly favored.

You have now arrived at a side passage,

where it may be convenient to branch off. The progress here is more difficult, as the roof is lower and the way narrower; but this is the first place where you can see the "hewers" at work. The hewers are the actual miners or hewers-down of the coal, and you now see two of them at their labor. You observe that the extraction is effected by undermining two sides of a cubical mass, and detaching the others by the insertion of a wedge or by the aid of gunpowder. In excavating the lowest side, the hewer squats down, or lies along upon his back, working upwards. It requires no little dexterity and no little force to swing his "pick" so as to "undergo" the mass to the extent of three feet; but the man uses his arms in a manner the most effective and surprising to you, a witness for the first time of this procedure. Your approach stops the business for a minute or two, during which you are attentively surveyed, and then suggestively informed that hewing is "drouthy (dry) wark." Of course you "pay your footing" with a liberal hand and a good grace. Should your compliance be prompt and your small coin plentiful, you will find these black humanities very civil fellows, and I shall be surprised if you are not especially treated to a "blast." The preliminaries to this blast are hurried for your particular amusement, which is indeed somewhat diminished by the clouds of "reek" that follow the explosion and hang around you. The coal is extensively torn down by the extra-charged blast for which you paid, and you see it thrown into baskets or iron tubs, which are placed singly upon "trams," and pushed or "put" by stout lads along a tramway to the crane, by which they are raised upon wagons for the mainway, and committed to the charge of the drivers. The "putting" is the severest work in the pit in proportion to the age of the laborers and the duration of their labors.\* The putters, however, are assigned to their tasks with special reference to their age and strength, one strong lad being counted equal to two younger and weaker boys—or two boys of like age and strength equal to two, one of whom is older and the other younger than either of the former two. You had better take our explanation of these arrangements as suffi-

cient, as should you question the lads themselves, you will scarcely be the wiser for their attempts to convey to your dull perception the full understanding of what is meant by a "headsmen," a "half-marrow," and a "foal."

You have now seen specimens of the regular staff of the pits, and will scarcely feel curious enough to ascertain the duties of those who are engaged in arranging for or superintending the laborers already described, otherwise you may have appellatives and explanations enough. The under-ground as well as the upper-ground establishment in every large pit consists of a series of ranks of laborers, of more than a dozen denominations for each of the two divisions. The example of one moderate mine (Walbottle) will suffice, where 150 chaldrons of coals are drawn every working-day, at the least. There the upper-ground establishment consists of a 112 men and 28 boys, employed in seventeen different kinds of labor; the under-ground establishment consists of 136 men and 85 boys, employed in about fourteen various sorts of occupation. The total establishment consists of 361 work-people, of which number 113 are boys.

You may have had enough of the pit by this time, but you will not be let off, or up again, so easily, for you have seen little or nothing of the worst of it. The agent seduces you to follow him for a short time into the inmost recesses of the pit, and you *must* obey him, for you cannot find your way back without him. Now you experience some of the difficulties of the progress; for you are entering those more distant places where the ventilation is less active, and where the temperature of the mine is about eighty degrees, although it has been known to be as high as eighty-nine degrees. Your candle—unless you are exceedingly apt at fingering tallow in a melting temperature—has long since spread superficially over your hands, and your fingers are tolerably well burnt. The agent is on far before you, and you follow, *haud passibus aequis*, and in the momentary fear of having to add, *cui lumen ademptum*. He pauses at a little shed, and you receive a Davy-lamp in place of your candle, as you are now in a dangerous atmosphere. The light of this lamp is so feeble that the next minute—albeit your progressing body is doubled up to the *minimum* of your contractile power—you are the recipient of such a blow on your head as fairly staggers you. You assent to the syllogism, that you are far too tall for this part of the under-world;

\* It is now matter of common notoriety that in some districts, as in parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, girls and young women were employed in "putting," and actually harnessed to the loads like beast of burden. Happily, the act relating to the employment of women and children in mines makes this illegal.

you try whether some philosophers are correct in affirming that man might readily adapt himself to "all-fours." On all-fours you certainly proceed more safely, though less speedily, and you now distinctly perceive how highly useful, if not ornamental, a slight curve or *bow* in the legs really is to the numerous pitmen who possess it. By way of showing you his agility, one of them precedes you at a comparative railway velocity. To see a genuine pitman, of short stature and with a competent curvature of legs (a curve whose *loci* it might be difficult to find) thread these mole-galleries is amusing enough, if you have not to follow him, with a Davy dangling about you and the terror of a dozen rattling *patters* behind you. Such, however, is your present lot; and you now find yourself alone in some long hole, where you cannot rise from your *hands*, where you can touch the two sides with your feet, and where you feel despairingly confident that the approaching train of lads with their loads can only pass you by passing over you! Just at this moment a blast is fired somewhere close to you, and the dull boom causes your very heart to bound. The trams now are close upon you, your Davy shows no warning light, and hallooing is perfectly useless. At the very moment you have resigned yourself to the horrible impending fate, you most thankfully feel out a hollow in the wall of coal, and have just time to flatten yourself into it when past rush half-a-score of headsmen, half-marrows and foals, with their complement of creaking and crashing trams, and you do not recover from your shuddering tremor till the last sounds die away, and the passage is evacuated by the whole number of rattling, roaring, and roys-tering lads and boys!

Your guide has missed you, and returns to find you deplorably anxious to desert the pit. He commiserates your terror, and orders a "rolley," or small, flat wagon-stand, to be brought. He places you on it, all your length being spread over it. As you are now wheeled along by your guide, feet foremost, you feel consoled and confident in knowing that with his head must all the thumping concussions take place. You are surprised and secretly mortified to find that his head continues whole and unthumped, his back unexcoriated, and his arms unbruised, even while he is wheeling you at a rapid rate—a rate which would have left you, were you in the same position as his own, with scarcely a sound limb. You are, however, still more surprised to find that you are rid-

ing through still narrower and more stifling passages. The fact is, your guide has determined that you should see the "pillar-workings," and you are now in one of the remotest nooks of the mine. The *pillars* are square masses left to support the mine, and commonly about twenty yards by six; while in this particular pit, the extraordinary depth, and consequent enormous pressure of the superincumbent strata, render it essential that they should be forty yards in length and thirty in breadth; by which necessity full six-sevenths of the coal is left for support alone. Whenever it is resolved to mine no further in any direction, the pillars themselves are gradually excavated. This is naturally the most hazardous work of all; for the roof becomes shaken by the gradual loss of support, the wooden props are finally knocked down, and it requires extreme agility, even in an experienced pitman, to secure the props and his own retreat in due time. We have witnessed this operation, and have heard the succeeding crashes of the roof with no very courageous heart. The deserted portion is called "waste;" and it is here that those reservoirs of carburetted hydrogen are collected which are out of the reach of ventilation and therefore most dangerous.

You ask for the cause of that low, hissing sound which emanates from the very coal itself in these recesses. This results from the liberation of the gases with which the mineral is charged. The chief component of inflammable pit-gases is carburetted hydrogen, mixed with unequal quantities of olefiant, carbonic acid, and nitrogen gases. These compounds exhibit very different degrees of inflammability when mixed with atmospheric air, according to the different proportions they contain of nitrogen, carbonic acid, and olefiant gases. The former two gases diminish, the latter increases, their inflammability. Contrary to popular expectation, the larger the amount of atmospheric air with which the pit-gases can be mixed without losing their detonating power, the more dangerous are the explosive mixtures formed by them in coal-mines. The most readily-explosive mixture of fire-damp with common air is one measure of the former to about seven or eight of the latter. An ordinary reader must be aware that the Davy-lamp consists of an oil-fed wick enclosed in a wire-gauze cylinder, the apertures of the wire-gauze being extremely small, and at least 625 to the square inch. Through such apertures *flame* will not pass, unless by applied force; and within the cylinder, when the fire-damp encompas-

it is to the air as one to twelve, the flame of the wick is seen to be surrounded by the feeble blue flame of the gas. When, however, the proportion is as one to five, six, or seven, the cylinder is filled with the flame of the fire-damp; but, though the wire-gauze may become even red-hot, the exterior air, though explosive, is not kindled. The safety of this lamp depends upon the cooling agency of the wire-gauze exerted on the portion of gas burning within the cylinder.

The object of mining-ventilation is to dilute the explosive gases so much as to render them unflammable. No subject has received more practical attention in this district than that of the last mode of effecting the dilution by atmospheric air. The system now adopted has been gradually improved from early and most imperfect modes. It may be said to consist of four chief arrangements:—1st, A "downcast shaft," or one *down* which the common air may enter the mine; 2, An upcast shaft," or one *up* which the air may depart, after having ventilated the pit; 3, A large blazing furnace, placed at the bottom of the upcast shaft, to rarefy the air, and produce a draught up this shaft; 4, Stopplings of various kinds, and trap and passage doors, so fixed as to direct or divert the course of the current of air in accordance with the exigencies of particular parts of the mine. It will be obvious that the agent of the ventilation is the difference between the weights of two columns of air, one of which is at the natural temperature, and the other rarefied by the heat of the furnace. A little consideration will, we think, render even this very summary notice sufficient for the purpose of a general reader. Nothing short of a pictorial plan, and that a rather elaborate one, would convey full knowledge of the entire system of ventilation, as adopted in the Newcastle mines. It would be especially difficult to represent in words what the exigencies of a whole pit are in reference to this matter. The currents of air must travel through the mine in much the same way as a human being would do who is desirous of exploring every corner of it. The air is coaxed, as it were, round corner after corner, up this passage and down that, and sometimes up one-half the length of a passage, and down the other half, so as to be coursing reversely in the same gallery. At other places it is made to fork or branch into two distinct "splits," one current proceeding to the right and the other to the left. By the aid, indeed, of arches and crossings, we have seen the air compelled to make a *summerset* upon

itself, and to exhibit the most ingenious ductility.

There is one exigency, however, which requires, or seems to require, the intervention of human agency, namely, when a stopping is necessary in a main transit passage. The trains of wagons must pass perpetually, and yet the air must not pass. The only expedient, therefore, is a door to be opened and shut on occasion, and the closing cannot, it is affirmed, be secured without the constant attendance of a man or boy. A man is too expensive if young, and too sleepy if old. Boys are given to sleepiness too, and also to playfulness; but they can be frightened into wakefulness, and scolded into seriousness. Add to this that the merest children can open and shut a door when it is knocked at, can be employed only at this, and can thus be habituated to the terrors of a pit in time; and thus we learn the cause of hundreds of little "trappers" having been almost as it were born to the mine, and schooled in it and to it. One of the primary objects of the "Children's Employment Commission" was to examine into the condition and occupation of the boys; and one of the chief results of the Commission was the exclusion of children under eight years of age from the pit altogether. Before this act passed, we have seen in these pits boys of almost infantile appearance and capabilities, and of the actual age of six and seven years, stationed at various pit doors, and immured in total darkness for the twelve long hours of every working-day in the week.

It cannot be too often repeated that, until very recently (and now but very partially), not a single step has been taken by the public authorities to enforce perpetual vigilance on the part of employers and employed to amend acknowledged evils and improve defective systems, to chronicle the results of experience and observation, to register the extent and direction of subterranean operations, or, in fact, to record anything that affects the health and comfort, or produces the diseases and death, of that large mass of laborers who obtain their livelihood, and pass a large portion of their lives, many and many a score of fathoms away from the light of day and the company of their fellow-beings.

We fear that we have left our imaginary companion somewhere in the pit, whilst dis-coursing upon the above matters. We hasten, however, to the bottom of the shaft, send up the "token," and order the call to be made, so that the next tub may take us up. We step in, after having left a few current coins by



way of remembrancers, and are gratefully discharged from these Cimmerian regions. Very shortly a bright circle is seen above us, and we speedily recognise it to be the mouth of the shaft, to which another minute brings us. We are landed, and lauded for our intrepidity, which last attribute conscience scarcely allows us to claim; but we understand the hint, and having left the last of our small coins, repair at once to the agent's house, where one glance in the mirror convinces us that, under some circumstances at least, personal identity is a dubious matter. What with tallow and toil, coal and carriage, perspiration and pit costume, we really might defy law and justice to identify us. A thorough ablution, however, restores us to ourselves, as to the outward man, and the agent's larder is not deficient in some few of the necessities and comforts of life for the inward man. We have spent many instructive and really happy hours with this very intelligent class of men; and in Northumberland and Durham the chief science of the district will be found amongst these highest mining-officers, or "viewers," as they are locally termed, and their immediate subordinates.

It has been our lot to descend and perambulate some dozen and more of the chief mines in Northumberland and Durham, including several upcast or chimney shafts; and truly can we say that, after the first strangeness and apprehension were removed, we really enjoyed these morning-calls upon the miners at the scene of their peculiar labors. The after-portion of the days and evenings we generally devoted to visiting them at their houses, and to conversation with them upon their condition. The houses of the pitmen are generally adjacent to the pit, and consist of two-storied tenements built in long rows, with common bakehouses before them at intervals. So remarkable a dissimilitude as may be observed between the furniture and the houses themselves is probably peculiar to the domiciles of the northern pitmen. Amongst some hundreds of houses, we visited few that did not strikingly show this contrast by the exhibition of some comparatively costly article of furniture. An eight-day clock, a good chest of drawers, and a fine four-post bedstead, the last two often of mahogany, and sometimes of a superior construction, are commonly seen; such things being deemed so important by a newly-married couple, that they will pay for them by a long course of instalments.

There is no one period of the day or evening when we can enter a pitman's cot-

tage and judge of the whole domestic system by a single visit. The men who are hewers are called to work at three, four, or five o'clock in the morning, and having worked about six hours in the pit, return home to dinner and to bed at the same time. About the evening of the day, however, they generally rise for an hour or two, to indulge in a walk with their comrades and the other kinds of workmen, who return from the pit with the lads and boys at that time. This, therefore, is, on the whole, the best opportunity for a visit, which of course should be deferred till the completion of those ablutions which every man and boy is expected and willing to perform. The meal to which the colliers sit down, whether at mid-day or now, is one of a very substantial character. There is no deficiency of animal food and of luxurious items, one of which was formerly considered as indispensable, and is known by the local name of a "singing binnie," being a rich kneaded cake of a common kind, which, while baking upon the "girdle," emits a singing or hissing noise. The lads and boys get some share of singing hinnie and various edibles, and forthwith manage to secure a game of play before they seek their pillows. Their sires will now take a lounge in the lanes or the gardens they own, and in the intervals of smoking will discuss politics and religion, or the characters and conduct of the officers of the mine, or the price of provisions and the rate of wages. Some will sit in the house and read, and a few attempt and succeed in mathematics. Some will repair to the Methodist chapel, and not a few to the beer-shop. Occasionally, a snatch or two of the pitmen's songs in the pit dialect may be heard, and in this department there is a literature amongst themselves, of which, however, our limits will admit of no specimens. Here and there you shall find that the violin is attempted, or the flute blown; but music is less successfully pursued than mathematics. Darkness, however, having set in, and the doors having been closed, the night's amusements seem to decline about nine o'clock. Now do fiddles begin to sound very inharmoniously—attempts at solos upon the flute to die away in drowsy discord—boys to become considerably less pugnacious and vociferous—men to leave meetings religious, political, and bacchanalian—lights to disappear, and the sounds of deep somnolence to be distinctly audible. Such are the signs of a settlement for the night. Wo to the ill-starred stranger who may endeavor, unguided and unprotected, after this hour to thread his uncertain way through the unmitigated darkness of a pitman's colony! What-

ever may befall him, or wherever he may fall, there is he likely to remain, as we ourselves have actually remained, stunned and helpless at the bottom of an old railway excavation! So seldom are these villages trodden by the feet of strangers, that cuttings and embankments of abandoned railways are permitted to yawn in the very centre of streets or highways—in perfect consistency with the safety of the knowing inhabitants, but to the imminent risk of the limbs of visitors, who have to grope their way through these villages for the first time at night. As to summoning aid from the dormant pitmen, your cries would be absolutely useless amongst men whose first sleep would scarcely suffer disturbance from anything short of an explosion of carburetted hydrogen gas, or the proclamation of a “strike,” or the announcement of a Methodist love feast! The whole village would jump up to hear about any of these things.

The “outward man” distinguishes a pitman from every other operative. His stature is rather diminutive, his figure disproportionate and misshapen. His chest protrudes (the *thoracic* region being unequally developed), and his legs are more or less bowed. Nor is his countenance less striking than his figure, the cheeks being hollow and the cheek-bones high. The forehead is low and retreating, and the brow overhanging. His whole appearance is peculiar, and apparently not healthful. Amongst agricultural laborers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and even amongst the wan weavers of the factory districts, one or two individuals may be frequently selected to whom the homely but expressive epithet “jolly” might not inaptly be applied; but it has never been our fortune to see a jolly pitman. We do not attach much importance to the paleness of visage, because the habitual seclusion from sunlight might produce an effect of this kind, analogous to that of the etiolation of plants. There are several points, indeed, of negative and positive advantage in the pitman’s *physique*. He is exceedingly muscular, and his spare habit renders his recovery from accidents unusually speedy. Medical men have been astonished to find how soon a fracture or dangerous fall has been recovered from; and we have met with hewers who have fared ill enough for a dozen ordinary mortals. In scrutinizing the boys, most of the corporeal characteristics of the adults may be frequently noticed in incipient development in the adolescents, or hereditarily transmitted to the children. We have already noticed how severely the constitutions of some of the boys

are tried, and how many accidents they meet with in the course of their duties. The same *vis medicatrix nature* restores the son and the father with uncommon rapidity. All the adults and elder boys take especial care to live well as far as food is concerned, and this the high rate of wages they obtain enables them to do.\* We have no space to enlarge upon these matters; but it will be clearly seen that a secluded race of human beings, intermarrying amongst themselves almost exclusively, and following the same course of labor from generation to generation, will soon exhibit a kind of compensatory adaptation to the most peculiar work, and where there is no inherent unhealthiness in the labor, will not show an excessive rate of mortality.

But in morals there is no similar compensatory adaptation.† All must be tried by the same standard; and while we may be amused by physical peculiarities, and instructed by the provisional care of Nature, we can only be pained, as philanthropists, if we find a low state of mental and moral training. It is true that the race of pitmen has become much less marked by strange habits and customs than heretofore. The more ancient viewers, or superintendents, can call to mind the time when the men wore a Sunday costume that would now be deemed most grotesque. Companies of them might at that period be met with on the Sunday, arrayed in flaunting habiliments, including appendages of gaudy ribbons dangling at the knees, and confining their long hair. Cock-fighting was the prevalent Sabbath amusement, varied chiefly by games at bowls on the high public roads, to the very imminent risk of any casual traveler. It was not, indeed, safe to wander unattended through their villages on holidays, and fierce dogs made themselves known, and sometimes felt, at nearly every door. But although substantially modernized and modified in his dress and habits, the pitman is not radically ameliorated, except in the few but increasing instances where he has yielded to

\* The hewers gain about 20s. per week, with coal and house-rent free, working about six hours each day. The putters receive 2s. 6d., 2s. 2d., 1s. 10d., and 1s. 6d. a-day, according to their duties. The drivers have 1s. 8d., and the little door-keepers 10d. a-day. These wages will probably be diminished, or more precarious, now that the “vend” monopoly is abolished.

† If any reader should desire ample details on these subjects, he will find them in the Blue Book Parliamentary Report on the whole northern colliery district, by J. R. Leifeild, Esq., one of the Children’s Employment Commissioners, printed some eight years since.

the untiring zeal of the Methodists, who have essayed a task that has been left to them, almost without competition, by the national Church. Even in the lower virtues of the moral scale, such as economy, forethought, and prudence, our operative is not a zealot. A pitman's economy, for example, consists in obtaining as many coveted eatables as his money will immediately purchase, and his forethought is only exhibited in obtaining as many more as the petty shopkeeper will give him credit for. Hence a man who has a large current account with his neighbor, or traveling tradesman, is generally found to take a remarkable aversion to his locality at the termination of his annual abidement, and away he departs to a distant pit. Petty deception is prevalent amongst pitmen to a great extent. They appear to esteem trickiness as an indication of shrewdness, for it will be practised with *éclat* upon a superior in the face and presence of the whole community. Of course, honesty is not compatible with such a turn of mind; and yet a resident in or near the colliery village will seldom or never lose anything of considerable value. The scenes of long-continued intemperance, rioting, and gambling, that formerly awaited every pay-day, are now rare, and chiefly confined to new collieries, which generally obtain the refuse of the older establishments. There is, notwithstanding, too much reason to suspect that secret vices of this kind are not very uncommon; and it cannot be said that their habits of ablation, and their small and crowded houses, are favorable to chastity. We feel bound, however, to say in compensation, that they dispense charity largely, though somewhat indiscreetly. An itinerant psalmist, if provided with a touching or nasal voice, a clean white apron, and three or four small children at his side, trained to choral skill, will be loaded with small contributions in his perambulation through a colliery village.

The means and opportunities of education have for some time attracted the attention of employers, but as yet not much has been effected. There are few or no infant-schools in the collieries, as far as we know; and the "dame-schools," that are said to resemble them, show the resemblance only in the lowest particular, that of their forming a secure receptacle for children whose presence at home would be inconvenient, while the preceptress is commonly a matron whose current of kindness has long since been frozen up. As to day-schools for the boys, they are scarcely to be expected; for when a boy of eight or nine can earn tenpence a-day in the pit, to the pit he is despatched. Hence it may readily be conceived that pitmen's widows, with families of boys, are not considered the encumbrances they generally pass for in higher society, but on the contrary, are here looked upon as valuable properties, not likely to be long in the market. Night-schools and Sunday-schools, then, are the only ones at all open to the mining youth in general. But even where there is a fair attendance on a night-school, it lasts only for the winter, and the cessation in summer nearly counterbalances the partial and imperfect instruction of the winter. If pupils be deficient, it is not likely that the master will be effective. Exceedingly few of the masters have been trained to their work; and they would need an especial training to teach pit-lads. Judged by the low criterion of an ability to spell, no small proportion of the teachers would be condemned, lamentable novelties in orthography having been frequently addressed to us in caligraphic flourishes. In fact, the individual encouraged to assume the office of schoolmaster has generally been proved unfit for anything else, and has frequently lost a leg, or an arm, or an eye, and has only not lost his good opinion of himself and the sympathy of his neighbors.

A FEMALE KNIGHT.—At the head of the list of the Knights of the Legion of Honor lately created by the President of the French Republic, is a widow by the name of Brulon, who was born in 1771, and is now an officer in the Hotel des Invalides, where she has lived for the last 52 years, enjoying the esteem and veneration of the old companions in arms. She was the daughter, sister and wife of military men, who died in active service in Italy. Her husband died at Ajaccio in 1791, after seven years service. In 1792, at the age of 21, she

entered the 42d Regiment of Infantry, in which her husband had served, and made herself so remarkable by her honorable conduct, that she was permitted to continue in the service notwithstanding her sex. She was attached to the regiment years, and performed seven campaigns as private soldier, corporal, sergeant, and sergeant-major. She was wounded at the siege of Calvi, and being rendered incapable of service, was admitted into the Hotel des Invalides. In October, 1822, she was promoted to the rank of Ensign.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## PARIS IN 1851.

[Continued from the Eclectic Magazine for September.]

*The Opera.*—In the evening I went to the French Opera, which is still one of the lions of Paris. It was once in the Rue Richelieu; but the atrocious assassination of the Duc de Berri, who was stabbed at his porch, threw a kind of horror over the spot; the theatre was closed, and the performance moved to its present site in the Rue Lepelletier, a street diverging from the Boulevard.

Fond as the French are of decoration, the architecture of this building possesses no peculiar beauty, and would answer equally well for a substantial public hospital, a work-house, or a barrack, if the latter were not the more readily suggested by the gendarmerie loitering about the doors, and the mounted dragoons at either end of the street.

The passages of the interior are of the same character—spacious and substantial; but the door of the *salle* opens, and the stranger, at a single step, enters from those murky passages into all the magic of a crowded theatre. The French have, within these few years, borrowed from us the art of lighting theatres. I recollect the French theatre lighted only by a few lamps scattered round the house, or a chandelier in the middle, which might have figured in the crypt of a cathedral. This they excused as giving greater effect to the stage; but it threw the audience into utter gloom. They have now made the audience a part of the picture, and an indispensable part. The opera-house now shows the audience; and if not very dressy, or rather as dowdy, odd, and dishevelled a crowd as I ever recollect to have seen within theatrical walls, yet they are evidently human beings, which is much more picturesque than masses of spectres, seen only by an occasional flash from the stage.

The French architects certainly have not made this national edifice grand; but they have made it a much better thing,—lively, showy, and rich. Neither majestic and mo-

notonous, nor grand and Gothic, they have made it *riant* and racy, like a place where men and women come to be happy, where beautiful dancers are to be seen, and where sweet songs are to be heard, and where the mind is for three or four hours to forget all its cares, and to carry away pleasant recollections for the time being. From pit to ceiling it is covered with paintings—all sorts of cupids, nymphs, and flower-garlands, and Greek urns—none of them wonders of the pencil, but all exhibiting that showy mediocrity of which every Frenchman is capable, and with which every Frenchman is in raptures. All looks rich, warm, and *operatic*.

One characteristic change has struck me everywhere in Paris—the men dress better, and the women worse. When I was last here, the men dressed half bandit and half Hottentot. The revolutionary mystery was at work, and the hatred of the Bourbons was emblemized in a conical hat, a loose neck-cloth, tremendous trowsers, and the scowl of a stage conspirator. The Parisian men have since learned the decencies of *dress*.

As I entered the house before the rising of the curtain, I had leisure to look about me, and I found even in the audience a strong contrast to those of London. By that kind of contradiction to everything rational and English which governs Parisians, the women seem to choose *dishabille* for the Opera.

As the house was crowded, and the boxes are let high, and the performance of the night popular, I might presume that some of the *élite* were present, yet I never saw so many *ill-dressed* women under one roof. Bonnets, shawls, muffles of all kinds, were the *costume*. How different from the finish, the splendor, and the *fashion* of the English opera-box. I saw hundreds of women who appeared, by their dress, scarcely above the rank of shopkeepers, yet who probably were among the Parisian leaders of fashion, if in



republican Paris there are *any* leaders of fashion.

But I came to be interested, to enjoy, to indulge in a feast of music and acting; with no fastidiousness of criticism, and with every inclination to be gratified. In the opera itself I was utterly disappointed. The Opera was *Zerline*, or, *The Basket of Oranges*. The composer was the first living musician of France, Auber; the writer was the most popular dramatist of his day, Scribe; the Prima Donna was Alboni, to whom the manager of the Opera in London had not thought it too much to give £4000 for a single season. I never paid my francs with more willing expectation; and I never saw a performance of which I so soon got weary.

*The Obelisk.*—I strayed into the Place de la Concorde, beyond comparison the finest *space* in Paris. I cannot call it a square, nor does it equal in animation the Boulevard; but in the *profusion* of noble architecture it has no rival in Paris, nor in Europe. *Vive la Despotisme!* every inch of it is owing to Monarchy. Republics build nothing, if we except prisons and workhouses. They are proverbially squalid, bitter, and beggarly. What has America, with all her boasting, ever built, but a warehouse or a conventicle? The Roman Republic, after seven hundred years' existence, remained a collection of hovels, till an Emperor faced them with marble. If Athens exhibited her universal talents in the splendor of her architecture, we must recollect that Pericles was her *master* through life—as substantially *despotic*, by the aid of the populace, as an Asiatic king by his guards; and recollect also, that an action of damages was brought against him for “wasting the public money on the Parthenon,” the glory of Athens in every succeeding age. Louis Quatorze, Napoleon, and Louis Philippe—two openly, and the third secretly, as despotic as the Sultan—were the true builders of Paris.

As I stood in the centre of this vast enclosure, I was fully struck with the effect of *scene*. The sun was sinking into a bed of gold and crimson clouds, that threw their hue over the long line of the Champs Elysées. Before me were the two great fountains, and the Obelisk of Luxor. The fountains had ceased to play, from the lateness of the hour, but still looked massive and gigantic; the obelisk looked shapely and superb. The gardens of the Tuileries were on my left—deep, dense masses of foliage, surmounted in the distance by the tall roofs of the old Palace; on my right, the verdure of the Champs

Elysées, with the Arc de l'Etoile rising above it, at the end of its long and noble avenue; in my front the Palace of the Legislature, a chaste and elegant structure; and behind me, glowing in the sunbeams, the Madeleine, the noblest church—I think the noblest edifice, in Paris, and perhaps not surpassed in beauty and grandeur, for its size, by any place of worship in Europe. The air cool and sweet from the foliage, the vast *place* almost solitary, and undisturbed by the cries which are incessant in this Babel during the day, yet with that gentle confusion of sounds which makes the murmur and the music of a great city. All was calm, noble, and soothing.

The obelisk of Luxor, which stands in the centre of the “Place,” is one of two monoliths, or pillars of a single stone, which, with Cleopatra's Needle, were given by mehemet Ali to the French, at the time when, by their alliance, he expected to have made himself independent. All the dates of Egyptian antiquities are uncertain—notwithstanding Young and his imitator Champollion—but the date *assigned* to this pillar is 1550 years before the Christian era. The two obelisks stood in front of the great temple of Thebes, now named Luxor; and the hieroglyphics which cover this one are supposed to relate to the exploits and incidents of the reign of Sesostris.

It is of red syenite; but, from time and weather, it is almost the color of limestone. It has an original flaw up a third of its height, for which the Egyptian masons provided a remedy by wedges, and the summit is slightly broken. The height of the monolith is seventy-two feet three inches, which would look insignificant, fixed as it is in the centre of lofty buildings, but for its being raised on a plinth of granite, and that again raised on a pedestal of immense blocks of granite—the height of the plinth and the pedestal together being twenty-seven feet, making the entire height nearly one hundred. The weight of the monolith is five hundred thousand pounds; the weight of the pedestal is half that amount, and the weight of the blocks probably makes the whole amount to nine hundred thousand, which is the weight of the obelisk at Rome. It was erected in 1836, by drawing it up an inclined plane of masonry, and then raising it by cables and capstans to the perpendicular. The operation was tedious, difficult, and expensive; but it was worth the labor; and the monolith now forms a remarkable monument of the zeal of the king and of the liberality of his government.

There is, I understand, an obelisk remaining in Egypt, which was given by the Turkish government to the British army, on the expulsion of the French from Egypt, but which has been unclaimed, from the difficulty of carrying it to England.

That difficulty, it must be acknowledged, is considerable. In transporting and erecting the obelisk of Luxor six years were employed. I have not heard the expense, but it must have been large. A vessel was especially constructed at Toulon, for its conveyance down the Nile. A long road was to be made from the Nile to the Temple. Then the obelisk required to be protected from the accidents of carriage, which was done by enclosing it in a wooden case. It was then drawn by manual force to the river—and this employed three months. Then came the trouble of embarking it, for which the vessel had to be sawn nearly through; then came the crossing of the bar at Rosetta—a most difficult operation at the season of the year; then the voyage down the Mediterranean, the vessel being towed by a steamer; then the landing at Cherbourg, in 1833; and, lastly, the passage up the Seine, which occupied nearly four months, reaching Paris in December; thenceforth its finishing and erection, which was completed only in three years after.

The fountains of the Place de la Concorde would deserve praise if it were only for their beauty. At a distance sufficient for the picturesque, and with the sun shining on them, they actually look like domes and cataracts of molten silver; and a nearer view does not diminish their right to admiration. They are both lofty, perhaps fifty feet high, both consisting of three basins, lessening in size in proportion to their height, and all pouring out sheets of water from the trumpets of Tritons, from the mouths of dolphins, and from allegorical figures. One of those fountains is in honor of Maritime Navigation, and the other of the Navigation of Rivers. In the former the figures represent the Ocean and the Mediterranean, with the Genii of the fisheries, and in the upper basins are Commerce, Astronomy, Navigation, &c., all capital bronzes, and all spouting out floods of water. The fountain of River Navigation is not behind its rival in bronze or water. It exhibits the Rhine and the Rhone, with the Genii of fruits and flowers, of the vintage and the harvest, with the usual attendance of Tritons. Why the artist had no room for the Seine and the Garonne, while he introduced the Rhine, which is not a French river in any

part of its course, must be left for his explanation; but the whole constitutes a beautiful and magnificent object, and with the sister fountain, perhaps forms the finest display of the kind in Europe. I did not venture, while looking at those stately monuments of French art, to turn my thoughts towards our own unhappy performances in Trafalgar-square—the rival of a soda-water bottle, yet the work of a people of boundless wealth, and the first machinists in the world.

*The Jardin des Plantes.*—I found this fine establishment crowded with the lower orders—fathers and mothers, nurses, old women, and soldiers. As it includes the popular attractions of a zoological garden, as well as a botanical, every day sees its visitants, and every holiday its crowds. The plants are for science, and for that I had no time, even had I possessed other qualifications; but the zoological collection were for curiosity, and of that the spectators had abundance. Yet the animals of pasture appeared to be languid, possibly tired of the perpetual bustle round them—for all animals love quiet at certain times, and escape from the eye of man, when escape is in their power. Possibly the heat of the weather, for the day was remarkably sultry, might have contributed to their exhaustion. But if they had memory—and why should they not?—they must have strangely felt the contrast of their free pastures, shady woods, and fresh streams, with the little patch of ground, the parched soil, and the clamor of ten thousand tongues around them. I could imagine the antelope's intelligent eye, as he lay panting before us on his brown patch of soil, comparing it with the ravines of the Cape, or the eternal forests clothing the hills of his native Abyssinia.

But the object of all popular interest was the pit of the bears: there the crowd was incessant and delighted. But the bears, three or four huge brown beasts, by no means reciprocated the popular feeling. They sat quietly on their hind-quarters, gazing grimly at the groups which lined their rails, and tossed cakes and apples to them from above. They had probably been saturated with sweets, for they scarcely noticed anything but by a growl. They were insensible to apples—even oranges could not make them move, and cakes they seemed to treat with scorn. It was difficult to conceive that those heavy and unwieldy-looking animals could be ferocious; but the Alpine hunter knows that they are as fierce as the tiger, and nearly as quick and dangerous in their spring.

The carnivorous beasts were few, and,

except in the instance of one lion, of no remarkable size or beauty. As they naturally doze during the day, their languor was no proof of their weariness; but I have never seen an exhibition of this kind without some degree of regret. The plea of the promotion of science is nothing. Even if it were important to science to be acquainted with the habits of the lion and tiger, which it is not, their native habits are not to be learned from the animal shut up in a cage. The chief exertion of their sagacity and their strength in the native state is in the pursuit of prey; yet what of these can be learned from the condition in which the animal dines as regularly as his keeper, and divides his time between feeding and sleep? Half-a-dozen lions let loose in the Bois de Boulogne would let the naturalist into more knowledge of their nature than a menagerie for fifty years.

The Jardin dates its origin as far back as Louis XIII., when the king's physician recommended its foundation for science. The French are fond of gardening, and are good gardeners; and the climate is peculiarly favorable to flowers, as is evident from the market held every morning in summer, by the side of the Madeleine, where the greatest abundance of the richest flowers I ever saw is laid out for the luxury of the Parisians.

The Jardin, patronized by kings and nobles, flourished through successive reigns; but the appointment of Buffon, about the middle of the eighteenth century, suddenly raised it to the pinnacle of European celebrity. The most eloquent writer of his time, (in the style which the French call *eloquence*), a man of family, and a man of opulence, he made Natural History the *fashion*, and in France that word is magic. It accomplishes everything—it includes everything. All France was frantic with the study of plants, animals, poultry-yards, and projects for driving tigers in cabriolets, and harnessing lions *a la Cybele*.

But Buffon mixed good sense with his inevitable *charlatanerie*—he selected the ablest men whom he could find for his professors; and in France there is an extraordinary quantity of "ordinary" cleverness—they gave amusing lectures, and they won the hearts of the nation.

But the Revolution came, and crushed all institutions alike. Buffon, fortunate in every way, had died in the year before, in 1788, and was thus spared the sight of the general ruin. The Jardin escaped, through some plea of its being national property; but the

professors had fled, and were starving, or starved.

The Consulate, and still more the Empire, restored the Establishment. Napoleon was ambitious of the character of a man of science; he was a member of the Institute; he knew the French character, and he flattered the national vanity, by indulging it with the prospect of being at the head of human knowledge.

The institution had by this time been so long regarded as a public show, that it was beginning to be regarded as nothing else. Gratuitous lectures, which are always good for nothing, and to which all kinds of people crowd with corresponding profit, were gradually reducing the character of the Jardin; when Cuvier, a man of talent, was appointed to one of the departments of the institution, and he instantly revived its popularity, and, what was of more importance, its public use.

Cuvier devoted himself to comparative anatomy and geology. The former was a study within human means, of which he had the materials around him, and which, being intended for the instruction of man, is evidently intended for his investigation. The latter, in attempting to fix the age of the world, to decide on the process of creation, and to contradict Scripture by the ignorance of man, is merely an instance of the presumption of *Sciolism*. Cuvier exhibited remarkable dexterity in discovering the species of the fossil fishes, reptiles, and animals. The science was not new, but he threw it into a new form—he made it interesting, and he made it probable. If a large proportion of his supposed discoveries were merely ingenious guesses, they were at least guesses which there was nobody to refute, and they were *ingenious*—that was enough. Fame followed him, and the lectures of the ingenious theorist were a popular novelty. The "Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy" in the Jardin is the monument of his diligence, and it does honor to the sagacity of his investigation.

One remark, however, must be made. On a former visit to the Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy, among the collection of skeletons, I was surprised and disgusted with the sight of the skeleton of the Arab who killed General Kleber in Egypt. The Arab was impaled, and the iron spike was shown *still sticking in the spine*! I do not know whether this hideous object is still to be seen, for I have not lately visited the apartment; but, if existing still, it ought to remain no longer in a museum of science. Of course, the assassin deserved death; but, in all probability, the

murder which made him guilty was of the same order as that which made Charlotte Corday famous. How many of his countrymen had died by the soldiery of France! In the eye of Christianity this is no palliation; though in the eye of Mahometanism it might constitute a patriot and a hero. At all events, so frightful a spectacle ought not to meet the public eye.

*Hôtel des Invalides.*—The depository of all that remains of Napoleon, the monument of almost two hundred years of war, and the burial-place of a whole host of celebrated names, is well worthy the visit of strangers; and I entered the esplanade of the famous *hôtel* with due veneration and some slight curiosity to see the changes of time. I had visited this noble pile immediately after the fall of Napoleon, and while it still retained the honors of an imperial edifice. Its courts now appeared to me comparatively desolate; this, however, may be accounted for by the cessation of those wars which peopled them with military mutilation. The establishment was calculated to provide for five thousand men; and at that period, probably, it was always full. At present, scarcely more than half the number are under its roof; and, as even the Algerine war is reduced to skirmishes with the mountaineers of the Atlas, that number must be further diminishing from year to year.

The cupola then shone with gilding. This was the work of Napoleon, who had a stately eye for the ornament of his imperial city. The cupola of the Invalides thus glittered above all the roofs of Paris, and was seen glittering to an immense distance. It might be taken for the dedication of the French capital to the Genius of War. This gilding is now worn off practically, as well as metaphorically, and the *prestige* is lost.

The celebrated Edmund Burke, all whose ideas were grand, is said to have proposed gilding the cupola of St. Paul's, which certainly would have been a splendid sight, and would have thrown a look of stateliness over that city to which the ends of the earth turn their eyes. But the civic spirit was not equal to the idea, and it has since gone on lavishing ten times the money on the embellishment of lanes.

The Chapel of the Invalides looked gloomy, and even neglected; the great Magician was gone. Some service was performing, as it is in the Romish chapels at most hours of the day: some poor people were kneeling in different parts of the area; and some strangers were, like myself, wandering along the nave,

looking at the monuments to the fallen military names of France. On the pillars in the nave are inscriptions to the memory of Jourdan, Lobau, and Oudinot. There is a bronze tablet to the memory of Marshal Mortier, who was killed by Fieschi's infernal machine, beside Louis Philippe; and to Damremont, who fell in Algiers.

But the chapel is destined to exhibit a more superb instance of national recollection—the tomb of Napoleon, which is to be finished in 1852. A large circular crypt, dug in the centre of the second chapel (which is to be united with the first,) is the site of the sarcophagus in which the remains of Napoleon lie. Coryatides, columns, and bas-reliefs, commemorative of his battles, are to surround the sarcophagus. The coryatides are to represent War, Legislation, Art, and Science; and in front is to be raised an altar of black marble. The architect is Visconti, and the best statuary in Paris are to contribute the decorations. The expense will be enormous. In the time of Louis Philippe it had already amounted to nearly four millions of francs. About three millions more are now demanded for the completion, including an equestrian statue. On the whole, the expense will be not much less than seven millions of francs!

The original folly of the nation, and of Napoleon, in plundering the Continent of statues and pictures, inevitably led to retribution, on the first reverse of fortune. The plunder of money, or of arms, or of anything consumable, would have been exempt from this mortification; but pictures and statues are permanent things, and always capable of being redemanded. Their plunder was an extension of the law of spoil unknown in European hostilities, or in history, except perhaps in the old Roman ravage of Greece. Napoleon, in adopting the practice of heathenism, for his model, and the French nation—in their assumed love of the arts violating the sanctities of art, by removing the noblest works from the edifices for which they were created, and from the lights and positions for which the great artists of Italy designed them—fully deserved the vexation of seeing them thus carried back to their original cities. The moral will, it is to be presumed, be learned from this signal example, that the works of genius are *naturally* exempt from the sweep of plunder; that even the violences of war must not be extended beyond the necessities of conquest, and that an act of injustice is *sure* to bring down its punishment in the most painful form of retribution.



*The Artesian Well.*—Near the Hôtel des Invalides is the celebrated well which has given the name to all the modern experiments of boring to great depths for water. The name of Artesian is said to be taken from the province of Artois, in which the practice has been long known. The want of water in Paris induced a M. Mulot to commence the work in 1834.

The history of the process is instructive. For six years there was no prospect of success; yet M. Mulot gallantly persevered. All was inexorable chalk; the boring instrument had broken several times, and the difficulty thus occasioned may be imagined from its requiring a length of thirteen hundred feet! even in an early period of the operation. However, early in 1841 the chalk gave signs of change, and a greenish sand was drawn up. On the 26th of February this was followed by a slight effusion of water, and before night the stream burst up to the mouth of the excavation, which was now eighteen hundred feet in depth. Yet the water rapidly rose to a height of one hundred and twelve feet above the mouth of the well by a pipe, which is now supported by scaffolding, giving about six hundred gallons of water a minute.

Even the memorable experiment confutes, so far as it goes, the geological notion of strata laid under each other in their proportions of gravity. The section of the boring shows chalk, sand, gravel, shells, &c., and this order sometimes reversed, in the most casual manner, down to a depth five times the height of the cupola of the Invalides.

The heat of the water was 83° of Fahrenheit. In the theories with which the philosophers of the Continent have to feed their imaginations is that of a *central fire*, which is felt through all the strata, and which warms everything in proportion to its nearness to the centre. Thus, it was proposed to dig an Artesian well, of three thousand feet, for the supply of hot water to the Jardin des Plantes and the neighboring hospitals. It was supposed that, at this depth, the heat would range to upwards of 100° of Fahrenheit. But nothing has been done. Even the Well of Grenelle has rather disappointed the public expectation; of late the supply has been less constant, and the boring is to be renewed to a depth of two thousand feet.

*The Napoleon Column.*—This is the grand feature of the Place de Vendôme, once the site of the Hôtel Vendôme, built by the son of Henry IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées; after-

wards pulled down by Louis XIV., afterwards abandoned to the citizens, and afterwards surrounded, as it is at this day, with the formal and heavy architecture of Mansard. The "Place" has, like everything in Paris, changed its name from time to time. It was once the "Place des Conquêtes;" then it changed to "Louis le Grand;" and then it returned to the name of its original proprietor. An old figure of the "Great King," in all the glories of wig and feathers, stood in the centre, till justice and the rabble of the Revolution broke it down, in the first "energies" of Republicanism. But the German campaign of 1805 put all the nation in good humor, and the Napoleon Column was raised on the site of the dilapidated monarch.

The design of the column is not original, for it is taken from the Trajan Column at Rome; but it is enlarged, and makes a very handsome object. When I first saw it, its decorations were in peril; for the Austrian soldiery were loud for its demolition, or at least for stripping off its bronze bas-reliefs, they representing their successive defeats in that ignominious campaign which, in three months from Boulogne, finished by the capture of Vienna. The Austrian troops, however, stoutly retrieved their disasters, and, as the proof, were then masters of Paris. It was possibly this effective feeling that prevailed at last to spare the column, which the practice of the French armies would have entitled them to strip without mercy.

In the first instance, a statue of Napoleon, as emperor, stood on the summit of the pillar. This statue had its revolutions too, for it was melted down at the restoration of the Bourbons, to make a part of the equestrian statue of Henry IV. erected on the Pont Neuf. A *fleur-de-lis* and flagstaff then took its place. The Revolution of 1830, which elevated Louis Philippe to a temporary throne, raised the statue of Napoleon to an elevation perhaps as temporary.

As a work of imperial magnificence, the column is worthy of its founder, and of the only redeeming point of his character—his zeal for the ornament of Paris. It is a monument to the military successes of the Empire; a trophy one hundred and thirty-five feet high, covered with the representations of French victory over the Austrians and Russians in the campaign of 1805. The bas-reliefs are in bronze, rising in a continued spiral round the column. Yet this is an unfortunate sacrifice to the imitation of the Roman column. The spiral, a few feet above

the head of the spectator, offers nothing to the eye but a roll of rough bronze; the figures are wholly and necessarily undistinguishable. The only portion of those castings which directly meets the eye is unfortunately given up to the mere uniforms, caps, and arms of the combatants. This is the pedestal, and it would make a showy decoration for a tailor's window. It is a clever work of the furnace, but a miserable one of invention.

The bronze is said to have been the captured cannon of the enemy. On the massive bronze door is the inscription in Latin:—"Napoleon, Emperor, Augustus, dedicated to the glory of the Grand Army this memorial of the German War, finished in three months, in the year 1805, under his command."

On the summit stands the statue of Napoleon, to which, and its changes, I have adverted already. But the question has arisen, whether there is not an error in taste in placing the statue of an individual at a height which precludes the view of his features. This has been made an objection to the handsome Nelson Pillar in Trafalgar Square. But the obvious answer in both instances is, that the object is not merely the sight of the features, but the perfection of the memorial; that the pillar is the true monument, and the statue only an accessory, though the most suitable accessory. But even then the statue is not altogether inexpressive. We can see the figure and the costume of Napoleon nearly as well as they could be seen from the balcony of the Tuileries, where all Paris assembled in the Carousel to worship him on Sundays, at the parade of "La Garde." In the spirited statue of Nelson we can recognize the figure as well as if we were gazing at him within a hundred yards in any other direction. It is true that pillars are not painters' easels, nor is Trafalgar Square a sculptor's yard; but the real question turns on the effect of the whole. If the pillar makes the monument, we will not quarrel with the sculptor for its not making a *miniature*. It answers its purpose—it is a noble one; it gives a national record of great events, and it realizes, invigorates, and consecrates them by the images of the men by whom they were achieved.

*Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.*—It is no small adventure, in a burning day of a French summer, to walk the length of the Champs Elysées, even to see the arch of the Star, (Napoleon's Star,) and climb to its summit. Yet this labor I accomplished with the fervor and the fatigue of a pilgrimage.

The kings of France were peculiarly magnificent in the decoration of the entrances to their city. As no power on earth can prevent the French from crowding into hovels, from living ten families in one house, and from appending to their cities the most miserable, ragged and forlorn-looking suburbs on the globe, the monarchs wisely let the national habits alone; and resolved, if the suburbs must be abandoned to the popular fondness for the wigwam, to impress strangers with the stateliness of their gates. The *Arc de St. Denis*, once conducting from the most dismal of suburbs, is one of the finest portals in Paris, or in any European city; it is worthy of the Boulevard, and that is panegyric at once. Every one knows that it was erected in honor of the short-lived inroad of Louis XIV. into Holland in 1672, and the taking of whole muster-rolls of forts and villages, left at his mercy, ungarrisoned and unprovisioned, by the Republican parsimony of the Dutch, till a princely defender arose, and the young Stadtholder sent back the coxcomb monarch faster than he came. But the Arc is a noble work, and its architecture might well set a redeeming example to the London improvers. Why not erect an arch in Southwark? Why not at all the great avenues to the capital? Why not, instead of leaving this task to the caprices or even to the bad taste of the railway companies, make it a branch of the operations of the Woods and Forests, and ennoble all the entrances of the mightiest capital of earthly empire?

The Arch of St. Denis is now shining in all the novelty of reparation, for it was restored so lately as last year. In this quarter, which has been always of a stormy temperature, the insurrection of 1848 raged with especial fury; and if the spirits of the great ever hover about their monuments, Louis XIV. may have seen from its summit a more desperate conflict than ever figured on its bas-reliefs.

On the Arch of the Porte St. Martin is a minor monument to minor triumphs, but a handsome one. Louis XIV. is still the hero. The "Grand Monarque" is exhibited as Hercules with his club; but as even a monarch in those days was nothing without his wig, Hercules exhibits a huge mass of curls of the most courtly dimensions—he might pass for the presiding deity of *perruquiers*.

The *Arc de Triomphe du Carousel*, erected in honor of the German campaign in 1805, is a costly performance, yet poor-looking, from its position in the centre of lofty buildings. What effect can an isolated arch, of

but five-and-forty feet high, have in the immediate vicinity of masses of building, perhaps a hundred feet high? Its aspect is consequently meager; and its being placed in the centre of a court makes it look useless, and, of course, ridiculous. On the summit is a figure of War, or Victory, in a chariot, with four bronze horses—the horses modeled from the four Constantinopolitan horses brought by the French from Venice, as part of the plunder of that luckless city, but sent back to Venice by the Allies in 1815. The design of the arch was from that of Severus, in Rome: this secured, at least, elegance in its construction; but the position is fatal to dignity.

The *Arc de l'Etoile* is the finest work of the kind in Paris. It has the advantage of being built on an elevation from which it overlooks the whole city, with no building of any magnitude in its vicinity; and is seen from a considerable distance on all the roads leading to the capital. Its cost was excessive for a work of mere ornament, and is said to have amounted to nearly half a million sterling!

As I stood glancing over the groups on the friezes and faces of this great monument, which exhibit war in every form of conflict, havoc, and victory, the homely thought of "*cui bono?*" struck me irresistibly. Who was the better for all this havoc?—Napoleon, whom it sent to a dungeon! or the miserable thousands and tens of thousands whom it crushed in the field?—or the perhaps more unfortunate hundreds of thousands whom it sent to the hospital to die the slow death of exhaustion and pain, or to live the protracted life of mutilation? I have no affectation of sentiment at the sight of the soldier's grave; he has but taken his share of the common lot, with perhaps the advantage, which so few men possess, of having "done the state some service." But, to see this vast monument covered with the emblems of hostilities, continued through almost a quarter of a century, (for the groups commence with 1792;) to think of the devastation of the fairest countries of Europe, of which these hostilities were the cause; and to know the utter fruitlessness and failure of the result, the short-lived nature of the triumph, and the frightful depth of the defeat—Napoleon in ignominious bondage and hopeless banishment—Napoleon, after having lorded it over Europe, sent to linger out life on a rock in the centre of the ocean—the leader of military millions kept under the eye of a British sentinel, and no more suffered to stray be-

yond his bounds than a caged tiger—I felt as if the object before me was less a trophy than a tomb, less a monument of glory than of retribution, less the record of national triumph than of national frenzy.

I had full liberty for reflection, for there was scarcely a human being to interrupt me. The bustle of the capital did not reach so far; the promenaders in the Champs Elysées did not venture here; the showy equipages of the Parisian "*nouveaux riches*" remained where the crowd was to be seen; and except a few peasants going on their avocations, and a bench full of soldiers, sleeping or smoking away the weariness of the hour, the *Arc de Triomphe*, which had cost so much treasure, and was the record of so much blood, seemed to be totally forgotten. I question if there had been a decree of the Legislature to sell the stones, whether it would have occasioned more than a paragraph in the *Journal des Débats*.

The ascent to the summit is by a long succession of dark and winding steps, for which a lamp is lighted by the porter; but the view from the parapet repays the trouble of the ascent. The whole basin in which Paris lies is spread out before the eye. The city is seen in the centre of a valley, surrounded on every side by a circle of low hills, sheeted with dark masses of wood. It was probably once the bed of a lake, in which the site of the city was an island. All the suburb villages came within the view, with the fortifications, which to a more scientific eye might appear formidable, but which to mine appeared mere dots in the vast landscape.

This parapet is unhappily sometimes used for other purposes than the indulgence of the spectacle. A short time since, a determined suicide sprang from it, after making a speech to the soldiery below, assigning his reason for this tremendous act—if reason has anything to do in such a desperate determination to defy common sense. He acted with the quietest appearance of deliberation; let himself down on the coping of the battlement, from this made his speech, as if he had been in the tribune, and, having finished it, flung himself down a height of ninety feet, and was in an instant a crushed and lifeless heap on the pavement below.

It is remarkable that, even in these crimes, there exists the distinction which seems to divide France from England in every better thing. In England, a wretch undone by poverty, broken down by incurable pain, afflicted by the stings of a conscience which she neither knows how to heal nor cares how to cure,

—woman, helpless, wretched, and desolate, takes her walk under cover of night by the nearest river, and, without a witness, plunges in. But, in France, the last dreadful scene is imperfect without its publicity; the suicide must exhibit before the people. There must be the *valete et plaudite*. The curtain must fall with dramatic effect, and the actor must make his exit with the cries of the audience, in admiration or terror, ringing in his ear.

In other cases, however varied, the passion for publicity is still the same. No man can bear to perish in silence. If the atheist resolves on self-destruction, he writes a treatise for his publisher, or a letter to the journals. If he is a man of science, he takes his laudatum after supper, and, pen in hand, notes the gradual effects of the poison for the benefit of science; or he prepares a fire of charcoal, quietly inhales the vapor, and from his sofa continues to scribble the symptoms of dissolution, until the pen grows unsteady, the brain wanders, and half-a-dozen blots close the scene; the writing, however, being dedicated to posterity, and circulated next day in every journal of Paris, till it finally permeates through the provinces, and from thence through the European world.

The number of suicides in Paris annually, of late years, has been about three hundred, —out of a population of a million, notwithstanding the suppression of the gaming-houses, which unquestionably had a large share in the temptation to this horrible and unattonable crime.

The sculptures on the Arc are in the best style. They form a history of the Consulate and of the Empire. Napoleon, of course, is a prominent figure; but in the fine bas-relief which is peculiarly devoted to himself, in which he stands of colossal size, with Fame flying over his head, History writing the record of his exploits, and Victory crowning him, the artist has left his work liable to the sly sarcasm of a spectator of a similar design for the statue of Louis XIV. Victory was there holding the laurel at a slight distance from his head. An Englishman asked "whether she was putting it on or taking it off?" But another of the sculptures is still more unfortunate, for it has the unintentional effect of commemorating the Allied conquest of France in 1814. A young Frenchman is seen defending his family; and a soldier behind him is seen falling from his horse, and the Genius of the future flutters over them all. We know what that future was.

The building of this noble memorial occupied, at intervals, no less than thirty years,

beginning in 1806, when Napoleon issued a decree for its erection. The invasion in 1814 put a stop to everything in France, and the building was suspended. The fruitless and foolish campaign of the Duc d'Angoulême, in Spain, was regarded by the Bourbons as a title to national glories, and the building was resumed as a trophy to the renown of the Duc. It was again interrupted by the expulsion of the Bourbons in 1830; but was resumed under Louis Philippe, and finished in 1836. It is altogether a very stately and very handsome tribute to the French armies.

But, without affecting unnecessary severity of remark, may not the wisdom of such a tribute be justly doubted? The Romans, though the principle of their power was conquest, and though their security was almost incompatible with peace, yet are said to have never repaired a triumphal arch. It is true that they built those arches (in the latter period of the Empire) so solidly as to want no repairs. But we have no triumphal monuments of the Republic surviving. Why should it be the constant policy of Continental governments to pamper their people with the food of that most dangerous and diseased of all vanities, the passion for war? And this is not said in the declamatory spirit of the "Peace Congress," which seems to be nothing more than a pretext for a Continental ramble, an expedient for a little vulgar notoriety among foreigners, and an opportunity of getting rid of the greatest quantity of common-place in the shortest time. But, why should not France learn common sense from the experience of England? It is calculated that, of the last five hundred years of French history, two hundred and fifty have been spent in hostilities. In consequence, France has been invaded, trampled and impoverished by war; while England, during the last three hundred years, has never seen the foot of a foreign invader.

Let the people of France abolish the *Conscription*, and they will have made one advance to liberty. Till cabinets are deprived of that material of aggressive war, they will leave war at the caprice of a weak monarch, an ambitious minister, or a vain-glorious people. It is remarkable that, among all the attempts at reforming the constitution of France, her reformers have never touched upon the ulcer of the land, the Conscription, the legacy of a frantic Republic, taking the children of the country from their industry, to plunge them into the vices of idleness or the havoc of war, and at all times to furnish



the means, as well as to afford the temptation, to aggressive war. There is not at this hour a soldier of England who has been *forced* into the service! Let the French, let all the Continental nations, abolish the Conscription, thus depriving their governments of the means of making war upon each other; and what an infinite security would not this illustrious abolition give to the whole of Europe!—what an infinite saving in the taxes which are now wrung from nations by the fear of each other!—and what an infinite triumph to the spirit of peace, industry, and mutual good-will!

*The Theatres.*—In the evening I wandered along the Boulevard, the great centre of the theatres, and was surprised at the crowds which, in a hot summer night, could venture to be stewed alive, amid the smell of lamps, the effluvia of orange-peel, the glare of lights, and the breathing of hundreds or thousands of human beings. I preferred the fresh air, the lively movement of the Boulevard, the glitter of the cafés, and the glow, then tempered, of the declining sun—one of the prettiest moving panoramas of Paris.

The French Government take a great interest in the popularity of the theatres, and exert that species of superintendence which is implied in a considerable supply of the theatrical expenditure. The French Opera receives annually from the National Treasury no less than 750,000 francs, besides 130,000 for retiring pensions. To the Théâtre Français, the allowance from the Treasury is 240,000 francs a-year. To the Italian Opera the sum granted was formerly 70,000, but is now 50,000. Allowances are made to the Opera Comique, a most amusing theatre, to the Odeon, and perhaps to some others—the whole demanding of the budget a sum of more than a million of francs.

It is curious that the drama in France began with the clergy. In the time of Charles VI., a company named "*Confrères de la Passion*," performed plays founded on the events of Scripture, though grossly disfigured by the traditions of Monachism. The originals were probably the "*Mysteries*," or plays in the Convents, a species of absurd and fantastic representation common in all Popish countries. At length the life of Manners was added to the life of Superstition, and singers and grimacers were added to the "*Confrères*."

In the sixteenth century, an Italian company appeared in Paris, and brought with them their opera, the invention of the Florentines fifty years before. The cessation of the

civil wars allowed France for a while to cultivate the arts of peace: and Richelieu, a man who, if it could be said of any statesman that he formed the mind of the nation, impressed his image and superscription upon his country, gave the highest encouragement to the drama by making it the fashion. He even wrote, or assisted in writing, popular dramas. Corneille now began to flourish, and French Tragedy was established.

Mazarin, when minister, and, like Richelieu, master of the nation, invited or admitted the Italian Opera once more into France; and Molière, at the head of a new company, obtained leave to perform before Louis XIV., who thenceforth patronized the great comic writer, and gave his company a theatre. The Tragedy, Comedy, and Opera of France now led the way in Europe.

In France, the Great Revolution, while it multiplied the theatres with the natural extravagance of the time, yet, by a consequence equally inevitable, degraded the taste of the nation. For a long period the legitimate drama was almost extinguished; it was unexciting to a people trained day by day to revolutionary convulsion; the pageants on the stage were tame to the processions in the streets; and the struggles of kings and nobles were ridiculous to the men who had been employed in destroying a dynasty.

Napoleon at once perceived the evil, and adopted the only remedy. He found no less than *thirty* theatres in Paris. He was not a man to pause where he saw his way clearly before him; he closed twenty-two of those theatres, leaving but eight, and those chiefly of the old establishments, making a species of compensation to the closed houses.

On the return of the Bourbons, the civil list, as in the old times, assisted in the support of the theatres. On the accession of Louis Philippe, the popular triumph infused its extravagance even into the system of the drama. The number of the theatres increased, and a succession of writers of the "*New School*" filled the theatres with abomination. Gallantry became the *spirit* of the drama—everything before the scene was intrigue; married life was the perpetual burlesque. Wives were the habitual heroines of the intrigue, and husbands the habitual dupes! To keep faith with a husband was a standing jest on the stage, to keep it with a seducer was the height of human character. The former was always described as brutal; gross, dull, and born to be duped; the latter was captivating, generous, and irresistible by any matron alive. In fact, wives and

widows were made for nothing else but to give way to the fascinations of this class of professors of the arts of "good society." The captivator was substantially described as a scoundrel, a gambler, and a vagabond of the basest kind, but withal so honorable, so tender, and so susceptible, that his atrocities disappeared, or rather were transmuted into virtues, by the brilliancy of his qualifications for seducing the wife of his friend. Perjury, profligacy, and the betrayal of confidence in the most essential tie of human nature, were supreme in popularity in the Novel and on the Stage.

The direct consequence is, that the crime of adultery is lightly considered in France; even the pure speak of it without the abhorrence which, for every reason, it deserves. Its notoriety is rather thought of as an anecdote of the day, or the gossiping of the soirée; and the most acknowledged licentiousness does not exclude a man of a certain rank from general reception in good society.

One thing may be observed on the most casual intercourse with Frenchmen—that the vices which, in our country, create disgust and offence in grave society, and laughter and levity in the more careless, seldom produce either the one or the other in France. The topic is alluded to with neither a frown nor a smile; it is treated, in general, as a matter of course, either too natural to deserve censure, or too common to excite ridicule. It is seldom peculiarly alluded to, for the general conversation of "Good Society" is decorous; but to denounce it would be unmannered. The result is an extent of illegitimacy enough to corrupt the whole rising population. By the registers of 1848, of 30,000 children born in Paris in that year, there were 10,000 illegitimate, of which but 1,700 were acknowledged by their parents!

The theatrical profession forms an important element in the population. The actors and actresses amount to about 5,000. In England, they are probably not as many hundreds. And though the French population is 35,000,000 while Great Britain has little more than twenty, yet the disproportion is enormous, and forms a characteristic difference of the two countries. The persons occupied in the "working" of the theatrical system amount perhaps to 10,000, and the families dependent on the whole form a very large and very influential class among the general orders of society.

But if the Treasury assists in their general support, it compels them to pay eight per cent. of their receipts as a contribution to the

hospitals. This sum averages annually a million of francs, or £40,000 sterling.

In England we might learn something from the theatrical regulations of France. The trampling of our crowds at the doors of theatres, the occasional losses of life and limb, and the general inconvenience and confusion of the entrance on crowded nights, might be avoided by the mere adoption of French order.

But why should not higher objects be held in view? The drama is a public necessity; the people will have it, whether good or bad. Why should not Government offer prizes to the best drama, tragic or comic? Why should the most distinguished work of poetic genius find no encouragement from the Government of a nation boasting of its love of letters? Why shall that encouragement be left to the caprice of managers, to the finances of struggling establishments, or to the taste of theatres, forced by their poverty to pander to the rabble? Why should not the mischievous performances of those theatres be put down, and dramas, founded on the higher principles of our nature, be the instruments of putting them down? Why should not heroism, honor, and patriotism, be taught on the national stage, as well as the triumphs on the highroad, laxity among the higher ranks, and vice among all? The drama has been charged with corruption. Is that corruption essential? It has been charged with being a *nucleus* of the loose principles, as its places of representation have been haunted by the loose characters, of society. But what are these but excrescences, generated by the carelessness of society, by the indolence of the magistracy, and by the general misconception of the real purposes and possible power of the stage? That power is magnificent. It takes human nature in her most *impressible* form, in the time of the glowing heart and the ready tear, of the senses animated by scenery, melted by music, and spelled by the living realities of representation. Why should not impressions be made in that hour which the man would carry with him through all the contingencies of life, and which would throw a light on every period of his being.

The conditions of recompense to authors in France make *some* advance to justice. The author of a Drama is entitled to a profit on its performance in every theatre of France during his life, with a continuance for ten years after to his heirs. For a piece of three or five acts, the remuneration is *one twelfth part* of the gross receipts, and for a piece in

one act, one twenty-fourth. A similar compensation has been adopted in the English theatre, but seems to have become completely nugatory, from the managers' purchasing the author's rights—the transaction being here made a private one, and the remuneration being at the mercy of the manager. But in France it is a public matter, an affair of law, and looked to by an agent in Paris, who registers the performance of the piece at all the theatres in the city, and in the provinces.

Still, this is injustice. Why should the labor of the intellect be less permanent than the labor of the hands? Why should not the author be entitled to make his full demand instead of this pittance? If his play is worth acting, why is it not worth paying for?—and why should he be prohibited from

having the fruit of his brain as an inheritance to his family, as well as the fruit of any other toil?

If, instead of being a man of genius, delighting and elevating the mind of a nation, he were a blacksmith, he might leave his tools and his trade to his children without any limit; or if, with the produce of his play, he purchased a cow or a cabin, no man can lay a claim upon either. But he must be taxed for being a man of talent; and men of no talent must be entitled, by an absurd law and a palpable injustice, to tear the fruit of his intellectual supremacy from his children, after ten short years of possession.

No man leaves Paris without regret, and without a wish for the liberty and peace of its people.

DEATH OF LITERARY LADIES.—The obituaries of the week announce the deaths, at very advanced ages, of two remarkable ladies honorably connected with English literature. At Clifton, on Friday, the 1st instant, died the patriarch of English authoresses—we might add, of English authors—Miss Harriet Lee, at the age of ninety-five. To most of the generation now busied with fiction, drama, and poetry, this announcement will be a surprise; so long-protracted was Miss Lee's life, and so many years have elapsed since her last appearance in the world of imaginative creation took place. To readers of our time, Miss Lee is best known as having in her "German's Tale" of the "Canterbury Tales" (a miscellany of little romances by herself and her sister) furnished Lord Byron with the plot of his play of "Werner." More old-fashioned novel readers, who are given to weary at the philanthropy, philosophy, and preaching, which threaten to turn our thousand-and-one tales into something more like "Evening Services" than "Arabian Nights," will find in her vigor and clearness of invention a merit which of itself deserves to keep the

name of the novelist alive. Most of the "Canterbury Tales" possess this character; and if, as we think, "The Two Emilys" was also by Harriet, not Sophia Lee, it emphasizes our praise. Miss Lee's further title to mortuary honors is a play, or plays, acted with small success, and which has or have gone the way of Hannah More's triumphant "Percy" and Madame d'Arblay's withdrawn tragedy. In her youth, we believe Miss Lee joined her sister in keeping a school at Bath. Harriet Lee survived her sister Sophia twenty-seven years; Sophia having died at Clifton in 1824.—In London, on the 4th, died Lady Louisa Stuart, aged nearly ninety-four; the youngest daughter of the Minister, Earl of Bute, and granddaughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague; the lady to whom we owe the charming "Introductory Anecdotes" prefixed to the late Lord Wharnccliffe's edition of Lady Mary's Works. Lady Louisa remembered to have seen her grandmother, Lady Mary, when at old Wortley's death that celebrated woman returned to London after her long and still unexplained exile from England. Lady Louisa herself was a charming letter-writer.—*Athenaeum*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## ENGLISH SYNONYMS.

THERE is scarcely any expression more common in ordinary conversation, than that such and such words are "synonymous," implying that they bear exactly the same meaning, and are, so to speak, convertible terms. This is, no doubt, the strict etymological interpretation of the word synonymous. It means, as the dictionaries inform us, "one of the same signification." Nothing can be more accurate. Yet it is only one instance out of hundreds that might be cited, of the errors we are liable to fall into when we attempt to determine the actual current meaning of words by reference to their roots. Synonymous, instead of expressing the precise agreement of words, actually indicates the existence of slight but marked differences between them.

The late Mr. Hamilton held it as an elementary maxim, which he found of great practical value in his literal and interlineal translations, that each word had but one absolute meaning; and, without going the whole way with a dogma which ignores the existence of synonyms altogether, we are inclined to think he was right in the main. An instrument so elastic as language, exposed to such constant and careless use, must be expected in time to lose here and there something of its force; but we suspect that every departure from a system of exact and undeviating significations, is a concession, not to necessity, but to caprice or convenience. In fact, the examples of two words conveying precisely the same meaning are very rare, while the number of words that approach each other so closely in purport as to be frequently confounded in use, is very considerable. It is to this large family of words the term synonym is applied.

Every attempt to settle accurately the significations of words, to check the advance of corruptions and loose usages, and to preserve a certain fixity of expression, without interfering with that comprehensive variety which is necessary to impart color and richness to a language, deserves to be received with attention. There is no great danger of setting

up limits that shall be too narrow for the popular genius, which delights in philological excursions and vagrant novelties. Let philologists do what they may to curb erratic tendencies, they never can succeed in reducing the general use of language to a uniform standard. But they may keep its fountains pure. It is of the last importance that there should be an authority resident somewhere, and that, in the midst of the fluctuations consequent upon the progress of knowledge and the changes of manners, we should occasionally pause to examine and correct any errors or abuses that may have crept into common practice. Too much rigor is, perhaps, as undesirable as laxity. It tends to produce a severity of diction which imparts coldness to the expression, or a fastidiousness which dilutes and weakens it. But of the two extremes, it is better there should be a strict system than no system at all.

The arguments and illustrations by which the uses and significations of words are usually enforced, have an inevitable downward tendency towards the abolition of fixity, and the institution of a sort of sliding-scale in its place. Thus, for example, when any new use of a word, or any new word, comes out, and the strict philologist objects to its employment in that sense or form, he is met by the conclusive answer that there is but one guide in these matters—custom—which, whatever eccentricities it sanctions, is competent to over-ride all law. Now, there is a certain amount of truth in this, which only renders the actual fallacy it conceals the more dangerous. It is true that custom is the final appellate jurisdiction in all questions of verbal usage; but it is necessary, before we bow to the decision of the court, that we should clearly understand of what elements it is composed, and under what authority it acts. To say that custom has established a particular use of a word, is a ready way of settling a dispute; but unless we have some definition of what is meant by custom, the reference is not only vague and unsatisfactory,



but very likely to commit us to an infinity of errors, adopted and persisted in out of a belief that they are sound law. Who makes the custom? The educated few?—the half-educated many? And what length of time does the popular use of a word constitute what is called custom? It is evident that the competency of the tribunal depends upon the settlement of these conditions. Everybody admits the authority of custom, but nobody seems to think it necessary to insist upon some common test by which its validity may be tried and confirmed. The consequence is, that the most irreconcilable notions prevail as to what is custom, and in the confusion that ensues, a variety of loose and objectionable terms find their way into circulation under its sanction.

Custom, as the expounder of the law of words, should be established on similar principles to other legal tribunals. The propounders of the law should be, at least, educated for the functions they are called upon to discharge, and when we look to usage for the determination of doubts, it should be the usage of the best informed, and, in the most comprehensive sense of the term, the best bred circles. Fashionable society, which has the right not only of expounding, but of making laws in other directions, must be trusted to some extent with the interpretation of language; but the "fashionable" sense or use of a word is not always to be implicitly received. Conventional significations and cant phrases get into vogue in fashionable *coteries*, just as that peculiar jargon called *slang* obtains currency lower down the scale; and some caution should be exercised in discriminating between general assent and the special acceptance of an exclusive circle. There never can be any difficulty in drawing a distinction of this kind; and the necessity of drawing it decisively is obvious from the rapidity with which words spread into common use when they have once received the hall-mark of the upper classes.

But it is not enough that we should go direct to the best educated and most refined people for our authority. The mere fact that a change or novelty has been introduced in certain quarters is not sufficient to authenticate its universal adoption, unless it also comes down to us with that prescriptive sanction which is indispensable to give it the force of law. It must not only be in use amongst the classes that are qualified to take the initiative, but it must have been in use amongst them long enough to justify the

faith without inquiry of the multitude: that is to say, ample time should be allowed to impart stability to verbal revolutions, before the public at large should be required to tender their allegiance to them.

Custom, then, seems to repose on two very simple conditions—that the people who make the law should be of the properly qualified order, and that before the law receives the popular assent, it should be subjected to an experimental trial of reasonable duration. These conditions have the effect of giving due weight and authority to an appellate jurisdiction, which is at present often brought into contempt by being made responsible for what it does not really sanction; while they afford abundant opportunity of arresting the progress of crude and ill-judged innovations.

The force of custom is paramount; but it is paramount only within the recognized limits of the constitution of the language it governs. Custom is not an absolute despotism, although it approaches very nearly to that character. There are things it cannot sanction without doing violence to elementary laws, whose maintenance is necessary to the purity and fixity of language; as there are things which even oriental despots cannot carry into effect without endangering the safety of their possessions. Custom, for instance, cannot convert one part of speech into another, metamorphose a noun into a participle, or insist upon making an adjective do duty for a noun. We may be supposed to put an extreme case; but if the reader will stop to collect examples, he will be surprised at the extreme cases that have actually passed into common use; some of which he has, probably, become so familiar with himself, that he has ceased to be conscious of their enormity. Thus, to take an example, with which everybody is acquainted, which is constantly heard in ordinary conversation, and, still further, sanctioned by frequent use in print, what vindication, on any ground of expediency, grace, or structural power, can custom furnish us with for the word *talented*? This word has, undoubtedly, found its way, inexplicably, into very good society; and although it is never employed by writers who cultivate a pure or correct style, yet nevertheless it is to be met with in print in places where we should hardly expect to find a coinage so false and outrageous. The only way in which it is possible to account for the use of such a word is, that it happens to be a singularly convenient one; and that people in general are so lazy as to be glad to avail

themselves of the first short cut that offers to the expression they want. It is easier, and trips more glibly off the tongue, to say, "a *talented* man," than "a man of talent." It saves the trouble of thinking, or of beating about the bush for a longer and more accurate turn of phrase. But the absurdity does not stop here; people are not content with merely applying this ingenious coinage to the only conceivable purpose its origin will justify, they must needs apply it with a most commodious sense of its utility to every possible object that comes within the range of their admiration. Like Mr. Softhead in the play, having got hold of a duke, they never know when they have got enough of him. It is by no means uncommon to have one's attention drawn to a very "*talented* picture," or to be told that such a book is a remarkable "*talented* production," or even to be required to bear testimony to the involved fact, that a certain invention is a decidedly "*talented* discovery." This slipshod mode of expression, which not only misrepresents the things it undertakes to delineate, but which has the pernicious effect of implanting habits of idleness and slovenliness in the mind (words being regarded as signs of ideas and implements of thought), cannot be too earnestly discouraged. In order to be enabled to think with precision, people must speak with precision. The two processes act and re-act upon each other. Loose thinkers are, of necessity, incoherent speakers; and carelessness and inaccuracy in the utterance of thoughts, by which their subtlety is suffered to escape, and their sequence and relation are impaired, or obscured, must generate mental carelessness and inaccuracy in the end.

As for this famous word *talented*, the radical objection to it is so obvious, that we need not trouble the reader with a learned dissertation on the subject. It is unnecessary, for the purpose of exposing its illegitimacy, to dissect a word which has a substantive for its basis, and is turned all at once into an adjective, without any other alteration than the affix of a termination, which is the sign of the past participle of a verb! The process is as curious as it is complicated; and the individual by whom it was originally conceived must have been a person pre-eminently distinguished either by the most daring ingenuity, or unconscious ignorance. We may fairly contend that custom is endowed with no royal privilege to commit freaks of this kind; if it were, language would not be safe for four-and-twenty hours from the inroads of clever or uneducated people, who, for the

gratification of singularities in their tastes, or because they did not know better, would engraft all sorts of fantastical eccentricities upon the pure vernacular. The inadmissibility of a formation so repugnant to our usage will become evident by trying a similar experiment upon other words of the same class. If we consent to the grammatical discord of saying, a "*talented* man," instead of a "man of talent," there can be no reason why we should not say, a "*tacted* man," instead of a "man of tact," or a "*geniused* man," instead of a "man of genius." The absurdity may be pushed a little farther by heightening the expression in rigid accordance with the precedent before us: thus, as it is commonly said that such a person is a "*very talented* man," so we may say that he is a "*very tacted* man," or a "*very geniused* man." All this, no doubt, looks ridiculous and puerile, but the cases are strictly parallel; and people who consider themselves justified in employing vicious terms, must submit to the logical consequences that ensue upon their use. The speaker or writer who talks of "*highly talented* men," cannot offer a syllable of objection to his neighbor who chooses to describe them as "*remarkably geniused* individuals."

In point of structure, the word *talented* is clearly a participle. We have no instances of adjectives formed in that way; and for homogeneous words we must look exclusively to the table of verbs, where alone we shall find them—such words as *accredited*, *hunted*; the correspondence in these instances being in all respects complete. Now if we were to treat *talented* as a participle (which a foreigner, at first sight, would be justified in doing by one of the earliest rules he picks up in our grammar), could anything be more ludicrous than the effect it would produce? Imagine such a sentence as this:—"A has just been speaking to me about our friend B; he *talented* him to the skies!" If ridicule be not a legitimate test of truth, it may assuredly be admitted as a very efficient test of the proprieties of language.

A catalogue *raisonnée* of the inelegancies and inaccuracies that have crept into common use would supply a fund of amusing and uncomfortable speculations for the living generation—not that we are worse in this particular than our progenitors, but that, in proportion to our opportunities, we ought to be much better. Nothing is more frequent in conversation than to hear the word *farther* confounded with *further*, and *latter* with *later*, although the distinction between them is

wide and unmistakable,—*farther* having application to place and distance, and *further* to quantity or addition; while *later* refers to time, and *latter* to place only. In the same way you sometimes catch the phrase “seldom or ever,” the speaker evidently meaning “seldom if ever;” and the still more palpable impropriety of “the two *first*,” instead of “the *first* two.” Such slips of speech as “see if they’re gone,” instead of “*whether* they’re gone,”\* and “I *had* rather,” instead of “I *would* rather,” are of constant occurrence. A still more flagrant violation of verbal correctness is committed by the misuse of the very common phrase *as well as*, which means exactly what it says, and no more; but which is perpetually employed to express something else;—thus: “she is witty *as well as* handsome,” whereby we are to understand that “she is witty and handsome *also*.” This subject is fruitful of bizarre attractions for the ripe scholar who has leisure and inclination to cultivate it; but for our present purpose it is enough to indicate the negligences and errors which it is the express business of the educated classes to expunge and correct.

The authority next in force to that of custom, and even more despotically quoted, is the authority of our standard English authors. The compiler of a dictionary, or the writer of a critical essay, takes it for granted that he has conclusively established the signification or use of a word, when he can cite in its favor the example of Shakspeare or Milton, Addison or Pope. We shall not certainly be suspected of the crime of *lese majesté* if we say that this authority is by no means to be considered final. On the contrary, such authorities must always be received with caution, and with increasing caution as time removes us farther and farther from the age in which they flourished. The changes that have taken place since the days of Shakspeare, and even of Addison, are suffi-

ciently startling to show that we cannot refer to the writings of the eighteenth and still less to the writings of the sixteenth century, as safe guides for the nineteenth century, unless corroborated by contemporary usage. A multitude of the old words have become obsolete; and as the only means we have of ascertaining that fact is by a reference to existing customs, so, in effect, we practically determine the question, not by the evidence of the writer we quote, but by the authority which decides upon his admission as a witness. Nor can we even then allow that his testimony is above appeal. He can only speak to the custom of his own time, which is not binding upon us; and it is only when that custom happens to agree with our own, that we accept it as law.

The aberrations to which we have cursorily referred, and the uncertainties attendant upon custom and literary authority, furnish strong reasons, in addition to those we have already pointed out, for endeavoring to attain fixity in the language. The diffusion of scientific knowledge, the constant creation of new words to express new wants and new agencies, and the consequent importations from the continent, make it still more necessary to protect the integrity of the language against undigested changes and hasty innovations. The only safety is in fixity; and the most direct road to that desirable end is through the class of words we have already described as synonyms. To avert the laxity which arises from ignorance or indifference, and to rescue words of common and everyday use from a vagueness of import which has the ultimate effect of deteriorating and weakening a language, it is as indispensable at intervals to explore the region of synonymy for the purpose of fixing the accurate meaning of words, as it is to compile dictionaries to record their existence.

In this important department of philology we have not done as much as we ought to have done. Although we are by no means deficient in erudite treatises of an elementary character, we can show but slender results in this field of inquiry. It is now between eighty and ninety years since the first work upon English synonyms appeared. The title affords us a curious proof that the author, or compiler, Dr. Trusler, thoroughly understood the demands of his subject, and is in itself a sample of the precision we have a right to look for in the book. Instead of taking a general title, for ease and popularity, he calls his work “*The Distinction between Words esteemed synonymous*.” This

\* Instances of these common errors might be collected in abundance amongst writers of the highest reputation. We must content ourselves with a single example. The following lines are taken from one of the most popular of Moore’s *Irish Melodies*:—

“I know not, I ask not if guilt’s in that heart;

I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.”

It should obviously run thus:—

“I know not, nor ask whether guilt’s in that heart,” &c.

We shall be told that this is very petty criticism; and it would be very petty if it were criticism; but it is not criticism,—it is simply the correction of a trifling negligence belonging to a class which, if permitted to pass unnoticed, would spread with rapidity, till it infected the language like a leprosy.

is, at least, abundantly explicit, and sets out at once with a warning to the reader that the accepted signification of the word synonymous is erroneous, and that it is the purpose of the book to place it in its true light. But Dr. Trusler, although he was so impressively conscientious on his title-page, was only a bookseller's hack after all. The bulk of this publication consisted in an ingenious adaptation of the original labors of the Abbé Girard (at that time half a century old), translated and adapted, with more tact than knowledge, to our native tongue. That a book of English synonyms concocted upon such a receipt should be of little value, is not very surprising; and, accordingly, Dr. Trusler's volume went speedily into oblivion.

That was the only attempt which had been made to direct attention to the subject down to the middle of the last century. From that time until the year 1813, when Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, published a little book, which he called *English Synonyms discriminated*, no further investigation appears to have been undertaken in that direction, unless we are to concede to Mrs. Piozzi's preposterous volumes, entitled *British Synonymy*, the honor of a place amongst the works of the philologists. Good, bustling, lively Mrs. Piozzi was much better qualified to defend her husband, and vindicate the rights of an imprudent love-match, in long letters to dreary Mr. Lysons, than to compile a guide to British synonymy; and if her evil genius had prompted her to do something to justify the charge of flippancy and shallowness flung so coarsely upon her by Dr. Johnson, she could not in any way have more effectually responded to the temptation than by giving these foolish volumes to the world.

Mrs. Piozzi was absolutely ignorant of the nature of the task she had undertaken, and evidently thought that the business of synonymy was "to direct the choice of phrases in familiar talk," and that while it is the province of definition "to fix the true and adequate meaning of words and terms," synonymy, on the other hand, "has more to do with elegance than truth." These are her own words, which we give as we find them, lest the reader might fear that we had misapprehended her meaning. Her volumes are specially designed to help foreigners in "the selection of words in conversation and elegant colloquial language," an office for which she is of opinion a woman is properly qualified, leaving to men the more responsible duty of teaching "to write with pro-

priety," as if there were a generic difference between spoken and written English.

The work is composed exactly after the manner that might be anticipated from this warning of its contents. It is utterly destitute of any governing principle. Mrs. Piozzi runs in amongst words like a child at romps, and tosses them about apparently more in sport than earnest. The want of earnestness is in her, as in multitudes of others, simply the want of sense and information. Shallow people never can be in earnest; and Mrs. Piozzi is a shining illustration of shallowness. She believes that she is doing something very instructive to foreigners, when she is really only leading them astray. For instance, she frequently introduces definitions of words as being synonymous terms with the words themselves; thus, one of her chapters is headed, "Blameless, Guiltless, Exempt from Crime," another, "Incredulous, Unbelieving, Hard of Belief," and a third, "Kalendar, Almanac, Register of Time." Independently of the absurdity of this loose method, or rather this lack of method, she commits the graver error of bringing together as synonymous, or nearly synonymous, words that, in reality, mean totally different things. For example, what a clatter of terms we have here, the incongruities of which a schoolboy could detect at a glance,—*"Knowledge, Science, Wisdom, Scholarship, Study, Learning, Erudition."* We are only astonished Mrs. Piozzi did not press *Art, Information, Skill*, and twenty equally admissible words, into the service of a catalogue which she describes as "a lovely, though perplexing labyrinth, with Wisdom, a Sophie, enthroned in the midst!" Her style of treatment is all throughout in keeping with this sample. When she should define or explain, she merely rhapsodizes, and instead of furnishing examples of the legitimate uses of words, she dances off into flimsy anecdotes about Dr. Johnson, sentimental soliloquies, and criticisms upon anything and everything in the world except the thing she has undertaken to expound. How well she was qualified to write a work on Synonyms, may be judged from two or three very brief specimens:—

ADVICE, COUNSEL, DELIBERATION. — Of these I know not whether it might not be justly affirmed, that the first chiefly belongs to the science of medicine, the second is appropriated by the law, while political subjects require cool deliberation.

To make this clear to "strangers," she follows it up by an example even more entertaining than the above classification, show-



ing how a minister of state is prevented by the *advice* of his physicians from attending the *deliberations* of a committee, where things go on so perversely in his absence, that he is obliged to seek *counsel* of the judges concerning the result! Again:—

VESTURE, CLOTHES, RAIMENT, are synonymous in books, but not in conversation, whence the first and last are totally excluded, unless the discourse turns upon very serious subjects indeed.

In this slipshod way Mrs. Piozzi continually confuses herself. When she says that "vesture" and "raiment" are not synonymous in conversation, she obviously means that they are not in common use.

For a pleasant, desultory, nonsensical manner of dealing with a precise topic, take the opening of a lively dissertation on "ENTERTAINMENT, AMUSEMENT, DIVERSION, RECREATION, PASTIME:—

These agreeable substantives, never in such use as now, are of various descriptions, though still approaching to synonymy. The first has a metaphorical reference to hospitable treatment, and the fourth to a restoration of the body's exhausted particles by food, &c.

One sample more:—

DESPONDENCY, HOPELESSNESS, DESPAIR, form a sort of heart-rending climax rather than a parallel,—a climax, too, which time never fails of bringing to perfection. The last of these words implies a settled melancholy, I think, and is commonly succeeded by suicide!!

If we have shown in these extracts one class of the abuses arising from sheer irrelevancy, want of thought, and a kind of accomplished feebleness of mind, to which words are exposed even under the hands of a person of Mrs. Piozzi's literary taste and reputation, the space devoted to them has not been altogether wasted. In fact, it is necessary to see something of the follies that are committed by incompetent persons in their experiments upon a subject which requires the closest discrimination and exactitude, in order to be able to appreciate the advantages we derive from the labors of the learned and judicious.

Mr. Taylor's book is entitled to be regarded as the first original contribution to the study of English synonyms. Unfortunately, however, it was too brief to do much more than indicate the author's capacity for his undertaking, while it lies under the additional disadvantage of raising all definitions on a groundwork of etymology—a plan to which we have already stated our objec-

tions. Etymologies are of high value in assisting us to trace the radical meanings and subsequent changes of words, and Mr. Taylor brought sound erudition to their investigation, notwithstanding that he fell into the temptation common to all etymologists, of occasionally substituting speculation and fancy when nothing better could be found; but excellent as his work is in that respect, it is impossible not to feel that his researches into roots and expired significations constitute a serious impediment in the way of the current information we want, and which few writers could have supplied more accurately. We should be sorry to lose the very curious and interesting inquiries into which he carries us in the region of derivations, and can only regret that they should have been mixed up with another inquiry which they have a direct tendency to complicate and confuse. But we must not be understood to depreciate Mr. Taylor's work; it is a remarkable example of united subtlety and grace. There are passages in it no less distinguished by their beauty than their force of illustration; and readers who do not examine such works in a rigorous spirit of criticism, will be thankful to find its pages enriched by the very learning which we think might have been more advantageously displayed in a separate and independent form.

The next publication on the subject of synonyms was Mr. Crabb's well-known work, a massive volume, called *English Synonymes Explained in Alphabetical Order*. This is the standard authority, partly because it is very full and explanatory, but chiefly because it is the only full and explanatory book of the kind we possess. Mr. Crabb had been long engaged in philological studies, and so early as 1808, had published a *brochure* on familiar synonyms, which preceded by five years the more ambitious little book of Mr. Taylor. So far he is entitled to the credit of precedence. His larger work followed some years afterwards, and ran rapidly through several editions. He was openly charged with having borrowed extensively from Mr. Taylor; but it is only justice to him to add, that he had generally acknowledged his obligations, and was so sensitive to the accusation of piracy, that in his subsequent editions he expunged all the quotations he had thus availed himself of, substituting other matter in their stead, so that the double-columned volume which now passes under his name, and may be found in most libraries, has little or nothing

in common with any other dictionary of synonymous definitions.

The first great, and we are afraid insuperable, objection to Mr. Crabb's book is its bulk; and as this bulk is attained by means which expose the author to a palpable imputation of want of judgment, there is the less reason for dealing very tenderly with it. If the stuffing were taken out of this dense volume, and nothing left behind but the actual substance announced on the title-page, it would yield us an excellent but small (and for that reason all the more useful) guide-book to a considerable collection of English synonyms. This stuffing consists of various foreign ingredients, which, for the most part, have as much to do with the especial branch of philology the reader is invited to explore, as if Mr. Crabb had scattered snatches of music, or skeleton maps, amongst his definitions. Etymology occupies a space which might have been much more profitably employed; nor is it treated with that profundity which in Mr. Taylor makes some compensation for the obstruction it causes. Not content with resting upon his etymological researches, Mr. Crabb aims also at enforcing his definitions by extracted passages from a variety of English authors, so that the book is literally weighed down by quantities of what Mr. Crabb calls authorities, the real value of which, as proving anything except that certain words were used in certain senses by certain writers, is extremely doubtful. It would be a great relief to cut the whole of them out, and send them to *limbo* with the etymologies. But it would not be so easy to get rid of the other incumbrances—namely, the opinions, observations, criticisms, and dissertations on an endless diversity of topics, which Mr. Crabb makes this book of synonyms the medium of communicating to the public. These moral and political episodes may show Mr. Crabb—which we are happy to affirm they do—to be a virtuous gentleman and a loyal subject; but as we cannot by any process of ratiocination connect them with an inquiry into English synonyms, it appears to us that the work would be signally benefited by their expulsion. Nor is it our only objection to them, that they are *de trop*. Mr. Crabb is a circuitous writer, except when the antithetical necessity of the subject crushes his exuberance into curt sentences; and the consequence is, that the redundant matter is made additionally prominent, and, we must add, sometimes painfully so, by the prolixity of the style.

Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the book is valuable, from the extent of the resources it opens up. Availing himself freely of the labors of his predecessors in most of the modern languages, Mr. Crabb has successfully condensed into his volume the essence of their researches, profiting especially by the elaborate productions of the French and German synonymists. His taste and discretion are often at fault, but his industry is unimpeachable.

For upwards of a quarter of a century, Mr. Crabb enjoyed undisputed possession of the field. Within the last few weeks a small treatise has been issued, in which the subject is again taken up.\* This work is too brief to supply the want of a complete collection—at present filled by Mr. Crabb's volume, in lack of a better; but if the author of these specimens (for they are too slight to constitute a book) of English synonyms possess leisure and inclination to undertake the task, his exact discrimination and chaste judgment justify us in anticipating from his hands a publication of incomparably greater value than any that has hitherto appeared. Not alone are the definitions extremely just and lucid, but this is the only selection of synonyms in which the author, instead of making a vain display of his learning, has strictly confined himself to the one legitimate object, showing, as Trusler expresses it, the distinction between words *esteemed* synonymous. Archbishop Whately, under whose editorship the little volume is ushered into the world, has by no means overrated its merits when he says, that "though far from presuming to call it perfect, it is very much the best that has appeared on the subject." It is not perfect, because there is not enough of it, and because, being rather a fragment than a whole, even so far as it goes, it does not always exhaust the group of words it embraces.

We have observed that this is the only treatise on synonyms which is strictly confined to the one legitimate object. The author shall speak to this point for himself. First of all, he excludes etymologies, except in rare cases, and gives his reasons, which are ample and conclusive:—

We have seldom in the following pages introduced what are usually considered so closely connected with the subject of synonyms as to demand a prominent place in a work of this kind—namely,

\* *A Selection of English Synonyms.* John W. Parker & Son. 1851.

etymologies, which are generally appended to every group of synonyms as an almost essential part of it. But it may be doubted whether this procedure does not tend to confuse the subject it was intended to clear. The history of the derivation of words is, indeed, one which offers a most interesting and important field of inquiry, and one which may accidentally throw light on their meanings; but the two questions are, in themselves, completely distinct; and, in inquiring into the actual and present meaning of a word, the consideration of what it originally meant may frequently tend to lead us astray.

For similar and equally cogent reasons he declines to heap up authorities, after the manner of Mr. Crabb, preferring to go direct to the existing usage:—

All these variations of meaning (he observes, alluding to the changes that have taken place in the course of time,) help to elucidate national manners and habits of thought, and, as such, are valuable and curious; but though they may occasionally help us, they must not be allowed to influence our decisions with respect to the significations of words. \* \* \* \* Language has undergone such changes even within the last sixty or seventy years, that many words, at that time considered pure, are now obsolete; while others, (of which the word "mob" is a specimen), formerly slang, are now used by our best writers, and received, like pardoned outlaws, into the body of respectable citizens. The standard we shall refer to in the present work is the sense in which a word is used by the purest writers and most correct speakers of our own days.

It will be seen at once that the author proceeds upon the method which we hold to be the true one—that he liberates the subject from all extraneous illustrations, however valuable or interesting in themselves, and is governed in his definitions by the usage of "the purest writers and most correct speakers of our own days." Here all the requisite conditions are fully recognized; and it only remains to be shown with what amount of success they have been fulfilled. Our space is limited, and our examples must be few and scanty; but the close texture of the matter will be apparent in the briefest specimens.

ALSO, TOO, LIKEWISE, BESIDES.—"Too" is a slighter, and a more familiar expression than "also," which has something in it more specified and formal. This is the only difference between the two words. "Likewise" has a rather different meaning. Originally it meant "in like manner;" and it has preserved something of that signification; it implies some connection or agreement between the words it unites. We may say, "He is a poet, and likewise a musician;" but we

should not say, "He is a *prince*, and likewise a musician," because there is no natural connection between these qualities; but "also" implies merely addition. "Besides" is used rather when some additional circumstance is named *after* others—as a kind of after thought, and generally to usher in some new clause of a sentence—as, "Besides what has been said, this must be considered," &c.

This is very clear, and meets all possible contingencies, except, perhaps, that the word "besides" might have been further elucidated as being used not only to introduce something additional, but something remote and unexpected; as when, having exhausted all the arguments arising directly and naturally out of a subject, sudden recourse is had to some distant example, or train of reasoning, wholly unconnected with the subject. All this is, no doubt, included under the general term, "additional circumstances;" but additional circumstances *may* be linked with the main subject by "too," or "also;" while it is the exclusive province of "besides" to bring in additional circumstances of a foreign character.

As an instance of subtle distinction, the following is admirable:—

SINCERE, HONEST, UPRIGHT.—"Sincerity may be used in two senses; and this leads to much ambiguity in reasoning. It may either mean, on the one hand, reality of conviction, and earnestness of purpose; or, on the other, purity from all unfairness or dishonesty. Many people overlook this; they will speak of a man's being "sincere," when they mean he has a real conviction that his end is a good one, and imagine this must imply that he is "honest;" whereas he may be "sincere" in his desire to gain his end, and *dishonest* in the means he employs for that end. "Honest," on the other hand, is not an ambiguous term; it implies straightforwardness and fairness of conduct. "Upright" implies honesty and dignity of character; it is the opposite of "meanness," as "honesty" is of "cunning."

It might be questioned whether honesty and cunning are opposed with the writer's usual acumen; but, with that exception, this comparative view of words constantly confounded, and seldom employed with accuracy, is distinguished by its perspicacity.

It seldom occurs that we have occasion to dissent from the interpretations of the author; but had it been our intention to have examined the book for the purposes of criticism, we should have found it necessary not only to exhibit its merits in greater detail, but also to point out some passages which, we think, require reconsideration. Here is one:

FAITH, BELIEF, CERTAINTY.—“Belief” is merely an assent of the understanding; “faith” implies also an acquiescence of the *will*. One who holds an opinion in theory, without following it up in practice, cannot be said to have “faith” in it.

Hence a mere assent to the truths of Christianity, such as we give to any mere historical fact, and which does not affect the conduct, cannot be called “faith.” It is often supposed that “faith,” to be perfect, requires that reason should be put aside, or kept in subjection; but this is credulity, not faith. The real test of faith is, not assenting to anything against our *reason*, but against our *prejudices* or *interest*, which are the chief agents in the belief of the majority.

The word “certainty” is generally applied to a firm conviction of the truth of any proposition; but when opposed to “belief,” or “faith,” it describes more correctly that conviction which is only produced by demonstration, or the evidence of the senses.

The distinction here drawn between “belief” and “faith” is curiously inexact, and, at least, requires to be more satisfactorily made out. It is quite true that “faith” influences our conduct, while “belief” is the mere passive assent of the understanding; but to say that the real test of faith is assenting to things against our *prejudices* or *interest*, is to assert something more startling and obscure than accurate or philosophical. That *prejudices* and *interest* are the chief agents in the belief of the majority, may be quite true; but what has that to do with a book upon synonyms? It is not assumed by the author that *prejudices* and *interest* are really chief agents of “belief;” and this allusion to the unreasoning selfishness of the majority is only calculated to confuse, if it do not mislead, the reader.

The main distinction between “belief” and “faith” is surely more profound than that which lies upon the surface between theory

and practice? There is something more than the assent of the understanding, and its development in action. Perhaps it might be stated somewhat in this way: “Certainty” is the conviction of the truth, or existence, of a thing upon actual demonstration, amounting to personal knowledge of the fact; “belief” is assent to the truth, or existence, of a thing upon testimony, or analogy, or other evidence short of demonstration; and “faith” is assent to the truth, or existence, of a thing founded in a firm reliance on authority in the absence of proof. To believe a thing of the existence of which you have no evidence whatever, merely on the assertion of some person in whose veracity you repose implicit credit, is not, properly speaking, to “believe” it, but to have “faith” in it. You have “faith,” for example, in a certain system of medicine; your reliance on it is not a matter of belief, limited by the “assent of your understanding,” but takes a wider range of entire confidence over things to which your understanding never had an opportunity of assenting.

Before we dismiss this little book (which, from internal evidence, we suspect to be the work of more heads than one), we must add a word upon the clearness of its method. The words are examined in groups of verbs, adjectives, nouns, &c., instead of being thrown indiscriminately together, or buried under an alphabetical arrangement, which, in the early editions of Mr. Crabb’s publication, served only as a symmetrical disguise for a heap of disorder. By this excellent plan, simplicity and perspicuity are imparted to the divisions of the work, while a complete index at the end of the volume enables the reader to get at any particular word he wants in a moment.

WHAT THE STEAM-ENGINE DOES.—It propels, it rows, it sculls, it screws, it warps, it tows, it elevates, it lowers, it lifts, it pumps, it drains, it irrigates, it draws, it pulls, it drives, it pushes, it carries, it brings, it scatters, it splits, it collects, it condenses, it extracts, it breaks, it confines, it opens, it shuts, it digs, it shovels, it excavates, it ploughs, it thrashes, it separates, it winnows, it washes, it grinds, it crushes, it sifts, it bolts,

it mixes, it kneads, it moulds, it stamps, it punches, it beats, it presses, it picks, it hews, it cuts, it slits, it shaves, it saws, it planes, it turns, it bores, it mortices, it drills, it heads, it blows, it forges, it rolls, it hammers, it rasps, it files, it polishes, it rivets, it sweeps, it brushes, it scutches, it cards, it spins, it winds, it twists, it throws, it weaves, it shears, it coins, it prints.



From the *Athenæum*.

## ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.

WE have received from Colonel Rawlinson the following important communication, relative to a discovery made by him—in an inscription upon an Assyrian Bull—of an account of the campaign between Sennacherib and Hezekiah. It is a most satisfactory step to have established the identity of the king who built the great palace of Koyunjik with the Sennacherib of Scripture. We have now a tangible starting-place for historical research, and shall (Col. Rawlinson asserts) make rapid progress in fixing the Assyrian chronology.

As the scientific Societies of the Metropolis are closed at the present season, perhaps you will allow me to announce in the columns of the *Athenæum* the heads of a most interesting and important discovery which I have made within these few days in connection with Assyrian Antiquities.

I have succeeded in determinately identifying the Assyrian kings of the Lower dynasty, whose palaces have been recently excavated in the vicinity of Mosul:—and I have obtained from the annals of those kings contemporary notices of events which agree in the most remarkable way with the statements preserved in sacred and profane history.

The king who built the palace of Khorsabad, excavated by the French, is named *Sargina* (the סרניק of Isaiah); but he also bears, in some of the inscriptions, the epithet of Shalmaneser, by which title he was better known to the Jews. In the first year of his reign he came up against the city of Samaria (called *Samarina*, and answering to the Hebrew שמרון) and the tribes of the country of *Beth Homri* (בֵּית הוֹמְרִי or Omri, being the name of the founder of Samaria, 1 Kings xviii. 16, sq. &c.). He carried off into captivity in Assyria 27,280 families, and settled in their places colonists brought from Babylonia:—appointing prefects to administer the country, and imposing the same tribute which had been paid to former kings. The only tablet at Khorsabad which exhibits this conquest in any detail (Plate 70) is unfortunately much

mutilated. Should Monsieur de Sauley, however, whom the French are now sending to Assyria, find a duplicate of Shalmaneser's annals in good preservation, I think it probable that the name of the king of Israel may yet be recovered.

In the second year of Shalmaneser's reign he subjugated the kings of *Zibnah* (?) and *Khazita* (the Cadytis of Herodotus) who were dependent upon Egypt; and in the seventh year of his reign he received tribute direct from the king of that country, who is named *Pirhu*, probably for פִּרְחָה, "Pharaoh," the title by which the kings of Egypt were known to the Jews and other Semitic nations. This punishment of the Egyptians by Sargon or Shalmaneser is alluded to in the 20th chapter of Isaiah.

Among the other exploits of Shalmaneser found in his annals, are,—the conquest of Ashdod, also alluded to in Isaiah xx. 1,—and his reduction of the neighboring city of *Jamnai*, called *Jabneh* or *Janneh* in the Bible, *Jamnaa* in Judith, and Ἰάμνια by the Greeks.

In conformity with Menander's statement that Shalmaneser assisted the Cittæans against Sidon, we find a statue and inscription of this king, Sargina, in the island of Cyprus, recording the event; and to complete the chain of evidence, the city, built by him and named after him, the ruins of which are now called Khorsabad, retained among the Syrians the title of *Sarghun* as late as the Arab conquest.

I am not sure how long Shalmaneser reigned, or whether he made a second expedition into Palestine. His annals at Khorsabad extend only to the 15th year; and although the names are given of numerous cities which he captured in Cælo-Syria and on the Euphrates—such as Hamath, Beræa, Damascus, Bambyce, and Carchemish,—I am unable to trace his steps into Judæa Proper. On a tablet, however, which he set up towards the close of his reign in the Palace of the first Sardanapalus at Nimrud, he styles himself "conqueror of the remote Judæa;"

and I rather think, therefore, that the expedition in which, after a three years' siege of Samaria, he carried off the great body of the tribes of Israel, and which is commemorated in the Bible as having been concluded in the sixth year of Hezekiah, must have taken place subsequently to the building of the palace of Khorsabad.

Without this explanation, indeed, we shall be embarrassed about dates:—for I shall presently show that we have a distinct notice of Sennacherib's attack upon Jerusalem in the third year of that king's reign, and we are thus able to determine an interval of eighteen years at least to have elapsed between the last-named event and the Samaritan campaign; whereas in the Bible we find the great captivity to date from the sixth year of Hezekiah, and the invasion of Sennacherib from the fourteenth.

I now go on to the annals of Sennacherib. This is the king who built the great Palace of Koyunjik, which Mr. Layard has been recently excavating. He was the son of Sargina or Shalmaneser; and his name, expressed entirely by monograms, may have been pronounced *Sennachi-riba*. The events, at any rate, of his reign place beyond the reach of dispute his historic identity. He commenced his career by subjugating the Babylonians under their king Merodach-Baladan, who had also been the antagonist of his father:—two important points of agreement being thus obtained both with Scripture and with the account of Polyhistor. The annals of the third year, however, of the reign of Sennacherib, which I have just deciphered after the copy of an inscription taken by Mr. Layard from one of the bulls at the grand entrance of the Koyunjik Palace, contain those striking points of coincidence which first attracted my attention,—and which being once recognized, have naturally led to the complete unfolding of all this period of history. In his third year, Sennacherib undertook, in the first instance, an expedition against *Luliya*, King of Sidon (the Ἐλευλαῖος of Menander), in which he was completely successful. He was afterwards engaged in operations against some other cities of Syria, which I have not yet identified,—and whilst so employed, learned of an insurrection in Palestine. The inhabitants, indeed, of that country had risen against their king *Padiya*, and the officers who had been placed in authority over them, on the part of the Assyrian monarch,—and had driven them out of the province, obliging them to take refuge with Hezekiah, king of Jerusalem, the capital city of Judæa. (The

orthography of these three names corresponds very nearly with the Hebrew reading:—*Khazakiyahu* representing חַזְקִיָּהוּ, *Ursalimma* standing for יְרוּשָׁלַם, and *Yahuda* for יְהוּדָה.) The rebels then sent for assistance to the kings of Egypt; and a large army of horse and foot marched to their assistance, under the command of the king of Pelusium (?). Sennacherib at once proceeded to meet this army; and fighting an action with them in the vicinity of the city of *Allaku* (?), completely defeated them. He made many prisoners also,—whom he executed, or otherwise disposed of. *Padiya* then returned from Jerusalem, and was re-instated in his government. In the mean time, however, a quarrel arose between Sennacherib and Hezekiah, on the subject of tribute. Sennacherib ravaged the open country, taking "all the fenced cities of Judah,"—and at last threatened Jerusalem. Hezekiah then made his submission, and tendered to the king of Assyria, as tribute, 30 talents of gold, 300 talents of silver, the ornaments of the Temple, slaves, boys and girls and men-servants and maid-servants for the use of the palace. All these things Sennacherib received:—after which he detached a portion of Hezekiah's villages, and placed them in dependence on the cities which had been faithful to him,—such as *Hebron*, *Ascalon*, and *Cadytis*. He then retired to Assyria.

Now, this is evidently the campaign which is alluded to in Scripture (2 Kings xviii. 13 to 17); and it is perhaps the same which is obscurely noticed by Herodotus, lib. ii. c. 141, and which is further described by Josephus, Ant. lib. x. c. 1. The agreement, at any rate, between the record of the Sacred Historian and the contemporary chronicle of Sennacherib which I have here copied, extends even to the number of the talents of gold and silver which were given as tribute.

I have not yet examined with the care which it requires the continuation of Sennacherib's chronicle; but I believe that most of the events attributed to that monarch by the historians Polyhistor and Abydenus will be found in the annals. His pretended conflict with the Greeks on the coast of Cilicia will, I suspect, turn out to be his reduction of the city of *Javnai*, near Ashdod,—the mistake having arisen from the similarity of the name of *Javnai* to that of *Javani*, or Ionians, by which the Greeks were generally known to the nations of the East. At any rate, when Polyhistor says that "Sennacherib erected a statue of himself as a monument of his victory (over the Greeks), and ordered his

prowess to be inscribed upon it in Chaldean characters," he certainly alludes to the famous tablet of the Koyunjik King at the mouth of the Nahr-el-Kelb, which appears from the annals to have been executed after the conquest of the city of *Javnai*.

The only copy which has been yet found of Sennacherib's annals at Koyunjik is very imperfect, and extends only to the seventh year. The relic known as Col. Tayler's cylinder dates from one year later; but I have never seen any account of the events of the latter portion of his reign. His reign, however, according to the Greeks, extended to eighteen years, so that his second expedition to Palestine and the miraculous destruction of his army must have occurred fourteen or fifteen years later than the campaign above described. Pending the discovery of a complete set of annals, I would not of course set much store by the Greek dates; but it may be remarked that Hezekiah would have been still living at the period of the miraculous destruction of Sennacherib's army, even if, as I have thus conjectured, the second invasion of Judæa had occurred fourteen or fifteen years later than the first; for the earlier campaign is fixed to the fourteenth year of his reign, and his entire reign extended to twenty-nine years.

I will only further mention that we have upon a cylinder in the British Museum, a tolerably perfect copy of the annals of Esar-Haddon, the son of Sennacherib, in which we find a further deportation of Israelites from Palestine, and a further settlement of Babylonian colonists in their place:—an explanation being thus obtained of the passage of Ezra (c. iv. v. 2) in which the Samaritans speak of Esar-Haddon as the king by whom they had been transplanted.

Many of the drawings and inscriptions which have been recently brought by Mr. Layard from Nineveh refer to the son of Esar-Haddon, who warred extensively in Susiana, Babylonia, and Armenia,—though as his arms never penetrated to the westward, he has been unnoticed in Scripture history: and under the son of this king, who is named Saracus or Sardanapalus by the

Greeks, Nineveh seems to have been destroyed.

One of the most interesting matters connected with this discovery of the identity of the Assyrian kings is, the prospect, amounting almost to a certainty, that we must have in the bas-reliefs of Khorsabad and Koyunjik representations from the chisels of contemporary artists, not only of Samaria, but of that Jerusalem which contained the Temple of Solomon. I have already identified the Samaritans among the groups of captives portrayed upon the marbles of Khorsabad; and when I shall have accurately learnt the locality of the different bas-reliefs that have been brought from Koyunjik, I do not doubt but that I shall be able to point out the bands of Jewish maidens who were delivered to Sennacherib, and perhaps to distinguish the portraiture of the humbled Hezekiah.

H. C. RAWLINSON.

London, August 19.

P. S.—It will be seen that in the above sketch I have left the question of the Upper Assyrian dynasty altogether untouched. The kings whom I have identified, and who form what is usually called the Lower Assyrian dynasty, extend over a period from about B.C. 740 to 600. Antecedent to Shalmaneser there must have been, I think, an interregnum. At any rate, although Shalmaneser's father seems to be mentioned in one inscription, there are no means of connecting his line with the Upper Assyrian dynasty. Of that dynasty we have the names of about fifteen kings; but I have never yet found—nor indeed do I expect to find—any historical synchronisms in their annals which may serve to fix their chronology. Implicitly as I believe in the honesty, and admiring as I do the general accuracy, of Herodotus, I should be inclined to adopt his limitation of 520 years for the duration of the Assyrian Empire:—a calculation which would fix the institution of the monarchy at about B.C. 1126, and would bring down the date of the earliest marbles now in the Museum to about B.C. 1000. But, at the same time, I decline without further evidence committing myself to any definite statement on this subject.

Mr. KINNIBURGH died at Edinburgh, last week. To him, we believe, is due the credit of raising the deaf and dumb from the position of mere creatures of sense, to the station of moral, intellectual, and responsible beings.

He belonged to the Congregational body, of which he had been a minister before he took up the cause of the deaf and dumb; and his loss will be severely felt by the Churches throughout Scotland.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## LETTERS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ONE is not accustomed to contemplate this princess, with her romantic and tragic history, as a person of great industry. Yet that this must have been the fact, has been established beyond all question by those industrious investigators who have failed to establish what they originally set about—her innocence of any connection with the death of her husband Darnley. That her guilty accession has been proved by the few who have taken up that side of the controversy, it would be harsh and dogmatic to assert. Where there are so many zealous defenders ready to break a literary lance for her reputation with all comers, it were presumption to maintain that they are under a miserable delusion. Still those who are not enlisted by their enthusiasm in the cause, are slow to admit that the evidence and arguments of the chivalrous counsel in defence of outraged beauty have been entirely successful—the question would lose all its romantic and exciting interest if they were. But one thing, as we have already said, and in itself a very interesting matter, they have been successful in proving—that the beautiful queen was a woman of great industry; we should also say of great talent and varied accomplishment. Though living in an age when writing was no common qualification, and a command of the pen extremely rare, the letters from her already in print would have entitled her to be termed a prolific correspondent even in Horace Walpole's days. There are but few letters extant of her able and enterprising rival, Queen Elizabeth. Perhaps it may be said that she had other things to do, and little time to give to correspondence, while Mary had too much; but, on the other hand, poor Mary spent a long period of her life in durance, when she could only correspond by stealth and artifice, and had often to use the circuitous medium of a cipher. The extent to which, under all her difficulties, she managed to blacken paper, may be conceived by an inspection of the collection of her let-

ters published at Paris in 1845 by the Russian prince, Alexander Labanoff.

The prince has proved himself the most truly disinterested and romantic of all her chivalrous champions, since even the vanity of literary distinction has not been courted by him, and he has been content to hunt the world for her letters, transcribe them, and accurately put them in type. In the British Museum, the State Paper Office, the Advocates' Library, the archives of the Scottish Catholics; in the collections of several private gentlemen; in the archives and libraries of Paris, Rome, Vienna, Florence, and many others, did the prince gather the objects of his search; and the result was, that he printed the "*Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart*," in seven well-filled octavo volumes—a goodly correspondence for one person to indite. Whatever expectations the minds of persons fresh from reading Sir Walter Scott's novel of the "*Abbot*" might form about anything connected with the romantic history of Queen Mary, the greater part of this collection is dull enough. Many of the letters are on business; and that they are chiefly written in antiquated French does not make them more inviting. Some of them are of course extremely interesting, as bearing on the more striking parts of her history; but, as a whole, the chief impression imparted by the collection is the notion we have already referred to of Queen Mary's industry. She appears to have had an active mind, ever desiring something to occupy itself upon. Quantities of needlework are shown as the work of her hands; and though much of it is perhaps spurious, there must have been a considerable portion of it genuine, to set imitators at work. One letter, written when in captivity at Sheffield, shows an earnest hankering for occupation:—"I have nothing else to tell you except that all my exercise is to read and work in my chamber; and therefore I beseech you, since I have no other exercise, to take the trouble, in addition to the rest, for which I thank you, to send me as soon



as you can four ounces more or less of the same crimson silk which you sent me some time ago, similar to the pattern which I send you. The safest way is to inquire for it at the same merchant who provided you with the other. The silver is too thick: I beg you will choose it for me as fine as the pattern, and send it to me by the first conveyance, with eight ells of crimson taffeta for lining. If I have it not soon, my work must stand still, for which I shall be very vexed, as what I am working is not for myself."

The most interesting of Queen Mary's letters to inspect in autograph are certainly those which were written in extreme youth, and are contained in the Balcarras Collection of Papers in the Advocates' Library. There are fourteen of these letters addressed to her mother—Mary of Guise, the queen-regent of Scotland. They have been pronounced by critical inquirers to be in the young queen's handwriting, all except two, and they must have been all written ere she was fifteen years old. At what precise period of her life the earliest one may have been written, it would be difficult to determine. Only two of them have dates; that of the earlier is 23d June, 1554. She was born on the 8th December, 1542. They are written with extreme clearness, each letter being finished by itself. Their form is the modern written hand known for a long time after her period as the Italian. Indeed she must have been one of the first out of Italy who employed it; for a sort of corruption of the old Gothic form was used not only at that time, but for a century and a half later. There is no misreading her words, and any one with a tolerable knowledge of French will be able to make out her letters in their antiquated diction. The lines are long and straight, containing many words; and, on the whole, the letters of this young girl have a matured, almost manly air of systematic strength, which is very remarkable. The signature, "Marie," is particularly large, square, and powerful. As an onlooker remarked, it was more like that of a surveyor of taxes or a messenger-at-arms, than of an accomplished, high-born female; but it has been long a practice to accustom royal personages, even of the gentler sex, to write a large, bold signature, as that of her present Majesty Victoria may testify. The letters of mere children are spoiled in translation, as their in-

terest consists in the simple peculiarities of expression. In English, therefore, and to the English reader not very deeply versed in old French idioms, there is nothing very remarkable in these letters. One of the shortest may be thus rendered:—

"MADAM—I feel assured that the queen and my uncle the cardinal make you acquainted with all the news, and I am thus deterred from writing you at great length, or further than to beg you very humbly to hold me in your good grace. Madam, if it is your pleasure to increase my establishment with a groom of the chamber (*huissier de chambre*), I pray that it may be Ruffets, my groom of the hall, because he is a very good and old servant. I send you the letters which madam my grandmother has written to you. Praying our Lord to give you with long health a happy life, your very humble and very obedient daughter, MARIE.

"To the Queen, my Mother."

The address on the cover is in the same brief terms: "*A la Reyne, ma mere.*" Royal letters went by special messengers, who knew well for whom they were intended without specifying the place. It was a peculiarity, too, especially in the letters of great personages, that the address should indicate nearly as distinctly the writer of the letter as the person it was sent to; so in the same volume there are letters from her uncle, Henry of Lorraine, with the address—in French of course—"To my good Sister, the Queen-Dowager of Scotland."

The short letter above quoted indicates an amiable feature in the young queen's character, which adhered to her to the last, and seemed to grow in her adversity—a kindness and concern for her dependents and adherents. From the Bishop of Ross to her "three Maries" she identified herself with the interests of those who were faithful to her—a point very interestingly brought out by Sir Walter Scott. In the instances of Chatelar and Rizzio, this feeling became a weakness, which was the occasion of her worst calamities; but there is no doubt that it laid the foundation of the chivalrous devotion which procured her so many champions during her life, and vindicators of her memory after death.

Some of these letters are of considerable length. They generally bear on matters of family business, have little sprightliness or youthful carelessness, and are, on the whole, scarcely like the productions of so young a person. Nor do they seem to have been written by dictation or instruction, as they

\* Translation of Mr. Turnbull's selection from Prince Labanoff.

contain here and there the alterations and erasures which a letter-writer makes in changing the intention or expression. But the interest attached to them is not in their substance so much as in the associations connected with them, and the wonderful and melancholy history which passed over the writer between the bright dawn of hope in which they were penned and the darkness which closed over her in her latter days. History scarcely records an instance, where, at an age so early, the prospects were so magnificent as those of the writer of these scraps. Queen of Scotland ere she was conscious of existence, she was acknowledged by nearly all Europe as the heiress of the throne of England, and it was generally believed that any opposition offered to her claims was a mere partial, factious attempt, that would blow over. Then she was betrothed to the king of France, and people naturally expected that this couple would be the parents of a line of monarchs ruling the greatest empire of the world. An accident at a mock tournament destroyed all these brilliant prospects, leaving the young queen only the comparatively poor, and the very factious and turbulent kingdom of Scotland. With her fate there every reader of history is acquainted.

The collection of documents in which these letters appear is an instance, like that of Sir James Balfour, already noticed, of the importance of preserving collections made by

persons whose rank or official position have given them the means of procuring such documents. The Balcarras Papers, bound up in nine thick volumes, were collected by John Lindsay of Menmuir, secretary of state to James VI., who died in 1598. He was a clergyman and a judge, and appears to have been a man of some scientific acquirements; for he was appointed master of the metals, the king having noticed "his travellis in seeking out and discovering of dyvers metallis of great valor within this realme, and in sending to England, Germanie, and Denmark to gett the perfeite essey and knowlidge thairof." He was for some time ambassador in France, and it was probably when holding this office that he enriched his collection. An interesting account of Lord Menmuir will be found in Lord Lindsay's "Lives of the Lindsays." The papers collected by him were very liberally made over to the Advocates' Library by Colin, Earl of Balcarras, in 1712. For upwards of a century they lay a shapeless mass, little known, and it was only when they were arranged and bound up in volumes that their rich contents were really appreciated. They are more interesting to the students of French than of English history, containing many letters from the Lorraine family, including the celebrated cardinal, the Orleans, and other branches of the royal family—the Constable Montmorency, Diana of Poitiers, and other personages.

LORD GEORGE GORDON.—The newly-published History of the Jews in Great Britain, by the Rev. Moses Margoliouth, supplies the following account of the last days of this eccentric nobleman, the leader of the "No popery" mobs of 1780. His lordship, it is well known, became a convert to the faith of Abraham. We are told that in London "Lord George Gordon attended the Hamburg synagogue, where he was called up to the reading of the law, and was honored with Me Shebayrach. He presented that synagogue with £100. He then went to Paris, and wrote a book against Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, which proved libellous, and subjected his lordship to imprisonment at Newgate. Whilst in prison, he was very regular in the Jewish observances; every morning he was seen with his phylacteries between his eyes, and opposite his heart. Every Saturday he had public service in his room by the aid of

ten Polish Jews. He looked like a patriarch, with his beautiful long beard. His Saturday's bread was baked according to the manner of the Jews, his wine was Jewish, his meat was Jewish, and he was the best Jew in the congregation of Israel. On his prison wall were to be seen, first the ten commandments, in the Hebrew language, then the bag of Talith, or fringed garment, and of the phylacteries. The court required him to bring bail; he brought two poor Polish Israelites as guarantees. The court would not accept them because of their poverty. The rich Jews would do nothing towards assisting the prisoner, for fear of persecution. He died in 1798, of a broken heart, and was interred in the Gordon family vault." The laying him in the family vault was contrary to his wish, as, to the last, he expressed the strongest desire to be buried in the sepulchres of the ancient people.

## MISCELLANIES.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—The comments of the leading British journals on American and American affairs have attracted great notice. A specimen of the new tone observed towards us may be given in a brief extract, which might be enlarged to almost any extent. The *Times* goes over the summer's history as follows:

Taking all things together, British and Americans have run a pretty fair tie through the trials of this wonderful season. The spring, it must be confessed, opened ill for Brother Jonathan, and for a good while in the race we kept well ahead. We had our great Exhibition,—a real new, "smart" speculation, which did *not* turn out a failure, which exceeded everybody's hopes, and which brought about no revolutions at all. It was calculated that we should realize 2,000,000 dols., whereas we have got over 2,100,000 dols. at this very moment, with six good weeks before us still. And all this is in hand too, and in solid coin, so that we fairly walk away from our rivals. Mr. Barnum, we observe, is actually among us, and his presence, like that of Napoleon in the field, is always ominous of business. On the other hand, it is beyond all denial that every practical success of the season belongs to the Americans. Their consignments showed poorly at first, but came out well upon trial. Their reaping-machine has carried conviction to the heart of the British agriculturist. Their revolvers threaten to revolutionize military tactics as completely as the original discovery of gunpowder. Their yacht takes a class to itself. Of all the victories ever won, none has been so transcendent as that of the New York schooner. The account given of her performances suggests the inapproachable excellence attributed to Jupiter by the ancient poets, who describe the King of the Gods as being not only supreme, but having none other next to him. "What's first!"—"The *America*." "What's second?"—"Nothing." Besides this, the *Baltic*, one of Collins's line of steamers, has "made the fastest passage yet known across the Atlantic," and, according to the American journals, has been purchased by British agents "for the purpose of towing the *Cunard vessels* from one shore of the ocean to the other. Finally, as if to crown the triumphs of the year, Americans have actually sailed through the isthmus connecting the two continents of the New World, and, while Englishmen have been doubting and grudging, Yankees have stepped in and won the day. So we think, on the whole, that we may afford to shake hands and exchange congratulations, after which we must learn as much from each other as we can. As for yachts, we have no doubt that by next August every vessel of the Cowes squadron will be trimmed to the very image of the *America*; there is no doubt that our farmers will reap by machinery, and the revolver, we fear, is too attractive an embodiment of personal power to be overlooked by European mischief-makers.

THE DEATH OF DR. PAULUS, at Heidelberg, on the 10th instant, in the ninetieth year of his age, is an event of interest to students of theology, philosophy, and law. Dr. Paulus was born at Leonburg, near Stuttgart, in 1761. He studied chiefly at Tübingen, but visited several other Universities in Germany, Holland, and England. While at Oxford, in the year 1784, he was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages at Jena, chiefly through the recommendation of Griesbach. In 1793 he succeeded to the theological chair, and gave lectures on theology above forty years at Jena, Wurzenburg, and Heidelberg, till advancing age and its infirmities compelled him to retire from his public duties. His profound learning, penetrating judgment, unshrinking courage, and unwearied assiduity, obtained for his writings, which were very numerous, a wide circulation; and his researches, historical and critical, as well as the inferences he deduced from them, produced, without doubt, considerable effect on the public mind. In private life he was singularly amiable, easy of access, courteous to strangers, bestowing kind and unostentatious attention on all who sought his assistance, and ever actively employed, up to his ninetieth year, in endeavoring to promote the interests of freedom, order, and peace—of piety, virtue, and humanity.

BRITISH JOURNALISTS TO CHARLES HUGO.—Several of the most eminent of the British periodical writers have united in an address to Charles Hugo, son of Victor Hugo, who was lately tried in France for an article in his paper, adverse to Capital Punishments. The signers to the document were as follows:—Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Thornton Hunt, J. A. Heraud, F. G. Tomlins; and by the editors of the following journals:—Daily News, Morning Advertiser, Sun, Punch, Weekly News and Chronicle, Atlas, Leader, Nonconformist, Patriot, Arbroath Guide, Bath Journal, Belfast Mercury, Birmingham Mercury, Bradford Observer, Bristol Examiner, Bucks Advertiser, Cambridge Independent Press, Coleraine Chronicle, Derby Reporter, Devonport Telegraph, Dublin Commercial Journal, Dublin World, Hampshire Independent, Galway Vindicator, Gateshead Observer, Glasgow Sentinel, Leeds Mercury, Leicester Mercury, Limerick and Clare Examiner, Limerick Reporter, Londonderry Standard, Mona's Herald, Newcastle Chronicle, Newcastle Guardian, Nottingham Review, Norwich Mercury, Oxford Chronicle, Plymouth Journal, Preston Chronicle, Scottish Press, Sheffield Free Press, Stamford Mercury, Suffolk Chronicle, Swansea and Glamorgan Herald, Waterford News, Wiltshire Independent.

DR. QUINCY.—The beautiful edition of the complete works of this admirable author, (with all whose recent productions the readers of the *Eclectic* have been made acquainted,) issued from the house of TICKNOR, REED, and FIELD, of Boston, furnishes the *Christian Register* occasion for the following

just and elegant estimate:—The finest living master of the resources of the English tongue is Thomas De Quincy. And if to any persons who have studied him, or studied him not, this judgment seems too exalted, it is at least deliberate. He is not by any means the most quotable writer, for the impression of his writings is cumulative; nor the most universally *interesting*, because he requires a certain meditative habit in the reader, presupposes many things on the reader's part, and has a mental movement that does not always take pains to connect itself with popular sympathies. The natural path of his mind rather circumscribes and transcends the common interests of men, than impinges upon them. But for majesty of conception and true grandeur of speech, for that mysterious power that reaches down to the profoundest emotions, and lays hold on the soul's faculties of wonder, reverence, and awe, he has no equal. Of critics, we know of none that leaves a conviction so uniform and inevitable of absolute independence,—complete freedom from all pre-existing opinions and authorities, whether he departs from them or confirms them.

THE BARONESS VON BECK.—The "romance of real life" has seldom furnished a more curious story than that of the Baroness Von Beck; a story of which the disclosure at Birmingham gives us the first part. A lady appears in that intelligent town, whose inhabitants sympathize so much with the advanced movements of the day; she is a Hungarian Baroness, a refugee, "friend of Kosuth," authoress of a book that has been praised in the journals. She is at once animated, gay, and tenderhearted; she is attended by a very prepossessing young gentleman; she waltzes with spirit; but "at the mention of Kosuth her eyes fill with tears." It would be difficult to contrive, voluntarily, anything so interesting as the lady presented, in herself, her circumstances, and her adventures. She is an exiled patriot, and the people of Birmingham, sympathizing with Hungary, and vicariously recognizing the debt of that country to its unfortunate daughter, liberally supply her with means; she is an admired authoress, and they subscribe to her books; she is noble, and they are proud to have her at their parties; she is a court lady, and her hand is coveted in the dance; she is delicate in health, and she is the valued guest in one of their best houses. But the Baroness von Beck cannot speak French; which is odd in a court lady. Her merits and her reality had been vouched, on authority of the highest kind, with signatures which could not be impeached, and indeed have not been impeached; but still there was something in her that did suggest a suspicion. Inquiries are made, and the whole romance turns into a fraud with a suddenness and completeness that surpass the theatre. The Baroness von Beck turns out to be a woman, named Racidula; the patriot is a hired police spy; the book is a fabrication. The Baroness is summoned to the Police Court; and there, before the proceedings begin, she, who had been waltzing just before in the midst of admiring friends, is now snatched from her indignant captors and from the shame of detection by an incident which restores a terrible reality to the romance—suddenly, in the anteroom of the court, she dies! Such is this singular tale; but, as we have said, only the first part of it has yet been unfolded.—*Spectator*.

LORD CAMPBELL.—The latest biographical work of

the erudite and eloquent lord Chief Justice of England—*Lives of the Chief Justices*—has been handsomely reproduced by BLANCHARD & LEA, of Philadelphia, in two volumes. The work has won distinguished praise abroad, and deserves it. Careful discrimination, and quick discernment of character, are visible in every sketch; while the facts it furnishes, and the light it throws upon the constitutional history of England, and the fine illustration it affords of one of the noblest traits of the genuine English character, render it at once a most interesting and most valuable work. It is a kind of pendant to his Lordship's larger and more elaborate work, the *Lives of the Chancellors*; but dealing with characters familiar as household words to all readers of history, it is perhaps the more popular of the two. It is a rich, erudite, and important contribution to an interesting section of British History.

DR. KITTO.—The first series of Illustrations of Bible History, designed for daily devotional reading, of Dr. Kitto, has been concluded, in four volumes, by the Messrs. CARTER, and a second one is announced. The last volume was dedicated, by special permission, to the Queen. The *Banner*, speaking of the work, justly says: "No man living is better able to deal with this subject in the present view, as is well demonstrated by his past services in the wide and glorious field of Biblical literature. It is his intention, after the necessary period for preparation, so as to secure regularity in the publication of the quarterly volumes, to commence with his second series, which will comprise volumes on the following subjects:—First, Job and the Poetical Books; second, Isaiah and the Prophets; third, the Life and Death of Our Lord, the Apostles, and the Early Church. On this wide scale, the resources of the Author will be adequately called forth, and the public may expect a vast accession to their present store. With special thanks to the laborious and erudite Author, we once more, with much cordiality, recommend his undertaking.

HILDRETH'S HISTORY.—The second volume of the second series of the admirable History of the United States has been issued by the HARPERS, conducting the narrative through the stormy periods of the administrations of Adams and Jefferson. This is one of the most difficult passages of our national history, and one to which justice has never been done. We greatly admire the skill and integrity with which Mr. Hildreth guides himself through it. With a clear and manly style, thorough impartiality of feeling, and extensive erudition, he has dealt with great fairness, and perhaps strict justice, with the several personages and parties of that interesting period. That he has aimed so to do, will not be questioned; and if he fails, it is because the events are too near, and too closely allied to the parties and opinions of the present, to allow of impartial narration. A deeply interesting work, and we believe a valuable one, has been secured. Another volume will complete the work, of which as a whole, we may then have an opinion to express.

LLOYD'S.—This word, often met with in English newspapers, signifies a great company of underwriters, whose agents are located all over the commercial world. It is expected of the agents of Lloyd's, that they ascertain the workmanship of all



vessels when upon the stocks, the injuries they receive in the course of their voyages, the nature of the repairs put upon them, their sailing properties, &c., and transmit all the particulars to the company in England. The accuracy and vigilance of these agents have been matters of surprise to American and other ship-masters; for it is said that the conditions and properties of United States ships are as accurately understood in London as in Boston or New York. A Yankee ship-master, on making application at Lloyd's for insurance upon his vessel, observed that the officer referred at once to what proved to be a great alphabetical register, in which were recorded the names and other memoranda regarding thousands and thousands of vessels, arranged under all the classes peculiar to that establishment, from "A 1, red letter" down to the lowest insurable class. In due time the Yankee was informed that his insurance would be so-and-so (naming the terms); that although once worthy to stand as "A 1," his vessel had worked into lower classes; that she ran aground at such a place; she received greater damage than the owners were perhaps aware; and that the repairs put upon her when she was got off were not adequate to the injury she received, &c. The surprise of the Yankee captain, in the language of romantic writers, may be easier imagined than described. He found they knew more of his vessel than he did himself.—*Nautical Standard*.

GREENWICH, WOOLWICH, AND THAMES TUNNEL.—From an official return of the number of visitors to the above places, it appears that an enormous increase has taken place during the last three months.

Those who visited the Painted Hall in Greenwich Hospital during the months of May, June, and July, 1850, amounted to 6,652, 7,431, and 6,315, respectively, making a total of 20,398. In the same three months of the present year the numbers have been 8,040, 25,850, and 44,781, being a total of 78,671. The estimated number of visitors who merely entered other parts of the building during that period were, in 1850, 26,000, and in 1851, 104,000; thus making a total for 1850 of 46,404, and for 1851 of 182,671. The numbers who visited and passed through the avenues are estimated at 68,404 for 1850, and 263,171 for 1851. It will be seen, therefore, that the increase during the past three months exceeds that period of last year by 251,000. The numbers of foreigners who were admitted to the Painted Hall during the three months of 1850 was 4,640, and of 1851, 60,890. The Greenwich and Woolwich steamboat traffic during this season has exceeded that of last year by 346,000 persons. At the Woolwich Dockyard the total number of visitors for June, July, and August, 1850, was 5,922, 91 of whom were foreigners. The total number for the same period this year is 28,926, of whom 3,315 were foreigners. At the Woolwich Arsenal the returns show a total of 9,976 for the same three months of 1850, of whom 150 were foreigners. The numbers this year have increased to 28,250, including 2,072 foreigners. Upwards of 5,000 persons have also been landed daily from the Watermen and the Old Woolwich Companies' steamers during the last two months, to visit the Thames Tunnel.—*Atlas*.

MANUSCRIPTS AND BOOKS OF THE POET GRAY.—Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, auctioneers, lately sold the interesting collection of manuscripts and

books of the poet Gray, with various editions of his works, a posthumous bust, a painting—"View of Gray's Tomb and Churchyard," by Bacon; five original drawings by Westall, R. A., &c. The chief lot consisted of 8 vols. of original MS., one containing the autograph of the original copy of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," the "Long Story," the Songs of "Thyrsis when we parted swore," and "Midst beauty and pleasure's gay triumphs to languish," &c. The other volumes comprise miscellanies, correspondence, the poet's notes while reading, metaphysical papers, odes, &c., the whole bound in olive-colored morocco, with elegant borders. This lot produced 500*l*. The remaining principal lots were Chas. Churchill's Poetical Works, 2 vols., in morocco, with many of Gray's MS. notes—sold for 17*l*.; Edmund Hyde, Earl of Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England," began in the year 1641, written by himself, 40*l*. 10*s*.; six MS. note books used by Gray during his travels on the continent and his journeys to England, 24*l*.; Linnaeus "Systema Naturæ per Regna," &c., 36*l*.; Milton's Poetical Works, 2 vols., morocco, having MS. passages selected from the Scriptures, and from various authors, ancient and modern, 37*l*. The valuable collection of manuscript music made by Gray while in Italy, 12*l*.; John Stow's "Surveys of the Cities of London and Westminster," 2 vols., 14*l*. 10*s*.; Virgil's Works translated into English Verse by Dryden, 3 vols., with autograph "Thos. Gray" on the fly leaf, 17*l*. 6*s*.; the Works of Shakspeare collected, with the old copies, by L. Theobald, 8 vols., with various emendations and corrections &c., 12*l*. 10*s*.

THINGS WHICH MR. HOBBS IS AT PERFECT LIBERTY TO PICK.—To pick all the undeserving Lords and Ladies out of the Pension List.—To pick the locks of the prison that confine Abd-el-Kader, Kossuth, and the poor Hungarian exiles.—To pick as many holes as he pleases in the holy coat of Treves, and all other false habits of the Romish Church, or otherwise.—To pick the lock of the Irish understanding, if it has not been too much hampered by the keys of St. Peter.—To pick the padlocks that fetter political prisoners to felons and criminals at Naples.—To pick as many of the wards in Chancery as are likely to fall in the hands of priests, and mothers, and sisters, for the enrichment of the Roman Catholic convents and nunneries.—To pick a quarrel with Lord John Russell, if something is not done by government to check the sedition of the Cullens and Cahills, and other would-be enthusiastic martyrs in Ireland.—To pick a good opportunity—and the earlier the better—for stopping the trade of agitation that is pursued, in all religious and political matters, in the sister kingdom, to its ruin and degradation.—To pick a capital out of Europe that contains as many bad statues and public monuments as London.—To pick the Irish thorn out of the British Lion's foot.—*Punch*.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—The following is a translation of the inscription upon Cleopatra's Needle:—

"The glorious hero—the mighty warrior—whose actions are great on the banner—the King of an obedient people—a man just and virtuous, beloved by the Almighty Director of the universe—he who conquered all his enemies—who created happiness throughout his dominions—who subdued his adversaries under his sandals. During his life he estab-

lished meetings of wise and virtuous men, in order to introduce happiness and prosperity throughout his empire. His descendants, equal to him in glory and power, followed his example. He was, therefore, exalted by the Almighty-seeing Director of the world. He was the lord of the Upper and Lower Egypt. A man most righteous and virtuous, beloved by the All-seeing Director of the world. Rhamsia, the third King, who for his glorious actions here below, was raised to immortality."—*Builder*.

**EVENTS IN LIFE.**—In a friend's album, Mr. Smith, a keeper of prints in the British Museum, wrote a playful account of himself, in which is the following paragraph:—"I can boast of seven events, some of which many great men might be proud of. I received a kiss, when a boy, from the beautiful Mrs. Robinson—was patted on the head by Dr. Johnson—have frequently held Sir Joshua Reynolds's spectacles—partook of a pot of beer with an elephant—saved lady Hamilton from falling, when the melancholy news of Lord Nelson's death reached her—three times conversed with George the Third—and was once shut up in a room with Mr. Kean's lion."—*Atlas*.

**THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.**—MESSRS. BLANCHARD AND LEA, of Philadelphia, number among their valuable list, a very fine edition of Miss Strickland's admired work, the *Lives of the Queens of England*, a new edition of which has lately appeared. Though not free from prejudice, and objectionable for its partial views, it is, nevertheless, an exceedingly interesting, and in some of the more important qualities of historical composition, an exceedingly able work. It combines the graphic detail and peculiarity of biography with the unity of history, and portrays a series of characters who have had often a controlling influence upon their times. There is nothing that can take its place; nor any other work of greater interest as a mere book for reading. Its popularity in England increases with every new edition, and it has won the considerate praises of the highest critical authorities. Its reprint in the elegant and readable form of this edition, is a great favor to the reading public.

**LIFE OF CALVIN.**—The issue of the second volume of their handsome reprint of Dr. Paul Henry's *Life and Times of John Calvin*, by the MESSRS. CARTERS, adds to our literature one of the most interesting and erudite works of the day. With the persevering industry characteristic of the Germans, and an enthusiastic admiration of the moral and intellectual greatness of his subject, Dr. Henry has produced a portrait of the great Reformer, more accurate, and unspeakably more life-like, energetic, and interesting than any one ever before written. There is the warmth of the ardent disciple to be discovered in it; and at the same time, the conscientious integrity of the true historian. He takes many different views of Calvin's life from those which generally prevail, which have at least this to

commend them, that they are more charitable and, therefore, more likely to be just.

**THE REFORMATION IN FRANCE.**—Mrs. Marsh, the author of those remarkable tales, "*The Old Men's Tales*,"—a work which placed its author in the first rank of literature, has been trying her graphic pen in a new department. A work descriptive of the most thrilling and important scenes of the history of the Reformed Religion in France, has been lately published; which is elegantly reprinted in this country, by MESSRS. BLANCHARD AND LEA, of Philadelphia. It does not affect the dignity nor unity of complete history: it is rather a series of vivid descriptions and portraits of the salient points of that remarkable period, the aim and style of which the author defines by the title she gives her work—"The Romantic History of the Hugonots." Romantic it is, indeed; surpassing in tragic interest and heroic development of character the most ingenious creations of the Novelist. Its sketches, though isolated, have enough of chronological unity to give the reader a very good history of the period embraced; many of the delineations have a thrilling power, and teach a most exalted lesson. We cannot doubt that it will prove a popular, as it is, in its line, a most able work.

**FAMILY DEVOTION.**—The MESSRS. CARTERS have issued a fine octavo, containing prayers for every day in the year, the production of some one hundred and fifty clergymen of Scotland.

**PENSION TO PROFESSOR WILSON.**—Our readers will be glad to learn that the eminent literary abilities and labors of John Wilson, professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and the world renowned "*Christopher North*" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, have been recognized by government in the shape of a pension of £300 per annum. This act reflects infinite honor on the character of Lord John Russell, the professor having ever been an uncompromising Tory. His Lordship's letter intimating the bestowal of the pension, is dated from Holyrood, a circumstance that to some may appear slight and insignificant, but which, in the case of a man whose sentiments of nationality are so warm and well known as are Professor Wilson's, undoubtedly enhances the gracefulness of the act.—*Scotsman*.

**DR. PATRICK NEILL.**—It is our painful duty to record the death, yesterday, of this distinguished Naturalist, at his villa of Cannonmills, Edinburgh. Dr. Neill, we believe, was in the 75th year of his age. The merits of Dr. Neill as a man of science were very generally acknowledged. His published labors as a horticulturist, botanist, zoologist, and geologist, bear but a small proportion to his private efforts to advance the interest of natural science—as secretary to the Wernerian Society, as the patron of rising merit, and as ever ready to offer the warmest sympathy to congenial spirits. The blank occasioned by his death will be severely felt.—*Scotsman*.

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NAPOLEON INDUCING POPE PIUS VII TO SIGN THE CONCORDAT.

ENGRAVED FOR THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.



